Lambaréné Revisited, by Norman Cousins

Saturday Review

October 4, 1969 50¢

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REPORT FROM THE MIDDLE EAST
by Theodore C. Sorensen

HOW HURRICANES ARE BORN
by John Lear

Casual visitor at the Albert Schweitzer Hospital, Lambaréné, Gabon. (See "Lambaréné Revisited," page 28.)

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Good Art?

Bad Art?

What would your judgment be?

Here are two paintings, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art program. The one at the left, Pierre Cot's *The Storm*, was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880s. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting, Oskar Kokoschka's *The Tempest*, was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art.

If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, could you express a well-reasoned opinion about them? Or would you be tongue-tied, unwilling to say anything because you're afraid you do not know enough?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such people that New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created Art Seminars in the Home, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal the fundamentals you should look for in any painting you see.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You will be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. And parents will find themselves sharing their understanding with their children, thereby providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

Examine the first portfolio without charge

You can study the first seminar by mailing the coupon on this page to the Book-of-the-Month Club, which administers the program for the Museum. You will receive the first of twelve portfolios, *What Is a Painting?*, for a two-week trial examination. Subsequent portfolios, sent at the rate of one a month, are devoted to realism, expressionism, abstraction, composition, painting technique, and the role of the artist as social critic and visionary.

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Lambaréné Revisited

by Norman Cousins

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(*Advertisement*)

I spent the dog days of this summer of Aquarius listening to the radio reports on the Bethel pilgrims and reading a book about some of the kids who might have turned up on Max Yasgur's muddy acreage.

The book is EXPO SUMMER and it's by Eileen Fitzgerald, a college student who spent the summer between her sophomore and junior years working at Montreal's fabulous centennial celebration Expo. Eileen worked at a portable postcard stand near the Expo Express Station with one of her roommates. The girls were supposed to sell cards, but mostly they traded fun with confused and happy visitors. Their evenings were spent with a rock group, "The Service Entrance," manned by college boys also out on their own for the first time. The band and the girls developed their own lifestyle, and as Eileen Fitzgerald writes about it in EXPO SUMMER, it is an engaging one.

Young people in our office who have read EXPO SUMMER like its relaxed authenticity; the older folk are refreshed by its candor. One reviewer made an interesting point: "Eileen Fitzgerald's account of the sights and sounds of Expo plunges the reader into a world much more exciting than the pot and LSD oriented capers that seem synonymous with college students." The *Publishers' Weekly* reviewer put it this way: "Eileen Fitzgerald's chronicle of EXPO SUMMER is contagious fun. She writes with freshness and open-eyed honesty about the jobs she and her chums had at the fair, the people they encountered. The fun of just being alive bubbles and chirps on every page and readers who feel grouchy about today's youth might change their minds after reading Miss Fitzgerald's clear-eyed and happy book."

I don't feel grouchy about today's youth, but I had fun with Eileen at the fair. You and your family will too.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

EXPO SUMMER ($3.95), by Eileen Fitzgerald, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any Doubleday Book Shop one which is located on 17116 Kercheval Avenue, Grosse Pointe, Michigan 48230.

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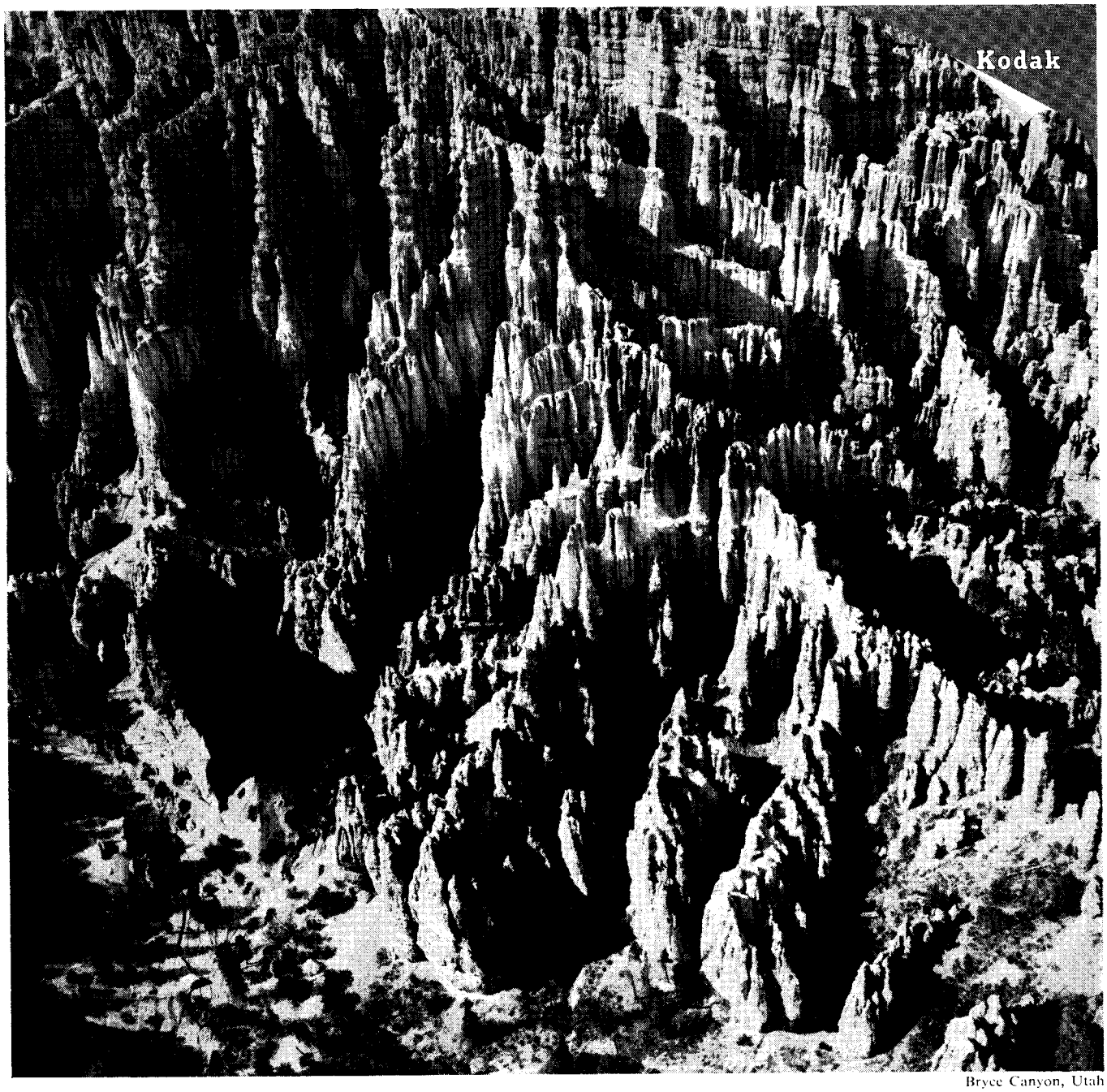

Bryce Canyon, Utah

The earth as a well-tended garden

It is from aloft that effective measures are best initiated in response to honest emotions about the beauty of our own fast-shrinking planet and of the life that covers it.

Photography is central to the now avidly pursued art of remote sensing of the earth at altitudes ranging from the treetops to several earth-radii. Our own contributions range from an extensive examination of colors of soils from the entire North American continent to certain rolls of film in the astronauts' cameras. An occasional picture, as when Bryce Canyon is the subject, contains poetry for the untutored eye, but most of the pictures are merely useful.

Useful for what? Useful for finding a viewpoint to see the real drainage patterns, the real interplay of grasses and beaches and trees and insects and earthworms and birds and crops and mines and mine tailings and suburban sprawl and the visions that men and women entertain for the future of their offspring.

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Photography can serve noble purposes. Photography, however, does not occupy all 100,000 of us. Some of us, for example, have been serving the cause of material comfort and cleanliness by combining two deniers of our Kodel polyester fiber to make possible a new kind of pillow. Yes, a pillow. A pillow so uniting the qualities of tenderness and firmness, a pillow so conducive to the most ignoble feelings of security, that one can scarcely bear to leave it home in bed. LYRIC Pillow is the one to ask for.

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CULTURE GULCH

NOTES ON ART AND ITS PUBLIC IN THE 1960'S

by John Canaday

The outspoken art critic of *The New York Times* zeroes in on "vanity" art galleries . . . predatory auction houses . . . the shortcomings of the community gallery. "John Canaday is about the cleverest, clearest, most devastating writer on art appearing regularly in the public press. He is purposefully provocative and dangerously readable."—WILLIAM WILSON, *Los Angeles Times*. "A free-wheeling survey of today's art and artists, related with great good humor and considerable gusto."—ROBERT CROMIE, *Chicago Tribune*.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Campus Fashions

Jeans and sandals on SDSers!
Elbow patches on their professors!
Chinos, spectacles, Nehrus, sashes,
Beards and mopheads and wild mous-
taches—
Cool it, mister, and be objective;
Use intelligence, not invective.
If the campus look has hit bottom,
What's the *magnum desideratum*?
Arthur Schlesinger and his bow tie?
Eric Hoffer, the guy with no tie?
Lindsay coatless to eat chopped livers?
Southern comfort with Mendel Rivers?
LBJ's hat for Texas ranges?
Reagan booted to ride down changes?
Hayakawa's beret for drama?
Nixon's blue polyester armor?
Drop that prejudice meanly harbored.
So we're sloppy—or neat and bar-
bered.
That's no standard by which to rate
men.
There are reasons to love or hate men,
And sartorial indiscretions
Merely fortify one's impressions.

—EDWARD ELISCU.

True Hate

THEY SAY America is parched by a climate of hatred and they don't know what they're talking about, but they're right anyhow.

The *real* hatred in America is the hatred between the desk-diner, who distinctly ordered the cheeseburger with ketchup, not mustard, and the mumbling delivery boy who doesn't give a damn. Or between the man who needs change for a phone call and the merchant who not only refuses but refuses with a deliberation that suggests he's waited years for precisely this opportunity.

Ponder the relationship between the man waiting outside a pay phone booth and the man snuggled up inside. The dialogue is silent but savage.

Hatred is not the pale twitching face of the Indiana spot welder washing his car along the march route of the black equal-housing parade. Hatred is the face of the man at the wheel of the other car when you're trying to make a left turn from the wrong lane.

If you like gratitude in unexpected spurts, try opening the door of the phone booth when it's yours, smiling at the person waiting, and saying "I'll just be another minute," or "This call may take a while. Sorry to make you wait." The impact is as galvanic as if the Vietcong were to wake a sleeping GI patrol and say, "Fellows, we've just got our radio working. Would you like to come over and listen to the Superbowl?"

When you're in the wrong lane for your turn at a stop light, there's one maneuver that achieves re-entry every time, but who's got the unembarrassability to try it? Just roll down your window and say, "Excuse me, Sir. I'm in the wrong lane. Do you mind if I sort of weasel in ahead of you, when the light turns green?"

Americans used to ask themselves, "How nice can I be without seeming ridiculous?" Now we ask, "How rude can I be and still get away with it?"

Study the face of the next man whose rib cage you accidentally pierce with the point of your umbrella. If he smiles and accepts your apology, he's either a masochist or a clergyman, or he works for the United Nations.

People don't accept apologies anymore. They simply enjoy the sweet sting of hostility. If you want to spread some happiness, try hailing the next off-duty cab driver, whether you want him or not. That Cossack brush-off he waves you doesn't betoken apology or regret. It's pure thrill.

People crave triumph, and if they can't get it through personal victory, they'll get it through personal viciousness. Most people have never known any triumph higher than looking out the window of an express train as it zips past a local.

Now, this actually happened. A furious woman with a nasal whine shrill enough to break glassware banged on the door of the apartment above hers and began one of those yelping threat-laden routines about shower curtains and seeping water and falling plaster and lawsuits and witnesses and full damages and everything.

The sleepy man who answered waited until the crescendo peaked, then smiled and said, "How much?" The woman twitched and gasped. Her face retained color—iridescent in fact—and her hands kept flailing, but her audio was completely cut off.

The man went to his coat, pulled out his checkbook, returned to the door, and repeated, "How much?" The woman tailspinned back to her own apartment in defeat. She'd been robbed of her fun. Here she had her whole case unassailably built, and the fight was over before she could land one practiced punch.

Democracy lives. We're prepared to hate anybody regardless of race, creed,

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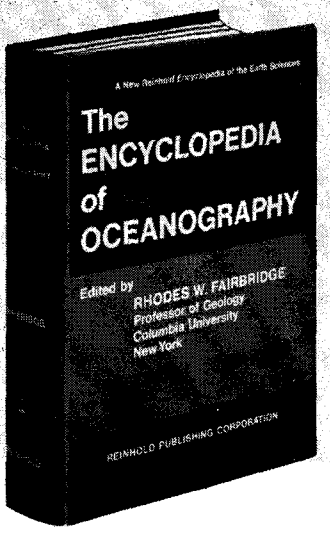

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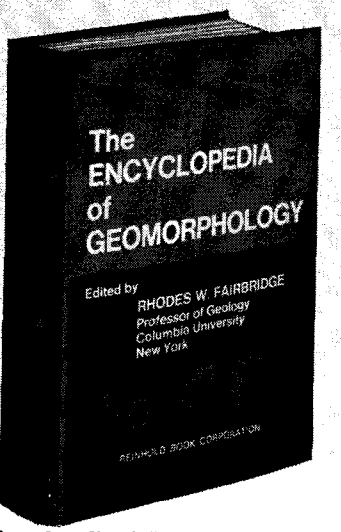

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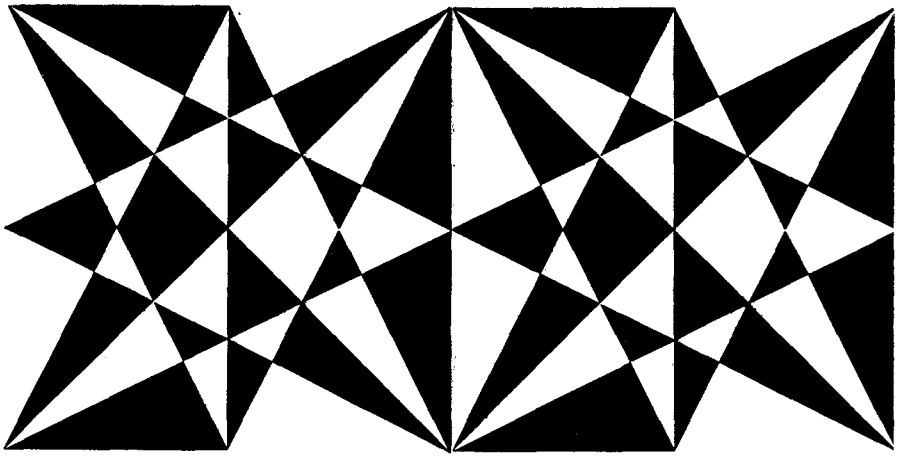

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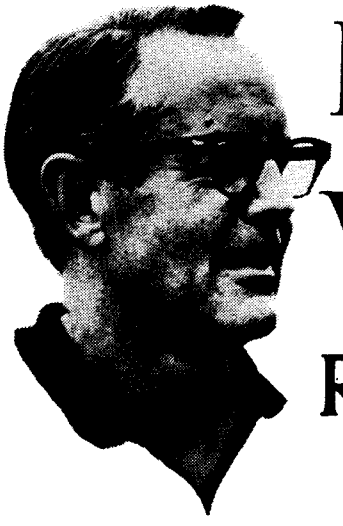

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PHOTO BY PAUL HERBERT

or category who tries to turn left from the right-hand lane. Or forgets to include pickles. —BARRY FARBER.

God Didn't Make the Grammy Songs, They Don't Catch the Flu Over in Hong Kong

IT IS ALWAYS refreshing to see the have-nots make it big, and when a song called "Little Green Apples" suddenly thrust Minneapolis and Indianapolis (the Twin Cities) into the ears of their countrymen just as though they were San Francisco or New Orleans, I rejoiced along with everybody else. "Little Green Apples," you may recall, tells of a man who rises each morning in a state approaching shock or numbness. He stumbles into the kitchen where his wife, or whoever it is out there, sees him and says, "Hi, how ya feeling, hon?" This greeting so overwhelms the stumbler that, almost unhinged with tenderness, he launches into the heart of the lyric, which goes something like this:

"If that's not lovin' me . . . then God didn't make little green apples/It don't rain in Indianapolis."

Later, this is changed to:

"If that's not lovin' me . . . then God didn't make little green apples/It don't snow in Minneapolis."

Now that the song has won a Grammy Award and is played 300 times a day on the radio, my delight in the good fortune of Minneapolis and Indianapolis is wearing thin. In fact, I'm getting pretty sick of both of them. After all, they aren't *really* New Orleans or San Francisco. It is time they moved out of the spotlight and let some other worthy but neglected cities take a bow:

"If that's not lovin' me . . . then God didn't make the bunny rabbits/They don't sell chairs in old Grand Rapids."

"If that's not lovin' me . . . then God didn't make your dear old Grandpa/The sun don't shine on the sand in Tampa."

"If that's not lovin' me . . . then God didn't make the bandicoot/There ain't no mines out West in Butte."

Well, you get the idea. You may want to fix up some of your own. Better still, we might just forget "Little Green Apples" entirely and ask the nice radio man to play "I'd Like to See the Kaiser with a Lily in His Hand." Or almost anything.

—PATRICK BUTLER.

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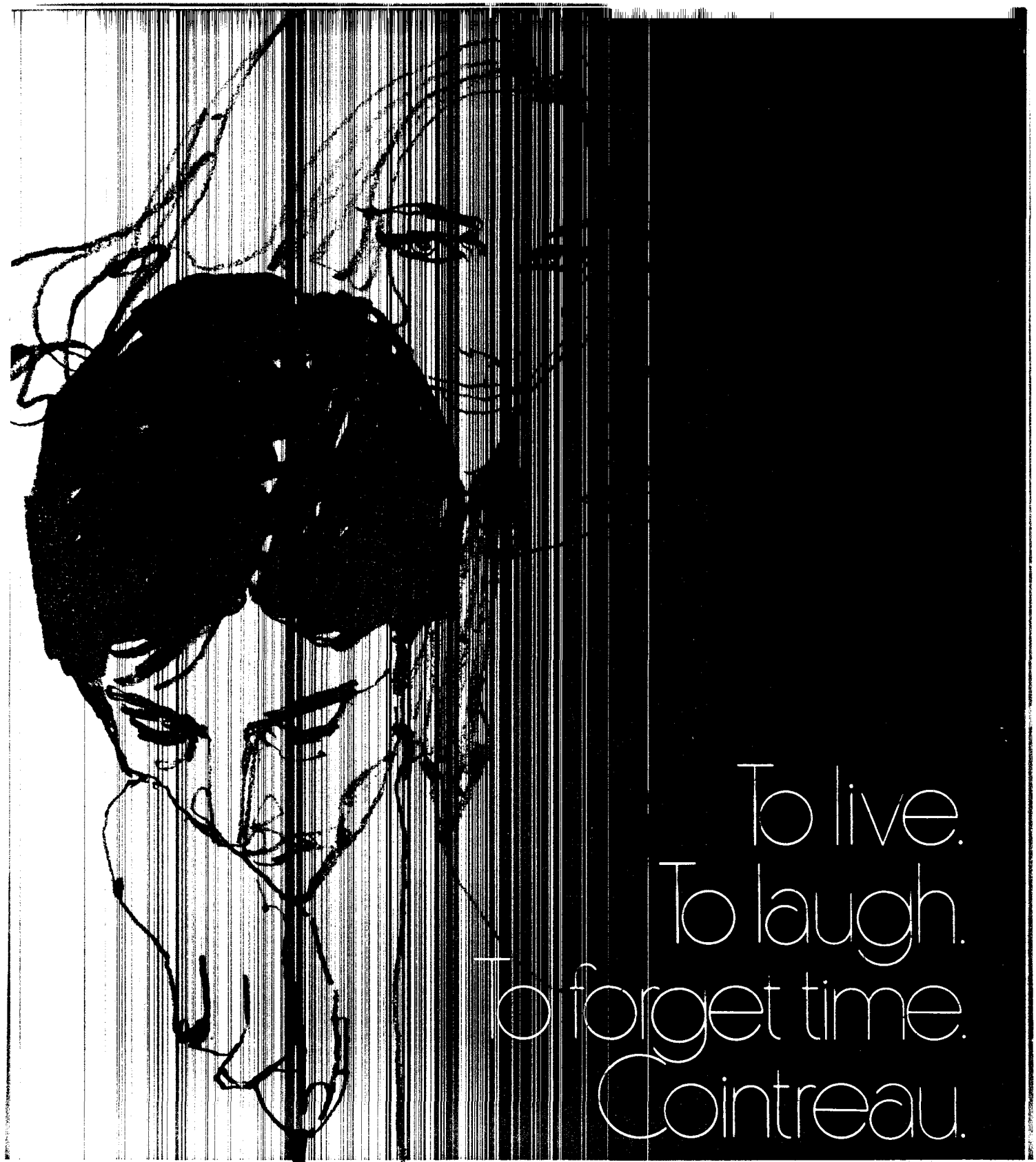

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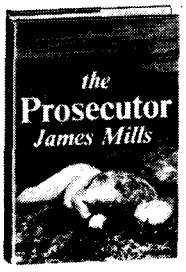

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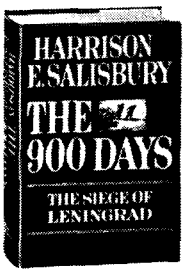

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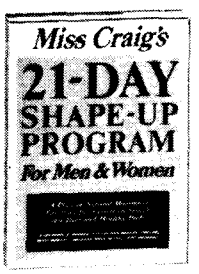

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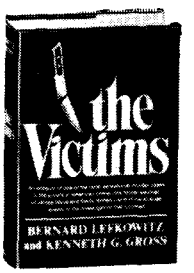

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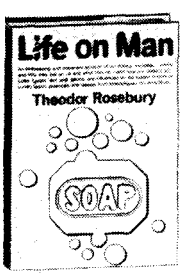

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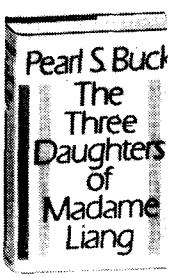

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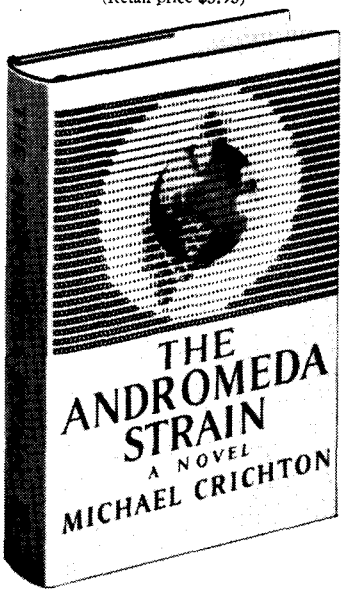

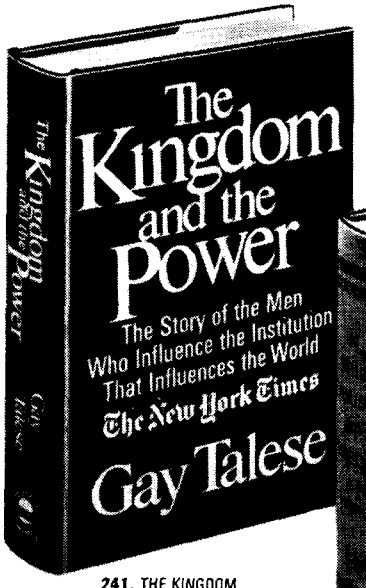
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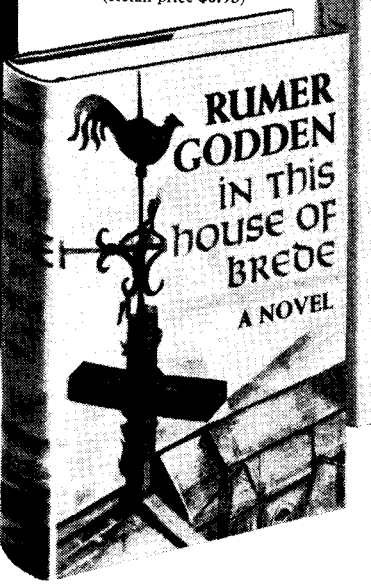

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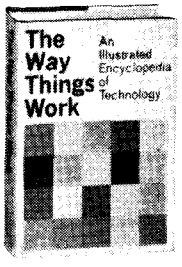

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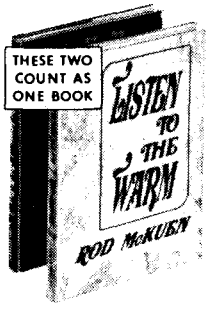

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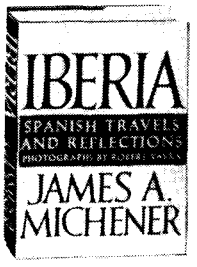

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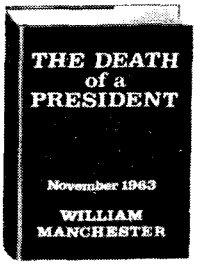

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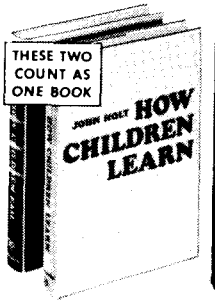

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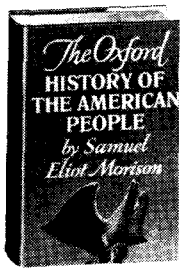

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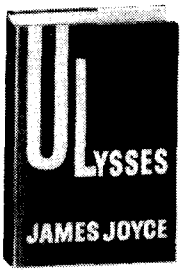

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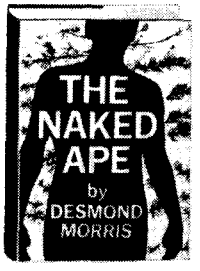

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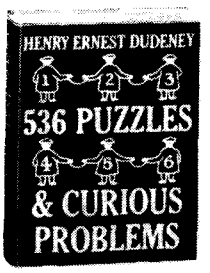

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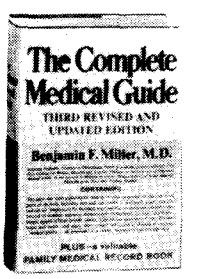

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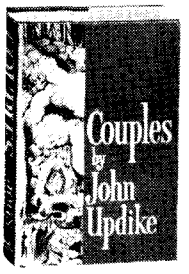

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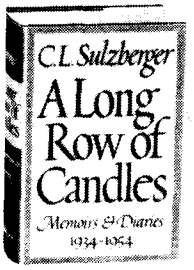

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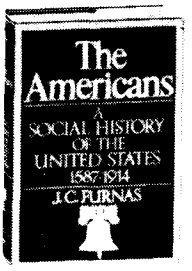

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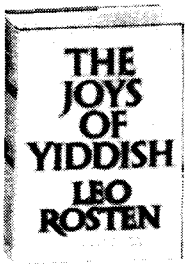

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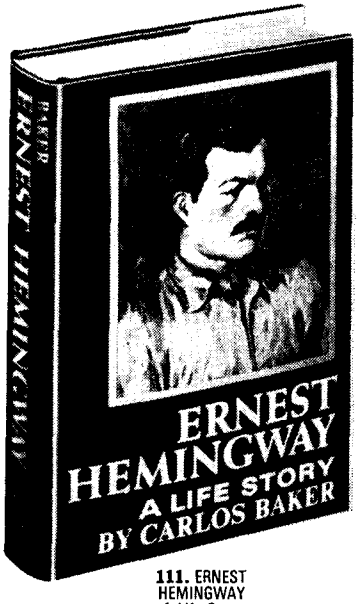

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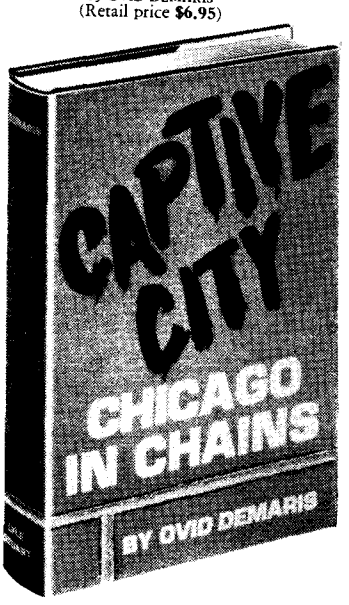

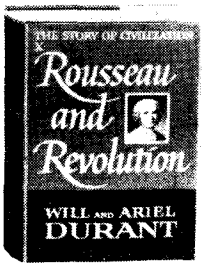

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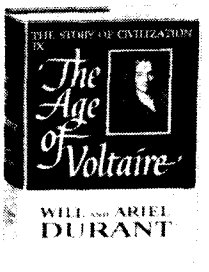

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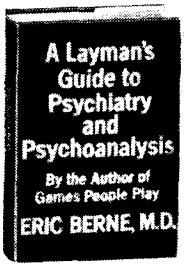

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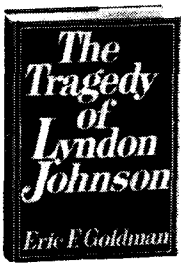

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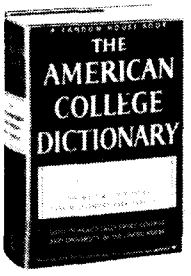

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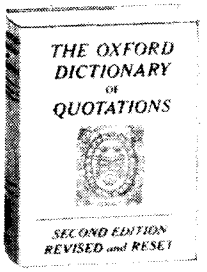

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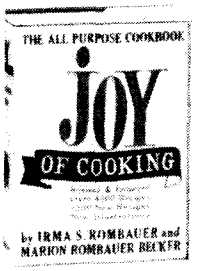

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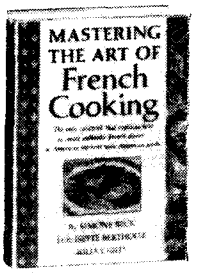

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Law and Disorder

THE POLICE COMMISSIONER called a crash meeting of his entire force. As they filed in, he stood before them, visibly shaken, his eyes red from lack of sleep, an uncontrollable tic barely noticeable on his right cheek.

"Men," he said, "I am visibly shaken, my eyes are red from lack of sleep, and I'm sure you've all noticed this tic on my right cheek. Well, you may ask, 'What has brought our brave chief to this sorrowful state?' And I ask you, 'Have you read the morning paper?'

"Look at this headline: THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF YOUTHS JAM ROCK FESTIVALS ACROSS THE COUNTRY. And where are the police and the sheriffs and the troopers? I'll tell you where they are—standing idly by telling reporters what an orderly bunch of kids these boys and girls are. I tell you these kids have innovated a subtle, sophisticated, sneaky movement to prove to the nation that police are unnecessary to keep law and order. It's your jobs they're after. These kids want a policeless state.

"Three hundred thousand of them in New York, forty thousand of them in Lewisville, Texas, ten thousand kids in Tenino, Washington, twenty-five thousand in Prairieville, Louisiana—every one of them smiling, friendly, peaceful. Every one of them insidiously spreading this venom against you men of the police department. I tell you, men, the time is now to rise and revolt, you have nothing to lose but your clubs and your Mace."

"A point of order, Commissioner," interrupted one of the men.

"What is it, Sergeant?"

"All the reports I've read said the police reported there was no disorder."

"You're out of order," shouted the chief. "Of course those kids don't act disorderly. That's the plot. I'll read to you what one boy in Louisiana said, 'There are people who don't like our clothes or our hair, and they are waiting for us to blow our cool. They want disorder. They want to prove to the world that we can't control ourselves without the police beating our brains out.'

"Do you want it any plainer than that? They've thrown down the gauntlet. Are you men satisfied to go back to writing parking tickets, directing traffic, rushing pregnant women to hospitals? I tell you it's unnatural for three hundred thousand or fifty thousand kids, or even ten thousand, to assemble and not have disorder. 'Disorder,' according to the dictionary, means a state of not functioning in a regular way. And for that many kids to assemble and be orderly is not their regular way."

"How's that again, Chief?"

"This is a world-wide subversive movement. Look at what happened in Britain. On Woodside Bay, Isle of Wight, a hundred and fifty thousand of these long-haired kids dressed in multicolored jeans and—get this—velvety trousers—how about that? Isn't that enough to drag them in? And they say they all came to hear this singer—Bob Dylan. And do you know who he is? He's an American, and he's transporting this subversive propaganda across the sea to England. I tell you that any singer who can get a hundred and fifty thousand kids out on a pasture to hear that kind of music has to be up to no good. Guy Lombardo, maybe. But does anybody here understand their kind of music? . . . Oh, you again, Sergeant."

"Well, you see, Chief, I have these five kids, and on my vacation this summer I was around the house and had to listen to all those jukebox records. We kinda got used to it. My wife and I call it the summer of our discothèque."

"Well, this is going to be the winter of your discontent when they decide to start firing cops who can't handle disorder because thousands of kids are acting orderly."

"That sounds serious, Chief. Do you have a solution?"

"I have. Your commissioner is not visibly shaken, or red-eyed from lack of sleep, and he didn't develop this tic for nothing. My solution is to fight fire with fire.

"I have a plan that I will put before the police chiefs at their next annual meeting. When next summer's festivals are being planned, every dean of every university in every state where these gatherings are being planned will be required to attend. It will be the duty of every policeman in his state to escort the deans to these festivals.

"These kids may be able to keep up their masquerades of smiling nonviolence and acting orderly in front of the police. But you can't show me the kid who can keep from being inflamed at the sight of a dean. And we'll be back in the business of law and disorder again. Good luck, men."

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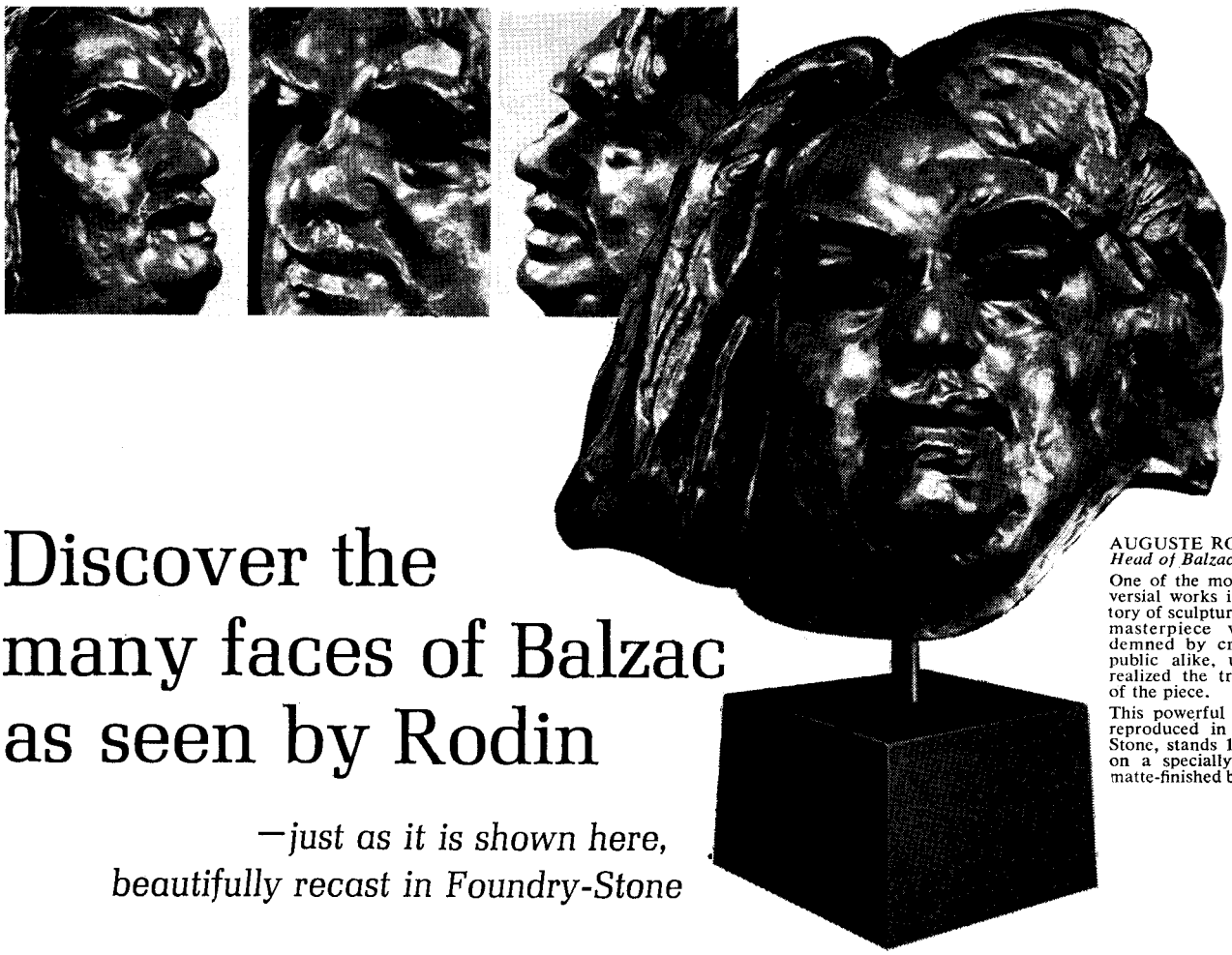

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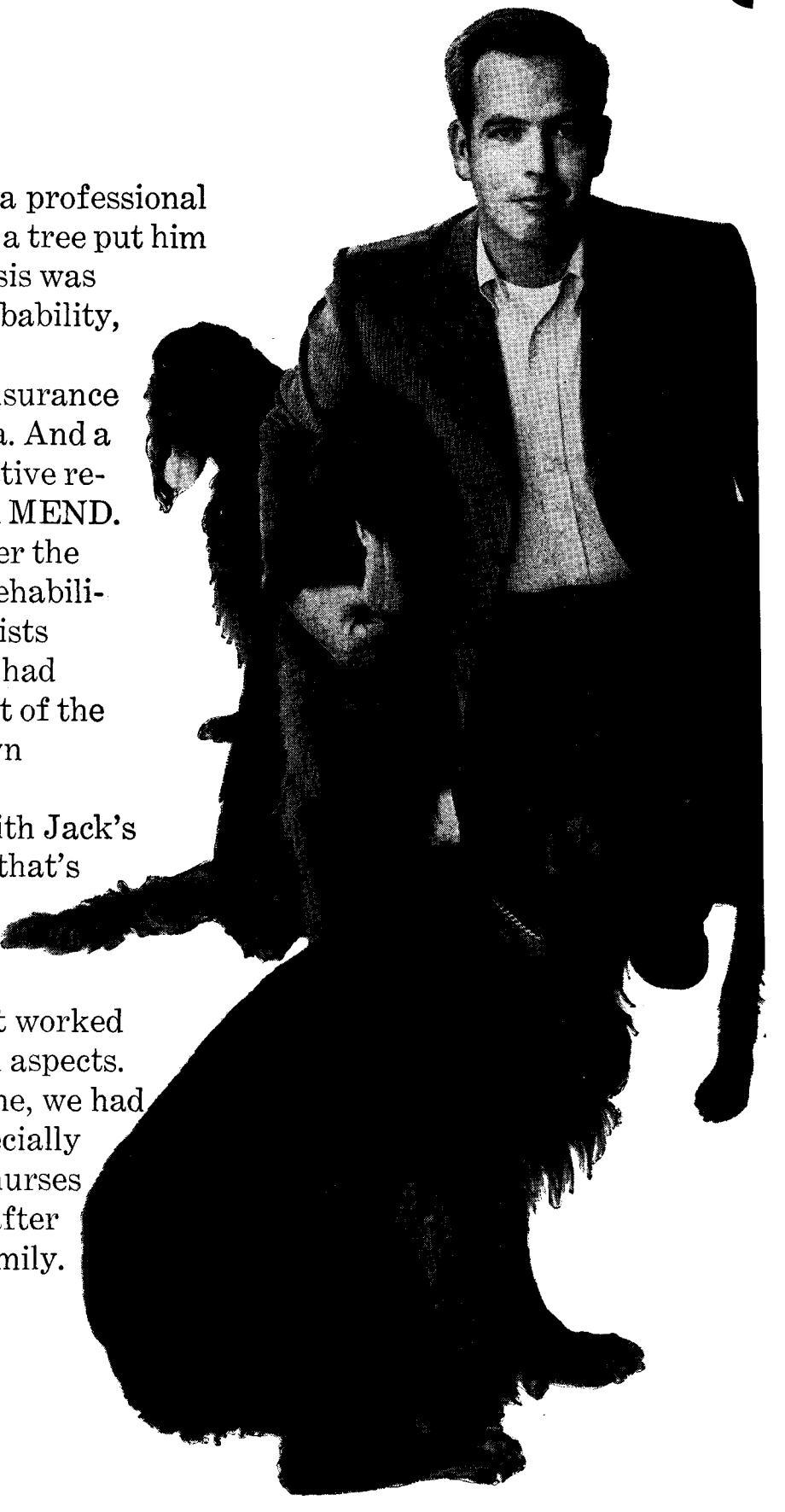
How INA is workin

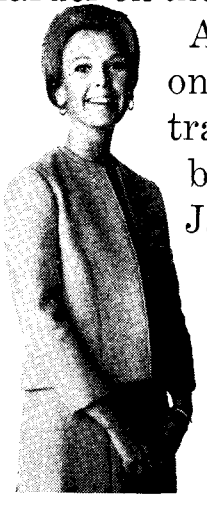


Jack McWilliams was a professional nurseryman till a fall from a tree put him in the hospital. The diagnosis was a fractured spine. In all probability, he'd be paralyzed for life.

Jack was insured by Insurance Company of North America. And a candidate for INA's innovative rehabilitation program called MEND.

As soon as possible after the accident, we had medical, rehabilitation, and training specialists start his treatment. If they had been located in another part of the country we would have flown the patient to them.

We didn't do all this with Jack's blessing. In the beginning that's what worried us most: his retreat into himself. But we didn't stop the physical treatment; we just worked harder on the psychological aspects.



At the same time, we had one of INA's specially trained MEND nurses begin looking after Jack and his family.

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to mend lives.

She arranged for INA to advance the money Mrs. McWilliams needed for essential expenses. She helped them over the emotional strain by sharing with them the confidence we had in Jack's ability to return to a useful life.

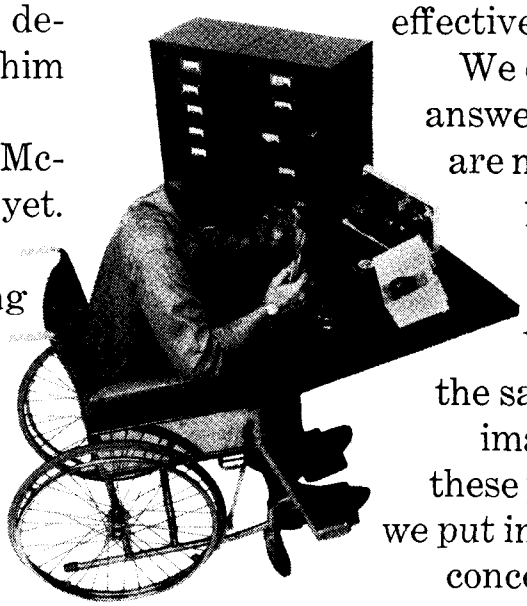
By the end of the first month, INA started him on a vigorous program of physical therapy. We had special devices made for his hands to help him care for himself.

After a year of therapy, Jack McWilliams' treatment isn't finished yet. He needs special nursing care at home, and INA's still working with him. But emotionally we've seen him and his family come a long way. He's recently opened a kennel specializing in the breeding and training of Irish setters.

Had it been necessary, INA would have seen to it that Jack McWilliams had as much vocational training as he needed to earn his own way in society.

That's how we've already helped more than 8,000 disabled people.

As a rehabilitation concept, though, MEND goes still further. Recently we created the INA MEND Institute where creative research is helping us learn how to make rehabilitation in the future broader and more effective.



We don't have the answers yet. But we are not quitting on problems that need to be solved. We're putting the same effort and imagination into these problems that we put into the MEND concept in the first place. That's how INA works to help people.

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

Whither the Democrats?

WASHINGTON.

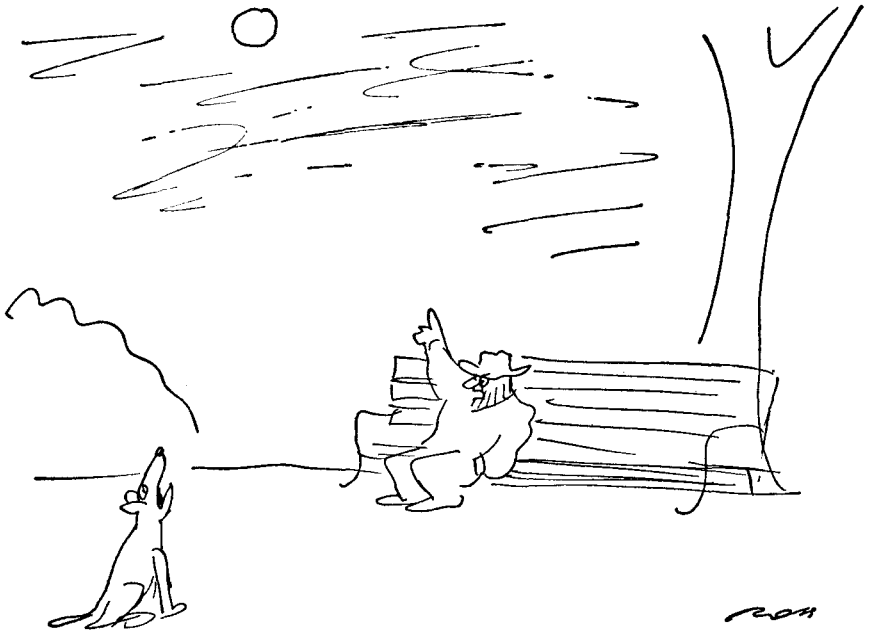
THE OTHER DAY a group of Democrats met in the solitude of the Virginia countryside to contemplate the future of their ailing party. It was not a particularly happy gathering, and the damaged reputation of Senator Edward Kennedy made it an even unhappier non-event. There were several members of Congress, including Senator Fred Harris whose idea it all was; there was an old friend of the late Robert Kennedy; there was a Humphrey man and a Johnson man; a well-known pollster; three Negroes, two of whom were psychiatrists; and the inevitable expert Washington lawyers and trade-union officials.

Their discussion did not deal with prospective Presidential candidates or a new party program; it was mainly an inquest into the wounds the party has suffered and a discussion of where to go from here. After two days of thoughtful, if disjointed debating, the meeting was adjourned without any conclusions having been reached, or without anybody being much wiser.

The political spectrum of those present ranged from the center to the New Left; there was no one from the right. And yet nobody seemed to agree with anybody. The ghost of George Wallace lingered around, but the self-styled Presidential candidate was hardly mentioned. The trade-union men present did not seem to think that the blue-collar workers had become right-wing extremists; they were convinced that the Democratic Party had not lost them.

There was a general feeling that the party needed a different image, but no agreement on what it should be. It seemed easy to discuss how the party should be "radicalized," but more difficult to discuss whether, maybe, it needed a less radical look. Some thought the time for "new politics" had not yet arrived. By 1976, yes, but by 1972 the influence of the postwar generation would still not yet be fully felt. Even Fred Dutton, whose book *American Politics in the Seventies* (McGraw-Hill) is due for publication late this year, and who is a strong defender of the student activists, agrees with that conclusion. He does not think that the 1970 Congressional or 1972 Presidential election years are likely to offer the Democrats much encouragement, but he does not think that the Kevin Phillips theory of the advent of a new Republican majority will stand up either.

The country is approaching a historic watershed, but it has not reached it yet. The big investment President Nixon is making in his Southern strategy will pay dividends, Dutton thinks, only in the short term; it will have its destructive repercussions for the Republican Party in the Northern industrial cities. The "law and order" issue he sees as only a transitory as-



"That's the American flag you're baying at."

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set. Is the assertion of the "Forgotten American"—the small-towner—only a temporary phenomenon, while this country senses that it is going through a truly revolutionary, unstable period that it seeks instinctively to cushion in the cotton wool of conservative counterreaction?

Other Democratic pundits are not so sure. Perhaps this country is, in fact, entering a decade of retrenchment, anxious to slow down the forces that threaten to tear the social fabric of American society apart without really knowing what they want and where they are going. And aren't they representing a mood that will spread and weave a fabric of new middle-class cohesion? And if the militants, whether students or blacks, do not recognize this, will it not make it more difficult for the Democratic Party to fight against President Nixon's Republicanism?

President Nixon, in his curiously bland and unobtrusive way, has restored a certain calm in the nation. Congress has taken the initiative from him (he only barely survived the fight over his ABM proposal); the problems of ending the war in Vietnam drag on; inflation seems to spiral unabated; the Pentagon is under heavier critical attack than ever before—all this and still no storm signals are being raised at the White House. To the contrary, when the President does step forward with a surprisingly far-reaching and liberal welfare plan, it is not presented as a great new social breakthrough, but in a "soft-sell" fashion. Both crises and new policies are played down as if the President didn't want to awaken the people from the respite they seem to want. One day he zigs to the right of center and the next to the left of center; this may enable him to broaden his political base, or, in the end, confuse and annoy both the right and the left. But he does not make it easy for the Democratic strategists.

There is no doubt that President Nixon reflects the mood of the country today. But it is also true that he has not had to deal with the kind of crisis that cannot be easily muffled. The disarray in the Democratic Party, and its lack of a leader make things easier for Mr. Nixon.

But I strongly doubt that the current mood will continue far into the Seventies. I have a feeling that there is more leadership material, more independent drive among this new generation than there has been since the end of World War II. Today's youth do not believe in programmatic politics or advisory policy councils, and they do not accept the federal government as the fountainhead of all wisdom as did the Rooseveltian liberals and their successors.

This country is going through a revolution whose reverberations will be felt in the politics of the Seventies; the party that will succeed then will be the party that succeeds in reaching this new generation—now.

"All right, Woolvertaft, either you take back that insult or you will meet me in a dogfight in our respective company jets over the Jersey Meadows."

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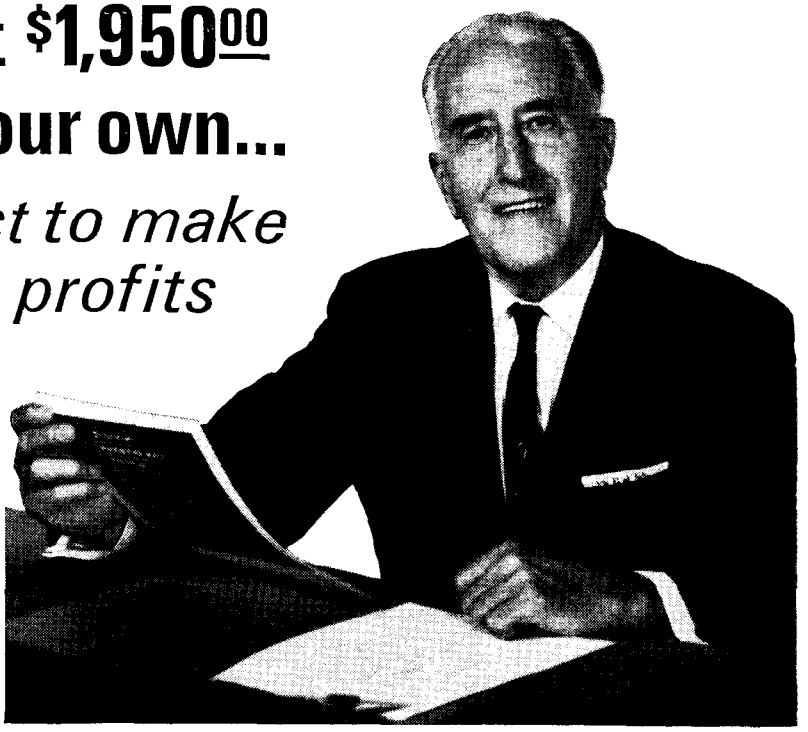

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Sign of the Times comes from Mrs. David Armentrout, of Midland, Michigan. She saw it at one of the Dow Chemical Company parking lots: PARKING FOR CAUSTIC PERSONNEL.

"Apparently," she wrote us, "the adverse publicity over napalm is getting to at least a few of them."

Meanwhile, our Advertisement of the Week came from Harry Shull, of Philadelphia. It was an advertisement for Glenmore Academy in Pittsburgh, a coed boarding school, and declared: ALL HOMEWORK DONE IN CLASSROOM.

"If homework isn't done at home," Mr. Shull wrote sternly, "it isn't homework." Our only suggestion is that maybe it was co-homework.

In general, our mail for the week favored, for some reason, humorous typos. Bettijane Allen of Fairfax, Virginia, for example, spotted a headline in the Charlotte, North Carolina, *Observer*: NEWS OF DEATHS AND FUNREALS.

Well, these are fun times.

Meanwhile, Harold Shuckhart of Dayton, Minnesota, came up with the following from the Minneapolis *Star*:

> CBS-TV will add still another soap opera to the daytime lineup Monday when *Where the Heart Is* takes over the 11 a.m. time slop currently occupied by *Love of Life.*

As we always say, a slop for everything, and everything in its slop.

Finally, Mrs. Amalie Shannon, assistant to the president of Cedar Crest College in Allentown, Pennsylvania, made an overnight stop at a local motel in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and was startled by the following item in the local weekly shopping guide:

> Johnny Nicolosi, manager of the Lycoming Hotel, is definitely on the road to recovery. He reports that he had a mild erotic experience and is hopefully looking forward to the time he can "stand up and be counted!"

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Shannon apparently checked out before checking further.

Who was it who said that baseball was dying? Was it David Merrick? We were thinking about Mr. Merrick and his nonsense about putting more "showmanship" into the game one day when we and 54,999 other fans showed up for the Mets game at Shea Stadium. It was not only a Thursday *afternoon* game—it was *raining*. We doubt very much if Mr. Merrick and all his shows put together could draw 55,000 anywhere on one day—let alone on a rainy Thursday afternoon outdoors at Flushing Meadows. We also thought of him a couple of evenings ago when 3.5 million — repeat million — watched the Mets over local New York TV. We even thought of him while TV baseball fans all over the country were following all the "new season" ratings.

As for the everlasting pro press nonsense about pro football, let Bill MacPhail, vice president of CBS Sports, field that one. "I hate to admit this because we don't have baseball," he said, "but all this talk that football has superseded baseball as the national pastime is malarkey. Whenever a crucial baseball game is opposite football, it kills us in the ratings."

Of course CBS *does* have the Yankees but still, that's another department. And anyway, one of the most irritating things about being as fair a columnist as we are is that we are always leaning over backwards to think up arguments for the stupid other side.

From out of Russia, via Fidot P. Filin, director of the Institute of the Russian Language of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, came news that the Russians, fighting back against the dominance of English, have devised a five-year plan of "updating, codifying, and giving a new look to Russian." In our judgment, having just returned from abroad, and with all due respect to Fidot, they don't need to bother. We know the travel bureaus and the guidebooks that, after all, don't want to scare anyone off from going anywhere will tell you that wherever you go, you don't have to worry about not knowing the language—everybody speaks English. Well, don't believe them. It just isn't so. The fact is for every person you will find who really does speak English, you will find a dozen who don't, a dozen who won't, a dozen more who don't but pretend they do, and still a fourth dozen who don't even know that the language you're speaking *is* English.

The average American has, let's face it, three general attitudes toward people who don't speak English. The first is that, if they don't speak English, then they probably don't speak anything, and, therefore, the best way to communicate with them is by playing charades. We tried this at our hotel in Spain. We wanted to know what time room service closed, and when the maid came in we pointed first to our watch, next to the telephone, and then finally we did, if we do say so, a memorable pantomime—one that involved carrying a tray, and then eating, and finally going to sleep. Perfectly clear, we thought. The maid nodded and disappeared. In no time at all she returned with a large towel—one that she placed, with great care, over a small rug between the beds.

The second attitude the average American has is that all that is necessary to make people who don't speak English understand it is to speak very loudly—the idea being that there is nothing really wrong with them, language-wise, except that they are deaf. We tried this, too—in, of all places, the Middle East. We asked for directions, from an Arab, to a place in Jerusalem. For a long time he did nothing. Then we literally bellowed. At this, in perfect English, he called a cop.

The third attitude is that although the person who does not speak English may have a language of his own technically, whatever this is, if he is basically civilized, then it must be basically English—and, therefore, all that is necessary is to give English words a kind of all-foreign pronunciation. Our own "Yam wreetair Americano," for example, is, if we do say so, excellent—a sound Milton Academy French flavor combined with an all-round Italo-Spanish ending. At a restaurant in Italy, we fell easily and naturally into a conversation with the waiter, telling him that we had discovered the place by puree bono chanco—perfect idiomese, obviously, for "pure good luck." And do you know what the idiot answered? He said they didn't have any mashed potatoes—they only had fried.

Communication on any level with a man like that is, frankly, almost impossible.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1851)

FRED LAWRENCE GUILES:
NORMA JEAN

Marilyn . . . was one of the first love children crossing over from America's conscience-ridden past into today's more open society. That she didn't quite make it to the other side had more to do with the harsh fundamentalism foisted upon her as Norma Jean, than with her later intent as Marilyn.

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The Parisian's guide to a day in the country.

Voyage par Air France

emember what the country mouse id to his city cousin? He said: Viens avec moi à la campagne." hat's what we say too. The country e mean is at the other end of our .S.-Paris route. It's the one reason arisians ever leave the city they ve: to spend a day in the country ey adore. It's your kind of country-de too. Lush and plush, serene and ately, rich with treasures from nother time. And only moments vay from Paris by train, bus or car. 'e'll jet you there direct from hiladelphia, New York, Chicago, oston, Washington or Los Angeles. 'e'll even have a car waiting at rly Airport, in case you want get started on your outing mediately.

à Versailles

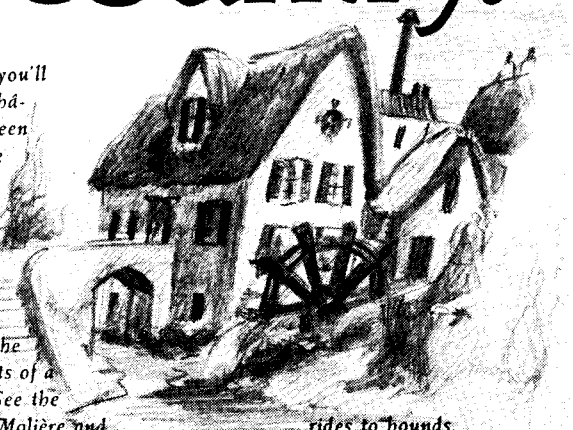
Devote at least one day in the country to Louis XIV's home away from ome, Versailles. Only 13 miles west of Paris. (By car take Route N. 10 from Porte St. Cloud or the Autoroute de l'Ouest. Train from either Gare St. Lazare or Gare Montparnasse. Bus from the Pont de Sèvres stop.) Stroll through the majestic gardens designed by Le Nôtre, the same master gardener who planted the Tuileries. There are over 250 magnificently manicured acres of them. Sit and soak up the sunshine by one of the 1400 fountains. Get out of the sun into the Sun King's hallowed halls. Here you'll see the King's State Apartments with the famous Galerie des Glaces. This 235-foot Hall of Mirrors is the longest and most elegant conference room in the world. Peek into the Petits Appartements where the King and Queen and their intimates actually lived. Visit the two miniature palaces: the Grand Trianon, a pink marbled play palace where Louis spent much time frolicking; and the Petit Trianon where Marie Antoinette would occasionally rest her head.

à St. Germain-en-Laye

Pack up all your cares and woes for this wonderful outing along Route N. 13 from Porte de Neuilly. (Or take a train from Gare St. Lazare and bus from Pont de Neuilly.) In St. Germain-en-Laye you'll see the Renaissance château where Mary, Queen of Scots lived from the age of 6 until 16. Before you abandon yourself to the beautiful outdoors, enter the castle to get a look at the famous Sainte-Chapelle and the oldest existing portraits of a French royal family. See the Salle de Mars where Molière and his company did their routines for Louis XIV. Then step outside to linger among the charming gardens. You'll especially enjoy the Grande Terrasse that runs in front of the castle. Lined with lime trees a century old, it gives you a vast panorama of the Seine Valley all the way to Paris.

Vallée de Chevreuse

Leave Paris the same way you did for Versailles only continue a few miles farther. The Chevreuse Valley gives you a delicious sampling in miniature of everything you'll find on the Ile de France. Visit the Château de Dampierre, dating from the Middle Ages. It houses some of the world's most famous paintings, in addition to the present Duc de Luynes. Farther up the valley stop at Rambouillet, to see the 14th century Château de Rambouillet where Catherine de Médicis and Henri IV both lived. At the end of the Valley is the National Sheepfold. Not far from there is the Ferme de Mocquesouris where the Rallye Bonnelles stag hunt periodically rides to hounds.



Return to Paris via Montfort l'Amaury, an enchanting 15th century village built on a small hill and surrounded by exquisite countryside.

à Fontainebleau

Leave Paris by Porte d'Italie and take Route N. 7 directly. Or take a train from Gare de Lyon. On the way, make a stop at the famous village of Barbizon, the headquarters of the famous Barbizon School and such painters as Millet, Rousseau and Corot. Then on to stroll through the amazing Forest of Fontainebleau, with its 40,000 acres of beautiful, wild terrain. Watch for signs reading: "Attention traversée de Cerfs et Sangliers" ("Stag and boar crossing"). Also watch for stags and boars. Take the Hauteurs de la Solle drive, crossing the wild groves and breathtaking gorges. You'll finally come upon a clearing and the Château de Fontainebleau. Loll among the beautiful grounds. Dip your toes in the Bassin des Carpes, known for its huge fish said to be hundreds of years old.

Numéros de téléphone

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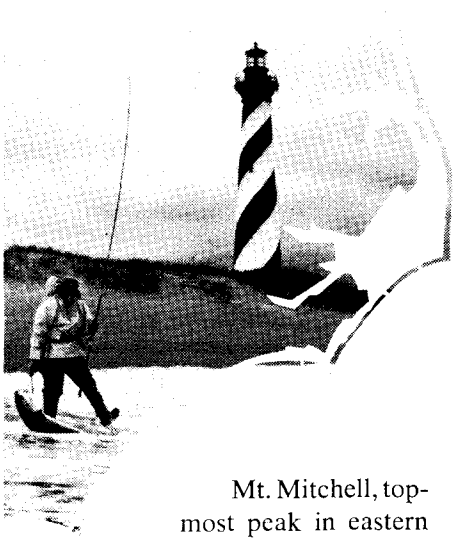

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Saturday Review
October 4, 1969

The View from Allenby Bridge

A Report from the Middle East

by THEODORE C. SORENSEN

The Allenby Bridge is not much of a bridge. The old structure was bombed into the River Jordan during the Arab-Israeli Six-Day War of 1967, and a rude wooden span now crosses in its place. In fact, the River Jordan is not much of a river at that point, however great its tide in biblical times. Certainly the volume of water was insufficient to offset the heat and dust that pervaded the valley last August when our car approached the bridge from the Israeli side, having cleared the last of the military check points. The American Consul from Jerusalem, who had arranged for our trip into the Kingdom of Jordan and back with his counterpart in Amman, chose the only available shade as the most logical place to park. It was provided at the foot of the bridge by a small tree that had somehow survived the ravages of war and climate. "Move the car, please," came a voice from behind us. "You are in the line of fire."

Looking back, we saw an Israeli pillbox with machine gun and mortar pointed across the bridge at a Jordanian outpost that had similar guns pointed in our direction. It would have been an awkward moment for war to break out. We moved and stood waiting in the silent sunlight. "You may go to the middle of the bridge but no farther," said the Israeli officer. "Take care." Finally the car from the American Embassy in Amman appeared, its passenger walked to the middle of the bridge (but no farther) with the necessary papers, and—feeling a little like two prisoners being exchanged—my wife and I were handed over to his care.

There was tension at that bridge—tension, danger, hostility, occasional incidents (I was told), and yet no real war. No real war and no real peace and no real likelihood of either for some time to come. That is the situation that prevails in the Middle East today and is likely, in my view, to prevail for a considerable period. Recent escalations in the number and nature of incidents—bombings, hijackings, guerrilla raids, reprisals, and the like—have given rise to speculation about the imminence of all-out war; and one can at least hope that there may again be lulls in the conflict that will give rise to new hopes for peace. But in my recent talks in Jordan and Israel I found little reason to believe that either a full-scale war or a final treaty of peace is very close at hand.

I carried no secret messages either way across the Allenby Bridge. In Israel on a private visit with my family, I worked into our sight-seeing schedule a series of appointments with government and military leaders in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Desirous of hearing both sides, I requested an appointment with Jordan's King Hussein, which he generously granted. I asked Golda Meir, Israel's grandmotherly but firm-spoken Prime Minister, whether she wished me to convey any thoughts to His Majesty. "Tell him," she replied with a smile, "that Israel is his best friend in the Middle East." That was the only message I carried. (I refrained out of deference to his office from pointing out that her observation was true—that his costly entry into the six-day war had been the result of Nasser's deceiving him, that the Syrian troops entering his country were a threat to his sovereignty, and that his other Arab neighbors were helping arm and subsidize Fedayeen guerrilla groups, such as the Fatah, whose growing power in Jordan had undercut his command and whose futile attacks on Israeli settlements had brought about damaging reprisals.) The King also smiled when I delivered Mrs. Meir's message, but his smile seemed tired and wan. "Some people say," he replied, "that I am one of Israel's best friends in the Middle East."

This also was true. That by itself says very little, considering the atti-

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tude of most other Arab countries toward Israel. But it seemed to me that Hussein, a nice little man who looks like a despondent Thomas E. Dewey, genuinely wished he could have peace with Israel and would be willing to recognize its sovereignty and permanent existence. He told me of his admiration for the country and its accomplishments. He resorted to none of the customary Arab rhetoric about reconquering lost territories and pushing Israel into the sea.

He could not, however, make any move toward peace. Any settlement must be an all-Arab settlement, he told me, not piecemeal—a logical position but one that doomed the prospects for any early solution in view of the continued Egyptian and Syrian calls for war. Nasser, he thought, was talking in private more reasonably than ever. But, unfortunately, that was before the small yet tragic fire in the Mosque of Al Aksa in Jerusalem—apparently set by a fanatic member of a Christian sect—gave Nasser an opportunity to renew his cry for a holy war. (It would be well, nevertheless, for both Israelis and Americans to bear in mind that the traditional penchant of Arab leaders for emotional exaggeration, while undoubtedly adding to the tensions and expectations on both sides in the Middle East, is not always the prelude to an Arab invasion that it appears to be.)

King Hussein had other reasons for not going to the peace table alone. Since the Six-Day War, as many as half the inhabitants of his kingdom have been either refugees from territory that is now within Israel or Jordanians with ties to what was formerly Palestine. The so-called Palestinian Arabs—bitter that their land, rightly or wrongly, became a part of a new Jewish state more than twenty years ago—will remain a dangerously independent political power in the Middle East until some equitable means can be found to permanently resettle and compensate them. Their hatred for the Israelis has been stirred over the years not only by Radio Cairo but also by local agitators thriving in the hot, overcrowded atmosphere of idleness and despair in which the Egyptian and Jordanian governments have deliberately left the refugee camps. Whatever the Arab heads of state demand of Israel by way of land and blood, the Palestinian Arab leaders demand more. The refugees are the chief source of manpower for the various irregular guerrilla units. Fedayeen leaders are the heroes of the refugee camps.

The Fatah, Palestine Liberation Front, and other Fedayeen groups are not secret, illegal organizations. On the road to Amman and in the city I saw them everywhere, dressed more raggedly than the Jordanian Army but equally well armed. "I must know, in advance of any peace talks," King Hussein told me, "that I would not come back empty-handed." He did not need to spell out the internal turmoil that would rack his country, and very possibly threaten his throne or even his life, if he agreed to a settlement that was unacceptable to his populace. He has not forgotten that his grandfather, King Abdullah, was assassinated, reportedly for talking compromise with the Israelis.

On the basis of my talks with Israel's leaders and their references to possible concessions to Jordan—giving it a much needed corridor to the Mediterranean, returning to it at least those sectors on the west bank of the Jordan River that were heavily inhabited by Arabs, working out some arrangement on Jerusalem that would protect the access and rights of all—I sought to reassure the King that he would not return empty-handed. The Israelis, I told him, do not want 1,500,000 Arabs inside their borders with only 2,500,000 Jews. I quoted Deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon's statement to me: "We do not want territory; we want security." I also expressed concern, in light of the history of past conflicts, that this attitude of compromise in Israel would not endure through many more years of struggle—just as extremists would grow in power in the Arab world the longer the conflict continued without resolution.

"Whatever the Arab heads of state demand of Israel by way of land and blood, the Palestinian Arab leaders demand more."

But King Hussein remained unconvinced. His reading of the Western as well as the Arab press had persuaded him that the Israelis were interested only in his abject surrender (just as the Israeli people had heard little of *his* willingness to compromise). "Such a conference would not be a peace table," he insisted, "it would be a table of capitulation." He had searched in vain for some tangible sign that he would gain some concession, he said. Instead, he kept repeating, Israel had not even accepted the U.N. resolution on a Mideast peace settlement. In fact, Israel, like the Arab states, had accepted in principle the terms of that resolution. But no one pretended that it offered a very precise mandate in the absence of more specific negotiations.

Hussein struck me as a sincere and articulate advocate of his country's position, extremely moderate and soft-spoken in our conversation, but never able to forget that a large portion of his budget is now supplied by the oil-rich governments of Saudi Arabia, Iraq, and Kuwait, which delight in hiring someone else to fight Israel for them. The more Israeli reprisals impaired his national economy, the more he was forced to rely on his militant neighbors for assistance. At the same time, those neighbors, along with the Soviet Union, were bypassing his government and his army to supply money and arms to the guerrillas who provoked those same costly reprisals.

The previous day I had visited a kibbutz across the Jordan River in a sector that had been subjected to constant Fedayeen attacks. The children slept in bomb shelters every night. A network of tunnels and trenches had been built into this agricultural settlement where Arabs and Jews once worked side by side. The settlers, weary of the indiscriminate shelling that interfered with their harvest and frightened their women and children, had urged the Israeli government to seize that portion of Jordan that served as a staging ground for those attacks. If that were politically impossible, they wanted the Israeli army to raid and remove the guerrilla camp. But the number of guerrillas was small, their mobile weapons were concealed from the air, and the Israeli chief of staff had concluded, for the present, that the temporary gains to be achieved by such a raid would not outweigh the two or three lives that it would surely cost his forces. Israeli aircraft have made clear that every guerrilla operation would bring a reprisal, confined to Fedayeen targets to the extent possible, but recognizing that regular Jordanian Army guns had often joined in, supplied cover for, or even initiated the shelling and other operations.

I urged the King to break this vicious circle by preventing the Fedayeen attacks. Some weeks earlier, through the American Embassy, he had secretly promised to halt them if the Israelis would forego interfering with repairs on the East Ghor irrigation canal. What appeared to be a temporary lull followed, but soon the guerrilla raids mounted again and the canal was put out of action again. His own kingdom, I told Hussein, was the net loser from the activities of the Fedayeen. He replied with a shrug: "I cannot control the Fedayeen. The Israelis created the Fedayeen." It was a sad admission

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from a sovereign leader of a gaping hole in his power, but the strength and popularity of the guerrilla groups had become so great that only his army could curb them and that would have been politically unacceptable.

"How, then, will it all end?" I asked him, for he had acknowledged that the present course could not lead to a settlement. "I don't know, sir," he replied gravely. I felt sorry for him in many ways. The brave little king in the heavily guarded palace was no longer master of his fate, much less his state. He could only sit and wait, hoping to survive, hoping that some outside source or unpredictable force—the United States, or the United Nations, or another great power, or a modern Saladin, or Allah Himself—something, someone, somehow—would come along and bail him out. Surely it is an unusual event in military history for the losing nations to refuse to meet with the victors, but it is also unusual for the governments who presided over such a loss to remain in power long thereafter. The present Arab governments are understandably fearful that they would be risking their political positions at home if they publicly acknowledged defeat by sitting down to talk terms with the Israelis they have refused to recognize.

Two days before my meeting with King Hussein, I had put the same question to Golda Meir: "How, then, will it all end?" She, too, acknowledged that the present course of raids and reprisals was not conducive to a settlement. Her government used military power to make clear to the Arabs that a new war would be futile, but that was no substitute for negotiations. The Big Four talks initiated this year by the United States had merely halted what little progress U.N. mediator Gunart Jarring had been able to eke out—without making any new progress of their own. The Soviet Union in these talks merely acted as Nasser's lawyer, said Mrs. Meir, and the lawyer takes instructions from his client. Yet she did not wholly despair. "At least we know one thing," she said in answer to my question. "It can only end in peace."

Perhaps her view was unduly optimistic. Perhaps one more giant paroxysm will be required before the Arabs realize that they have no choice but to accept in their midst a permanent Israel with secure boundaries and sovereign rights. Perhaps Egypt's Nasser, recognizing that his hope of harassing Israel into withdrawing without negotiations is surely doomed, will feel obligated by history, politics—and his own self-proclaimed role as leader of not only the Middle East but also the entire Arab and Moslem worlds—to attempt some dramatic act, such as recapturing the east bank of the Suez Canal.

But logic and caution have played a greater role in the actions, if not the words, of Arab leaders ever since the humiliation of the Six-Day War. For the combined armed might of the Arab world to be defeated once again by a nation less populous than the city of Cairo alone would be, they realize, a disaster. The Soviet Union has rearmed the Arab nations to their 1967 prewar levels, trained their personnel and encouraged their defiance. But Moscow's leaders can hardly be enthusiastic about the prospects of another all-out war in which their expensive equipment would once again be captured, abandoned, or destroyed, their protégés routed, and their own standing impaired for having failed to intervene in force. The Kremlin bosses like it the way it is—no real war in the Middle East that might suck in other nations, and no real peace that might lessen Arab dependence upon them.

The Israelis do not like it the way it is. The Arab attempt to wage a war of attrition has not worn them down, but its weekly toll of lives, however small in terms of other wars, is large in a tiny nation that sanctifies human life. A vast proportion of Israel's population is serving in the armed forces; too much of its economy is committed to wartime mobilization; and the tensions produced by a necessary preoccupation with security are inevitably fatiguing. Israel wants peace and is more willing to compromise than some public statements from her leaders have implied. "We are prepared," Mrs. Meir told me," to go to the conference table tomorrow without any lines drawn on a map, without any preconditions whatsoever."

But that conference will not be convened tomorrow, and Israel can afford to wait, as unpleasant as it is. Time, the little nation feels, is on its side. Sitting behind the Suez Canal and Sinai Desert to the west and the Jordan River to the east, its cities no longer live in daily fear of a sudden successful air raid or blitzkreig. ("The Jordan River," said an Israeli leader, "is no longer much of a river—but as a tank barrier it is very helpful.") Israel will not permit the Arabs to gain control of the air, nor will it permit them to miscalculate their strength by conducting intermittent attacks with impunity. By demonstrating an ability to retaliate at will, Israel makes clear to the Arabs that they could not win the next war. But no matter how numerous, well trained, and well equipped the enemy becomes, Jerusalem's military leaders told me, Israel will never again be driven by fear into striking an all-out pre-emptive blow. Its fighting men are superior because they fight not out of religious or national hatred but out of concern for the survival of their families and nation. Its population, despite the casualties and the tension, has been infused since the 1967 war with a spirit of determination and a sense of permanence unlike anything they had before. The Israelis are suffering, but they are not complaining. They can wait.

How long can her Arab neighbors wait? Arms from the Soviet Union and subsidies from their wealthier colleagues are poor substitutes for the boost to their economies that peace and disarmament would make possible. Growing pressures of increasing populations are adding to their handicaps. The longer the Suez Canal remains closed, the longer the Western

(*Continued on page* 66)

"I suppose you can only be awakened with a kiss."

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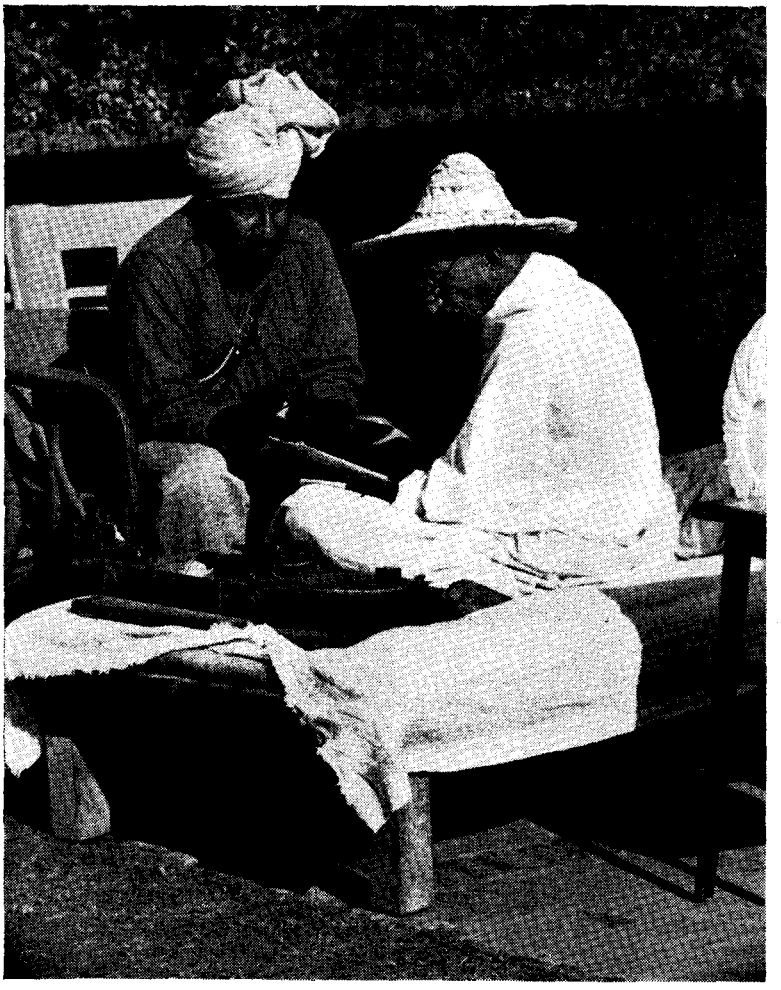

THE IRREPLACEABLE GANDHI

by ROBERT PAYNE

The murder of Gandhi in 1948 sent shock waves around the world, for he had been larger than life and nearly as large as India. He had conquered India and changed the landscape of the human heart. Never again would people deride the idea of nonviolence, for he had planted it firmly in men's minds, showing them how they could prevent governments from imposing themselves too harshly on the people. To those who had lost hope he offered new hope, and the memory of that small man wandering over the roads of India in search of peace was to be a perpetual reminder that peace might someday be found. Men and women who had never set eyes on India felt that they knew him well and had lost a father.

When Gandhi died, a part of India died with him. The small man with the bright eyes and the enchanting smile towered above his compatriots; he had been more powerful than any maharaja or viceroy. He had never occupied high office, never commanded an army, never claimed any special sanction for his words, but for nearly two generations he had been the conscience of his country, the priest-king who commanded the allegiance of his countrymen while the King-Emperor commanded only the government of India. He cast a spell upon a whole nation and profoundly changed it by giving men a purpose in their lives. While he lived, there was a sense of heroic struggle, of fierce determination. When he died, the reins slackened, for there was no one who could speak with his authority. An age had ended, and a crown had fallen.

During the last months of his life there were many who feared he would die by an assassin's bullet. Gandhi himself had half expected it, speaking about his death with a strange foreknowledge, as though it were very close to him. Yet that death could ever touch him was almost beyond belief, so much had he become a part of the Indian landscape.

In India, grief at his death assumed the dimensions of a collective nightmare. It was as though a great city or an empire had perished. During the days following the murder millions of people went about in a stupor; they did not cook their food, did not eat, could not sleep, did no work. It was not only that Gandhi had been the revered Mahatma, or that he had become a legend with all the strange powers of legends, or that he was the man who had wrested power from the British and was the acknowledged father of his country; it was simply that over the years they had come to depend on

The above article, which commemorates the centennial of Gandhi's birth on October 2, is excerpted and adapted from Robert Payne's forthcoming book, *The Life and Death of Mahatma Gandhi*, to be published this month by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. © Robert Payne 1969.

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him, and with his death there was no one they could turn to. He had held the stage as long as most of the people of India could remember. Now there was only the empty stage, silence and darkness descending over India.

For long weeks and months the Indians were caught up in that strange stupor. They knew well enough that his successors would never occupy his place. He was the mountain; Nehru was a blade of grass. Men had affection and admiration for Nehru, but he was never loved as Gandhi was loved; and when they remembered Gandhi there was an ache in their hearts. Life went on; the harvests were gathered; the religious festivals followed one another; and always there was the knowledge that Gandhi was no longer present to watch and to warn, to admonish and to applaud. Then gradually the man who had been a living legend went through all those transmutations that follow on the deaths of legends. He changed shape and form; things he had never done, words he had never said, were credited to him; a vast hagiography appeared; he became a government institution, with his portrait on the walls of Indian embassies and all government offices; the Congress Party, which he had wanted to dissolve, celebrated him and spoke in his name; his memory was riddled with accumulated ironies. Grief and time added new colors to him until at last the man seemed to vanish in the glow of history.

Memorials were raised for him, and prizes were offered for the most suitable designs. Since he had forbidden a mausoleum, it was decided that the cremation ground on the banks of the Jumna River offered the most appropriate site for a monument. Instead of the brick platform on which his body had been burned, there would be a black marble platform of the same size. This was to be his empty tomb. Accordingly, during the following years the black marble cenotaph was erected and the shores were landscaped. Around the cenotaph were built earthworks to protect it from the flooding Jumna, and these high protective walls have the effect of transforming an open space into an enclosed garden. The walls are so broad that a carriage could drive around them. Trees were planted in the enclosure, and little square plots of white stones were added for decoration. Usually the black marble cenotaph was heaped with flowers, and the marble was polished so brilliantly that it reflected the passing clouds.

So many compromises were involved in the design, so much money was spent on landscaping, and so little regard was paid to the essential spirit of Gandhi, that this formal garden took on the aspect of an official tribute devoid of any artistic necessity. It was ugly, empty, and sterile. It said nothing that could not be said much more simply. Gandhi would have been incensed by the cost, just as he would have been incensed by the thought that the place where his body was cremated would become a place of pilgrimage. On the anniversary of his death, the President of India with all his retinue would stand before the slab of black marble while two volleys of gunfire would echo across the plains, and the last post and reveille would be sounded by twelve buglers drawn up with military precision. These ceremonies were meaningless and had no relation to the real Gandhi, who had lived and breathed with a healthy detestation of military ceremonial.

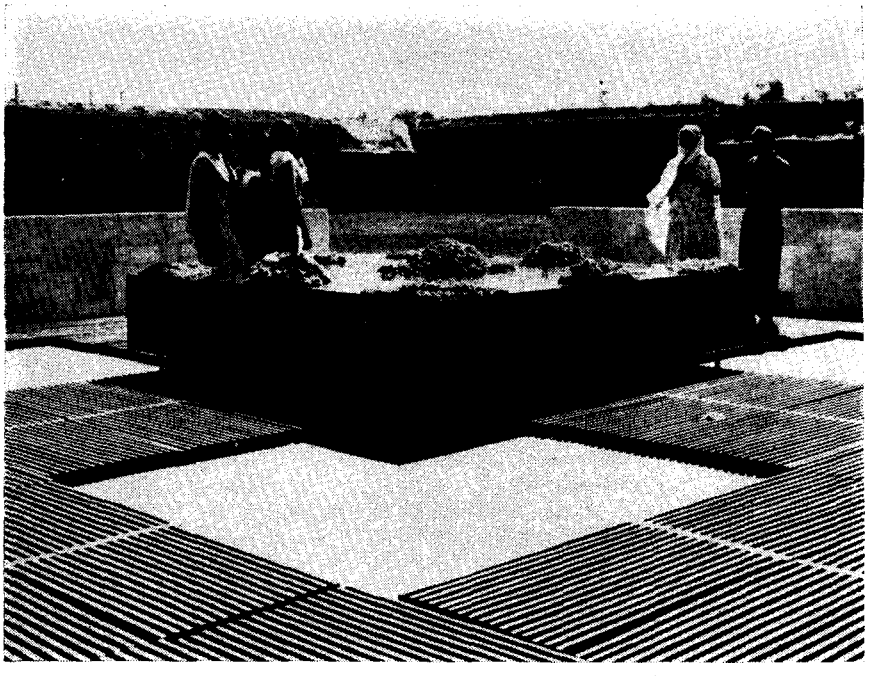
What was missing was the sense of his personality, the quick and vivid spirit, the urgent voice, the enchanting smile. He did not deserve to be commemorated with a slab of black marble, or with military parades, or with ceremonials. A children's playground or a park would have been better. At the Rajghat no fountains played, no children ran among the trees, no one laughed, and the least solemn of men was remembered with official solemnity. Gandhi had vanished. In his place there was the museum piece, the official father of the country, the benefactor in whose name the Congress Party had seized power.

A stone's throw away from the Rajghat there stands the small Gandhi Memorial Museum nestling in a grove of trees. It is an unpretentious building of yellow stone housing a vast library and most of the few possessions he left behind. In an alcove under a glass case is the neatly folded *dhoti* and the shawl of Australian wool he was wearing at the time of his death. The bloodstains have turned pale with age. In a little wooden cup there is one of the bullets that killed him.

The museum is light and airy, and there is no feeling of solemnity. His small possessions could be placed comfortably in a shoebox. A pair of sandals, a cheap watch, a sixpenny electric torch, some wooden bowls, two medals, a rosary of wooden beads, a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, a bamboo fan, a nailcutter, a cleaning stone, the little statue of the three monkeys which he called "my masters," his straw hats, and his cooking utensils—this is all, and it is enough. Mysteriously the museum conveys the essence of the man in his simplicity and frailty—and his great strength.

At the heart of the mystery there is always the man who wanted, as he said, to be "more naked than naked." He feared and distrusted possessions, knowing that in the strict sense no one possesses anything at all. When people spoke to him about the vast possessions of the maharajas, he would shake his head in bewilderment, wondering why anyone should take pride in such things. He knew only too well where the power and wealth of the maharajas came from, and, in due course, he was able to destroy them as easily as a man breaks some dry

(*Continued on page* 64)



On the opposite page, Gandhi in his garden at Birla House shortly before his assassination; above, his cenotaph in New Delhi—"He had conquered India and changed the landscape of the human heart."

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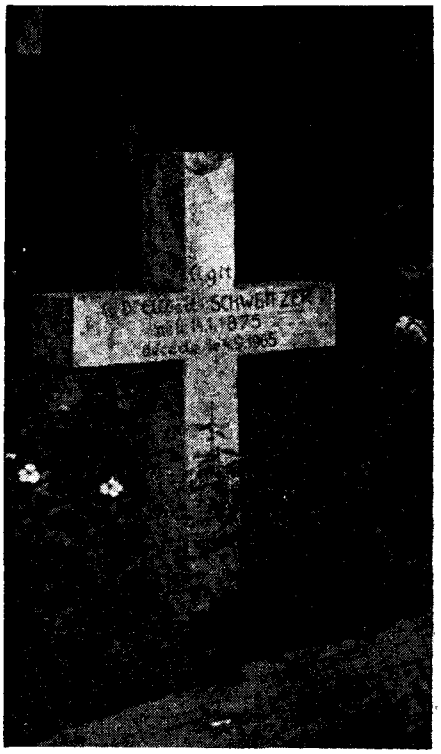
Lambaréné Revisited

The flight from Libreville to Lambaréné in the young nation of Gabon is no longer the adventure it was when I first visited the Albert Schweitzer Hospital in 1957. The plane at that time was a diminutive DC-3 and the pilots were human homing pigeons who found their way—often through heavy overcast or monsoons and without benefit of ground-control or other modern aids—to the unpaved clearing in the jungle that served as Lambaréné's airport.

A few weeks ago, I returned to Lambaréné in a DC-4; in an age of flashing jets it is something of an antique piece, but at least it had four propellers and the benefit of contact with a radio control tower atop Lambaréné's new two-room "air terminal." And the proud little airfield now had a paved runway with landing lights.

The French airport manager at Lambaréné served as a one-man ground crew. The airport was taxiless and he drove me the short distance to the dock at the River Ogooué, where I rented a pirogue for the ride to the Schweitzer Hospital landing a few miles up the river. A dozen years ago, three lepers from the hospital paddled us upstream in the pirogue. This time, we had our choice of a half-dozen commercial pirogues that had been fitted with outboard motor attachments. The combination was as incongruous as an electrically driven rocking chair. The trip up the Ogooué took less than thirty minutes, even against the strong current. It was clear that Africa was losing its immunity to rapid transit.

When I arrived at the Schweitzer dock, it quickly became apparent to me that it had lost none of its old character as the main traffic center for the hospital. African patients, accompanied by their families, were arriving or leaving by pirogue. Just outside the mainstream of dock traffic, six or seven African women were doing their wash. Children were milling about. The only difference today from the general scene of a dozen years ago is that a small open-air market place has been established halfway up the hill to the hospital. Vendors were selling everything from canned goods to small souvenirs.



Albert Schweitzer's grave, marked by a simple cross he designed himself, is located on a small plot of ground near his bungalow on the hospital grounds at Lambaréné. The inscription reads: "Here lies Dr. Albert Schweitzer, born January 14, 1875, died September 4, 1965.

I was shown to the bungalow of Dr. Walter Munz, whom Dr. Schweitzer had designated in his will to be medical director of the hospital. What is most striking about Dr. Munz is the juxtaposition of size and manner; his large and rugged frame contrast with a gentle voice and easy disposition. There is contrast, too, in the youthful face and iron-gray hair.

It was noon and Dr. Munz led the way to the dining room. Almost everything was as I had remembered it: the screened-in, heavily shaded, rectangular room; the long table with its straight-backed chairs; and off to one side, the rickety upright piano on which Dr. Schweitzer would play hymns after the dinner meal.

At the table were about twenty young doctors and nurses to whom I was introduced by Dr. Munz. Many of them were in their twenties. I was seated near the center of the table; opposite me was an empty chair on which were neatly carved the initials "A. S."

It was inevitable, I suppose, that my thoughts should have been preoccupied by that empty chair. It was in this chair and at this table that Albert Schweitzer was at his most relaxed and where he was often autobiographical and philosophical. I thought of an evening in 1957 when *Le Grand Docteur* had just finished saying grace and, with hardly a change in his voice, had commented that there were only two automobiles within seventy-five miles of the hospital and that the inevitable had just happened: the cars had collided. "Now," he said solemnly, "we have treated the drivers for their superficial wounds; anyone who has reverence for machines may treat the cars."

Then there was the evening, after a particularly trying day during which twice the usual number of patients had to be treated, when the doctor felt the need to enliven the spirits of the exhausted staff. He told of his dinner with Danish royalty on the occasion of his visit to Europe several years earlier. The first course was smoked herring. Dr. Schweitzer had never been able to develop a taste for herring. Confronted by the dilemma of offending his royal hosts or his sovereign stomach, he decided to offend neither. When no one was looking, he deftly

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—*Photos by N.C.*

The staff, plus some young members of patients' families, of the Albert Schweitzer Hospital at Lambaréné assemble at the dock to say farewell to a visitor from the "Saturday Review." The tall young man in the center is Dr. Walter Munz, medical director of the hospital. In the right foreground, with helmet raised, is Lee Ellerbrock, an American who is bursar at the hospital.

transferred the herring from his plate to his pocket. The next day, a newspaper in Copenhagen carried an account of the dinner, saying that "Dr. Schweitzer showed the influence of his years in the African jungle; when served herring, he ate the head, bones, tail and all; not a single shred of skin was left on the plate."

After the robust laughter at the dinner table subsided, Dr. Schweitzer said there had been a sequel. Two weeks after his dinner with Danish royalty, his wife had discovered the reason for the strange smell permeating their home in Gunsbach: a dead herring had mysteriously found its way into the pocket of the doctor's dinner jacket, where it was rotting away.

These two anecdotes completely released the staff from the tensions of the day and the mood of the dining room became relaxed and joyous.

I thought back, too, on the times when Dr. Schweitzer would speak about the moral and philosophical crises of our time. He was concerned about the terrible sense of separation that was being increasingly felt among men—a separation from the principal events that were determining their destiny. It was not merely the common man who was being afflicted by a feeling of remoteness from what seemed to be inexorable forces; even the political and spiritual leaders were being buffeted about by events that seemed beyond their reach and, what was worse, their understanding. This separation produced helplessness. Yet, said Schweitzer, it is a mistake to suppose that great events are not shaped by small energies. If the energies are life-giving, if they come out of the desire to sustain life and ennoble it, they will have an effect on the whole. Therefore, the question for any man is not how he can take hold of the great forces, but rather how he can take hold of his own life and put it to good use.

It seemed clear to me, as I looked around the table, that this was the one lesson from Schweitzer's life and thought that has had the greatest impact on the young people who still come to serve at Lambaréné. His inspiration has survived his death. The predictions of the scoffers have been proved wrong. They had said that only the lure of a glamorous figure had brought doctors and nurses to Lambaréné, and that once the doctor was gone, there would be little incentive to cope with the privations of medical service in the jungle. But letters arrive every day from people who want to serve without pay so that Schweitzer's work can go on. And the hospital today has its pick of competent medical personnel from all over the world.

These young people have not been put off by the critics of constricted vision who, like Gerald McKnight in *Verdict on Schweitzer*, have proclaimed both the stark shortcomings of the hospital and the serious flaws in Schweitzer. The final and total answer to the detractors and debunkers is to be found today at the hospital itself—in the presence of intelligent, able, open-eyed and open-hearted people who are animated by a certain vision or example and who have something of value to offer.

And, of course, the patients themselves. The ultimate verdict on doctors or hospitals can only be given by their patients. No knowledge a man possesses is as certain as his ability to tell the difference between his own pain and well-being. When you go down to the Lambaréné hospital dock and see dozens of sick people who come from many miles away, some whose parents and even grandparents were given medical attention by Dr. Schweitzer and his staff, you know everything worth knowing about the Albert Schweitzer Hospital at Lambaréné.

It isn't that the Africans today have no other place to go. En route to Lambaréné from their villages, many of them pass well-constructed and well-equipped hospitals where treatment is free. Yet they continue to come to the Schweitzer Hospital, some for the tenth time over a period of many years. Why? This is the one question that the debunkers have not stopped to ponder. It may be un-Schweitzerian to say so, but one is tempted to rub their noses in the obvious answer: The hospital has been able to do—and continues to do—the job it set for itself.

I am not suggesting that there has never been any room for improvement at the Schweitzer Hospital. This would be a difficult claim to make for even the most heavily marbled and technologically splendored hospital in Europe or America. What I am trying to say is that the vaunted and alleged inadequacies at Lambaréné were never critical. The level of sanitation is not the ultimate yardstick in the care of a patient, whether at Lambaréné or anywhere else. If it were, most patients in even the most beautifully constructed hospitals in our largest cities

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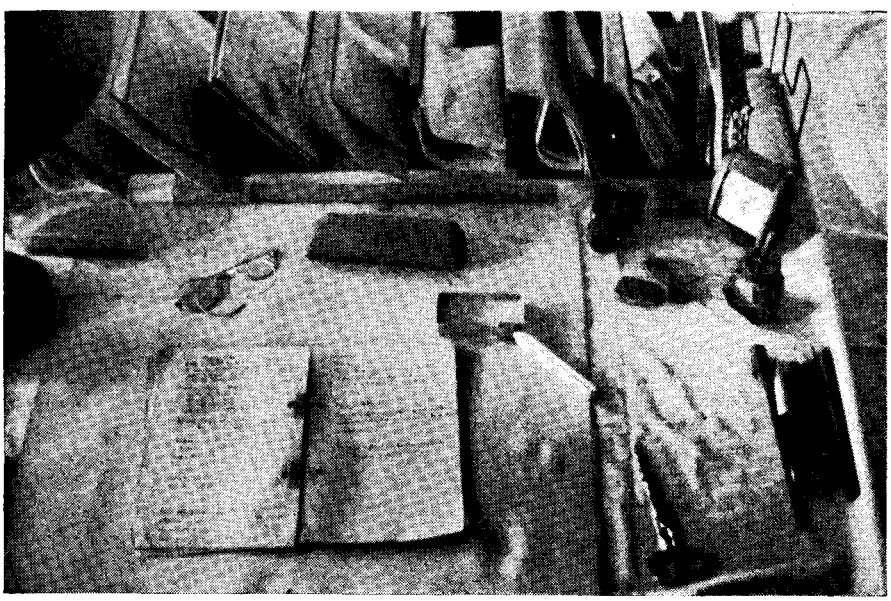
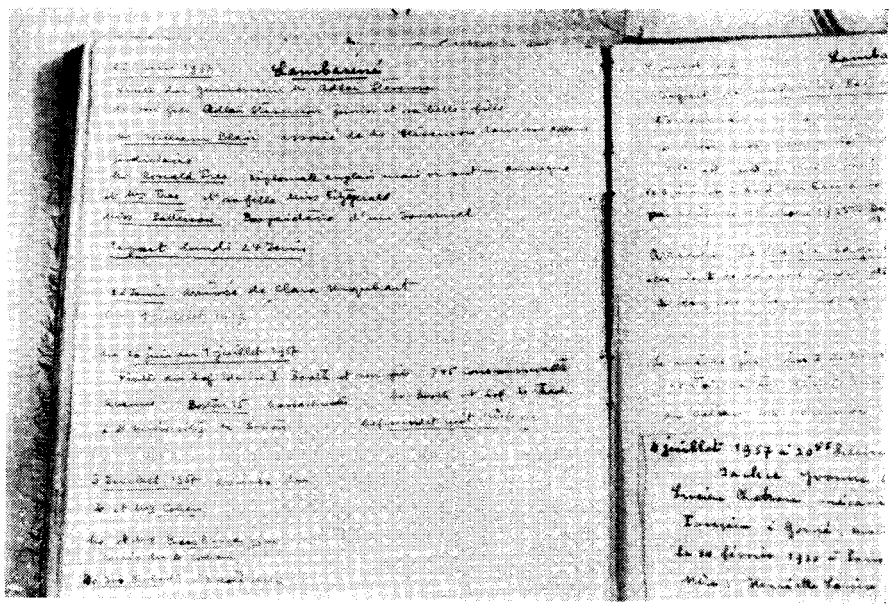
would never get well, for the level of sanitation in those places is often more apparent than real.

Far more important than the apparatus and environment of antisepsis are the quality of a diagnosis, the confidence of a patient in a doctor and in his own ability to get well, discreet and precise use of medical or surgical intervention, and an atmosphere in which a patient can be free of unnecessary tension and fear. The greatest doctors have been those with the deepest respect for the ability of the human body to write and fill its own prescriptions, given conditions of reasonable freedom from stress and relief from the original agents of infection or other basic causes.

Those least shocked by the apparent crudity of the Schweitzer Hospital have been men of the highest medical reputations, men such as Paul Dudley White, who never made the mistake of taking a purely mechanistic view of the human organism. They could understand what Schweitzer was getting at when he built a clinic attached to village huts, African style. For Schweitzer knew the importance of meeting the Africans on their own ground and terms. He knew how essential it was to make a man feel at home, especially under the conditions of natural apprehension that preoccupy a man when he places his life in the hands of another. Even under the most favorable circumstances, a hospital is a forbidding and frightening habitat. Fifty years ago, when Schweitzer first came to Lambaréné, nothing would have been more futile and pathetic than to have superimposed on African culture the white man's conception of a medical treatment center.



The top of Albert Schweitzer's handmade desk as he left it at the time of his death in September 1965. The opened journal, center, contains the record, in his own hand, of the principal day-by-day events of the hospital.



A sample page from Dr. Schweitzer's hospital journal. The entry at the top records the visit in the summer of 1957 of "Governor Mr. Adlai Stevenson and his son, Adlai Stevenson, Junior, and his lovely wife."

In any event, the point is that Schweitzer came to Africa for the purpose of offering the totality of himself to people in need of help. He did not separate patients from their families. Quite the opposite: he made allies of the families in the operation of the hospital. The wives did the cooking for the sick ones; they were given responsibility for getting the prescribed medication into the patients; they ran the bedpan service; they performed mop-up duties; and, in general, they served as nurses' aides or "para-medical attendants" as they are called today in great Western hospitals that are unable to find fully qualified personnel. Male relatives or friends of patients at the hospital performed many of these duties in the absence of women or helped to carry out the many maintenance chores.

Substantially the same system obtains today. Most patients are treated on an outpatient basis. They are examined at the clinic, given prescribed medication, and sent home. A patient who requires surgery or hospitalization is assigned to a cubicle and, unless it is otherwise indicated, is placed in the custody of a relative who is given full instructions about ways in which he can be helpful. The staff nurses and doctors attend regularly to those patients requiring professional ministrations.

Albert Schweitzer has often been pictured as totally resistant to the age of electricity and machines. Not so. To a large extent, he had to make a virtue out of necessity. During those long years when outside financial support was slight and when his main source of support came from his book royalties, he spent whatever money was available on what he considered to be the quintessentials.

In later years, however, with the creation of Schweitzer-supporting organizations throughout the world, *Le Grand Docteur* seemed to have little trouble in accommodating himself to electric power and even to the combustion engine. The first facility at the hospital to be electrified was the operating theater. By 1962, all the main buildings of the hospital were electrified. A jeep was given to the hospital through the good offices of Erica Anderson, whose photographs and films of Albert Schweitzer and his hospital are the finest obtainable. (Miss Anderson is now devoting all her time to "Friendship House," at Great Barring-

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ton, Massachusetts, a center she established for advancing Schweitzer's work and thought.) Dr. Schweitzer was a little slow in developing reverence for the jeep but eventually found a level of rapport with the machine that did not preclude a riding relationship.

One of the most revolutionary conveniences to be installed at the hospital in recent years is running water. Toilets are outdoors but they have flush water closets and lockable doors. Water taps at strategic places on the hospital grounds go along with the new "community kitchens" — designated areas where the women can do their cooking. This arrangement reduces the heavy pall of smoke that used to hang over the hospital in the morning and evening hours as each woman would cook the family meal on small smoky burners just outside each cubicle.

In a letter written by Dr. Schweitzer to be opened after his death, he specified that responsibility for the hospital was to be divided between Dr. Munz, who was placed in charge of medical affairs, and his daughter Rhena Eckert Schweitzer, who was given top administrative and financial jurisdiction.

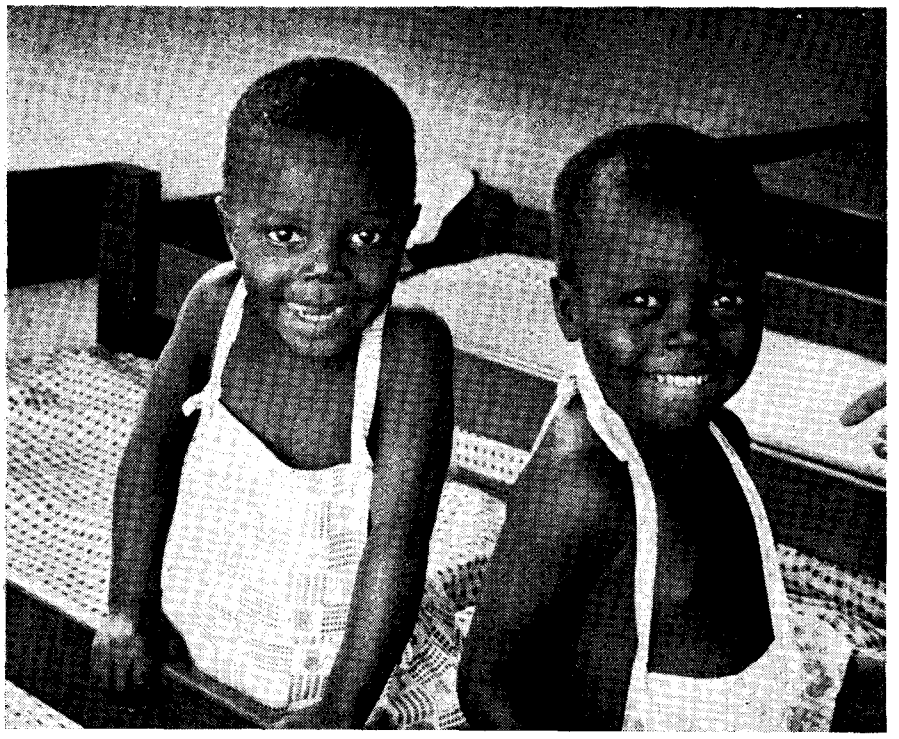
At the time of my arrival, Rhena Schweitzer was in the United States seeking support for her plans to build a new medical center in Lambaréné. Dr. Munz, having completed four years at the hospital, was awaiting Rhena's return so that he might leave for Europe to resume his medical studies. "Much has happened in medicine and surgery in just the few years I have been here," he said. "I have an opportunity to study and work under men who have much to teach me."

Dr. Munz comes from one of the most distinguished medical families in Switzerland. His grandfather and father were eminent physicians. His uncle had worked at Lambaréné in the early years of the hospital and his father had known Dr. Schweitzer. In 1961, shortly after becoming a fully qualified surgeon, Walter Munz joined the staff of the Schweitzer Hospital for two years, then returned to Europe for further study. In June 1964, he received a letter from Dr. Schweitzer inviting him to return to Lambaréné. Dr. Schweitzer wrote that he expected to live for just one more year. He said that of all the young men who served at the hospital, none enjoyed his respect and admiration more than Dr. Munz, and that he wanted Dr. Munz to become medical director of the hospital after his death.

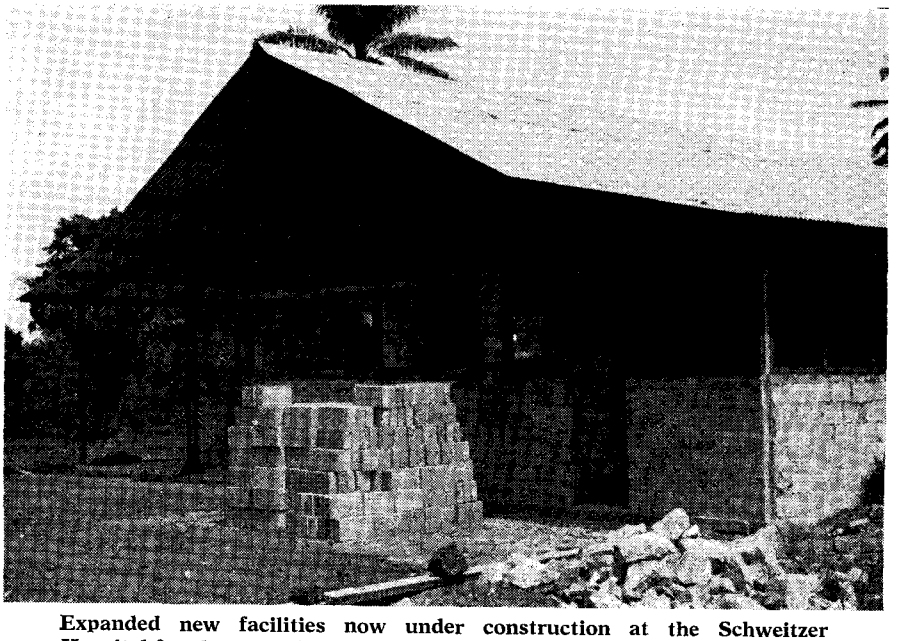
Then thirty-two, Walter Munz felt overwhelmed by the offer and told the doctor he didn't think he was ready. But *Le Grand Docteur* was not to be put off. In September 1964, he wrote again saying that he had not observed Walter Munz casually or issued his invitation lightly. Munz then accepted but felt he should stay in Europe for six more months to complete his studies in pediatrics.

In June 1965, Munz arrived at the hospital and Albert Schweitzer began at once to turn over the medical reins. Within two months, the indoctrination was complete. Then, in September 1965, as he had predicted little more than a year earlier, Albert Schweitzer died at the age of ninety. He was buried, according to his request, next to his wife on a tiny plot of ground not far from the small bungalow quarters in which he had lived for half a century. He had designed the gravestone, a simple stone cross on which were engraved his name and the dates of his birth and death.

Late in 1965, Rhena Schweitzer



Three months ago, these two Biafran children were suffering from severe malnutrition and anemia. Since arriving at the Albert Schweitzer Hospital in Gabon, where they are part of a special intensive-care project for Biafran children, they have been completely restored to health.



Expanded new facilities now under construction at the Schweitzer Hospital for the care of additional Biafran children. The Albert Schweitzer Fellowship in New York is playing a major role in the project.

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Small foot, big splinter. A patient at the Albert Schweitzer Hospital discovers the minor risks of ambulation.

moved from Switzerland to Lambaréné to take ultimate responsibility for the hospital. Her children by this time were fully grown and she was able to dedicate herself completely to planning for the future of the hospital. She moved into a home, purchased from a French planter, immediately adjoining the hospital.

In many ways, Albert Schweitzer died at the right time. The Africa he knew a half century ago when he built his crude hospital shacks was fast breaking up. Gabon, like most of Africa, had won its independence. Strong new winds of nationalism were sweeping over the continent. Africa was sending young men to Europe and the United States for higher education, and they were coming back, helping to change the values of the old society and raising the level of expectations.

Rhena Schweitzer knew that she and her staff had to anticipate the effects of these changes. She knew the new generation of Africans would not expect the hospital to be totally Westernized, but she also knew they would not want it to stand still. She would have to find some way of planning for the time, not too many years distant, when young African doctors would play a strong and perhaps decisive role in the hospital.

She traveled to Europe and America, getting the views of the Schweitzer organizations that had been the main source of support for the hospital in recent years. Out of these meetings came a new plan for the eventual form of the hospital. New units would be constructed over a period of time on the land acquired from the French plantation owner. There would be a new surgical center with the best operating equipment; even the old operating theater had been an exception to Dr. Schweitzer's lack of emphasis on modernization. There would also be an intensive-care unit. Another addition would be the diagnostic unit, and there would be a dental clinic; eventually, it might be possible to have a mobile dental facility to go into the villages for purposes of preventive dental health. Africans, like their fellow humans, have no desire to see a dentist until driven to him by raging pain.

The old hospital would continue, as at present, to meet the generality of health needs, with certain specialized functions being taken over by the new units of the medical center as they are phased into operation. Whether the old hospital will be a significant part of the total undertaking ten years from now, or even five years from now, of course will depend not just on events but on the Africans themselves—both the patients and the African medical personnel who must eventually play a central role in the operation and direction of the hospital.

Rhena Schweitzer has formed a world committee for raising the funds to build the new medical center. In the United States, she has the help of the Albert Schweitzer Fellowship, which has been concerned all along with the regular requirements of the old hospital.

Meanwhile, a new unit quite outside the anticipations of anyone connected with Lambaréné only a year ago is now fully functioning. It is a combined home, school, and medical-care center for forty Biafran children who were brought to Lambaréné in a condition of acute anemia and malnutrition. Rhena Schweitzer has turned over her new home at Lambaréné for this purpose. The ground floor has been converted into an open-air classroom with an adjoining playground. The second floor is a combined hospital ward and dormitory.

The *Saturday Review* is indirectly involved in the Biafran project at Lambaréné. When *SR*'s Aid to Biafran Children (ABC) was getting under way, we suggested to the Schweitzer Fellowship that it accept responsibility for some of the sick and hungry children washed up by the war. The Fellowship recommended the project to Rhena Schweitzer and her staff and helped fund it. *SR*'s readers have helped by contributing through ABC.

So far, the Biafran project has been a thoroughgoing success. All the children have been brought back to full health. The Biafran government has sent a teacher and a nurse to live with the children at Lambaréné and to help the regular Schweitzer Hospital medical personnel. The daily lives of the children are full and ease the pain of their young memories. No one knows which of the children are orphans. Very few of them have had any word of their parents. Most of them are under the age of seven. All but the very young understand their situation and tell each other that some day the war will end and they will be reunited with their families. They pride themselves on their ability to speak English and seem overjoyed when an English-speaking visitor comes to their "village."

Their teacher follows a course of study prescribed by Biafran educational authorities. Both teacher and nurse are required to file regular progress or problem reports with the Biafran government.

Encouraged by the success of the Biafran children's project, Rhena Schweitzer is now building another structure nearby to accommodate at least fifty more homeless and hungry Biafran children. The new facility will be completed next month. The Albert Schweitzer Fellowship in New York is playing a major role in the project.

SR's present ABC funds are now being spent on its mobile medical unit that goes directly into the Biafran villages with essential medicines and foods. So far, ABC has treated close to 10,000 children, and plans to treat at least ten times more. We have pledged Rhena Schweitzer a certain fraction of her new budget. We don't know yet where our additional funds will come from. One learns in this world to move forward with essential undertakings regardless of money problems; the very fact of motion and confidence has a way of opening up coffers and generating a moral response. —N. C.

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Letters to the Editor

Reflecting on History

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S editorial "Who Needs History?" [*SR*, Sept. 6] calls for further reflection.

The activists' disdain for the analytic study of history is, indeed, linked to a more serious problem: their failure to elaborate a coherent and constructive political philosophy, and to propose imaginative but realistic political goals. They have inherited the Marxist vocabulary of class conflict, but they seem too often to have understood neither Marxist thought nor the limits of its applicability to contemporary American society.

There is, of course, a danger as great as that presented by the activists' scorn for history: the misguided belief in its "inevitable laws." This is no longer history, but historicism, and as such denies our capacity to respond imaginatively and realistically to new—*unparalleled*—social problems.

Perhaps the historical analogies Mr. Tobin suggested are too simple. History, which must not be reduced to the study of recurrent situations, can at least lead us to an appreciation of the factors that will define new situations. The activists maintain that no earlier and no other society has changed as rapidly as ours is changing, and that tomorrow's problems will be insoluble in terms of yesterday's analyses. This is incontestable. But the historical understanding of men and events and ideas, when integrated with the economic, psychological, and sociological understanding of institutions, can make a significant contribution to the definition of these open-ended concepts and structures.

PHILIP N. LAWTON, JR.,
Department of Philosophy,
Saint Francis College,
Biddeford, Me.

Reverse Brain Drain

RE: Nuri Eren's "Supply, Demand, and the Brain Drain" [*SR*, Aug. 2]. As an American pathologist, I have been engaged in a reverse brain drain effort for the past six years in Kenya and Sarawak. For months after independence, I was the only pathologist for nine million people in Kenya. Here, I am the only pathologist in the three former British colonies, with over a million people. I earn about one-third what the American pathologist makes back home, and pay higher taxes than he does. I mention this only to emphasize the poor conditions for local doctors working in government who do not get expatriate rates.

In talking to young doctors home from training in Canada or Australia, I find that not all of them are so selfish and research-oriented that they want to go back to the developed countries. I believe the West might do better to spend foreign-aid funds "topping up" salaries of such doctors, engineers, and so on in their own countries instead of wasting the money on political prestige projects. The U.S. might also consider a Corps of Specialists, paid a decent salary, so that, unlike the Peace Corps, those with experience and family responsibilities would be able to serve.

S. MCCLATCHIE, M.C.,
Central Medical Laboratory,
Kuching, Sarawak, East Malaysia.

Lucre's Lure

FOUR MINNEAPOLIS scientists, taking exception to Warren Weaver's "Basic Science and the Common Good," have this to say [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Sept. 13]: ". . . we find it unfortunate and misleading to think that scientists are permitted to make decisions. The scientist today . . . must go where the money is. . . . where the return is greatest—namely, defense-oriented research."

When Samuel Johnson rebuked a man for immoral behavior, the victim protested, "But a man must live!" Johnson eyed him calculatingly for a moment and replied, "I don't see the necessity."

How long [has it been] since scientists are *not* permitted to make decisions, including moral decisions? Just why *must* they go where the financial returns are the greatest, even when their services support an insane escalation toward nuclear war euphemistically called "defense"?

Everyday, somewhere, men and women, including scientists, are defying the Establishment when they think it is wrong, and are refusing to go "where the return is greatest." Several universities are taking this step regarding military research. Surely scientists should be among the first to realize that every social or scientific advance has been initiated by a small minority who refuse to tag along with the crowd; that, in a democracy, nonconformity is a privilege as well as an obligation; and that it is the aggregate of *individual* decisions that determine a nation's integrity—or lack of it.

GERALD BARNES,
Denver, Colo.

"I don't have the heart to tell him this law has been repealed."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Songs, Battles, and a Few Jokes

NO MATTER that it is easy, even fashionable, to be antiwar today, Paramount's all-star version of *Oh! What a Lovely War* is still a bold, venturesome, and wholly commendable project. Freely adapted from Joan Littlewood's justly famous "musical entertainment" of a few years back, it retains both the intellectual vigor and bite of the original, while adding a visual splendor and, curiously, a warmth and intimacy that the stage production lacked. The theater production, while protesting the inhumanity of war, did so in clever but abstract terms; the film, with its broader canvas, vividly contrasts the aseptic, impersonal manipulations of Britain's blundering High Command with the miseries and horrors of trench warfare in World War I. Miss Littlewood's production ingeniously presented the web of international intrigue that lay behind the war; the film, while by no means slighting this, also projects a heart-rending image of the ordinary Tommy—hundreds of them—caught up in that web.

It achieves this with a mixture of styles that probably under any other circumstances would be utterly inadmissible. The picture moves constantly from highly stylized sequences that incorporate the historical materials (such as a fashionable ball that, amidst waltzes and tangos, sets forth the intrigues that led to the replacement of the petty and petulant Sir John French as Commander-in-Chief by the bulldoggishly unimaginative Sir Douglas Haig), to realistically staged battles scenes that might have come straight from *All Quiet on the Western Front*, or even *Paths of Glory*. Nor is it as simple as that, for in the trench sequences the men sing chorals, while in a schematized War Office set on a Brighton pier the actors playing high-ranking British officers quote directly from war diaries and historical records. Thus, reality and imagination constantly—and fascinatingly—intertwine.

What binds it all together, in the film as in the play, is the use of the popular songs of World War I, at once nostalgic and ironic. Early in the film, for example, a chorus of girls in an English music hall sing to the males in the audience, "We Don't Want to Lose You" ("But we think you ought to go/for your King and your Country/ both need you so"). There is no question that the girls, caught up in the jingoistic fervor of the outbreak of hostilities, mean every word that they are singing. Nor is there any question that the film-makers, looking backward, are altogether conscious of the implicit irony of the song's closing lines: "We shall cheer you, thank you, kiss you/when you come back again." Not in the light of a recorded nine million war dead by November 11, 1918.

Symptomatic of this rare double vision that pervades the film is the ribald recruiting song that Maggie Smith —still in the music hall—sings immediately after, "I'll Make a Man of You" ("And on Saturday I'm willing/if you'll only take the shilling/to make a man of any man of you!"). On stage, as seen from the audience's point of view, she is a delectable dish of honey set out to attract the flies. But as one of the boys draws near to accept her challenge, he—and we—suddenly, briefly, see her as she really is: A painted doxy who is all lure, not allure. A moment later, a sergeant major marches on stage to lead off the new recruits, and, with an abrupt cut, they are in a truck with him rattling to the front for the Battle of Mons.

Oh! What a Lovely War is a first directorial effort for the veteran actor (and quondam producer) Richard Attenborough; like many first films, it betrays an awareness of technique. But Mr. Attenborough was more fortunate than most in his selection of materials. The subject is almost too familiar, but Miss Littlewood's approach to it—"songs, battles, and a few jokes"—virtually demands the invention of a style that gives a whole new look to what we already know and accept. The mere understanding of what once happened obviously is not enough for Joan Littlewood or for Richard Attenborough. Each chose to push his own medium to the limits so that, through the sheer force of novelty in the presentation, the familiar facts of another era might acquire a freshness and urgency when applied to the world today.

The technique, then, is not merely something that has been imposed on the film, nor does it exist solely for its own sake. Quite possibly, in time it will be regarded as totally idiosyncratic, as sufficient unto itself as Orson Welles's for *Citizen Kane* or Sergei Eisenstein's for *Alexander Nevsky*—a technique, a style that is wholly appropriate for that particular film, but where do you go from there? So be it. Too few films today have *any* style, much less one that is so original, arresting, and functional.

Example: On the fun pier at Brighton, with "World War One" emblazoned over the entrance, a young officer gaily sits in the miniature train on its circular track and sings to his admiring family, "Good-Bye-Ee," a pathetically jaunty little number. Cut to a stretch of empty track leading to the end of the pier. Cut again to the platform of Waterloo Station where his mother stands alone and dejected, while the sounds of a departing troop train diminish into the distance.

Less effective perhaps, because more literal, is the final sequence in which a soldier, killed on the battlefield just before the armistice, follows miles and miles of red tape back to the pier where, with great formality, President Wilson, President Poincaré, and the English are signing the peace proclamation. But this is immediately followed by one of the most poetic and affecting of all film images: His incorporeal reunion with his four brothers, also killed in the war, while their families picnic nearby amidst seemingly endless acres of grave markers.

Adding their own luster to this intelligent, yet heartfelt cry against the barbarism of war, its futility and waste, are such luminaries as Dirk Bogarde, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Sir John Clements, Sir John Gielgud, Jack Hawkins, John Mills, Kenneth More, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Michael Redgrave, Vanessa Redgrave, Maggie Smith, and Susannah York. Despite the fact that most of them (with the exception of John Mills's extraordinary impersonation of Sir Douglas Haig) are what have come to be called "cameo" appearances, each has an impact far beyond the screen time allotted him. If I were to choose among them, however, I suspect that Maggie Smith's suddenly garish music hall artiste and Vanessa Redgrave's impassioned, intellectual, completely out-of-touch suffragette would tower above all.

Like their director, they have polarized the twin aspects of war—the easy appeal to jingoistic emotions through the senses, and the hard facing of facts through the mind. In *Oh! What a Lovely War*, Richard Attenborough has sought to appeal to both the mind and the senses while setting forth his own antiwar sentiments, and, to my mind, has succeeded admirably. Let us hope that, for this generation, the Vanessa Redgraves are in the ascendancy.

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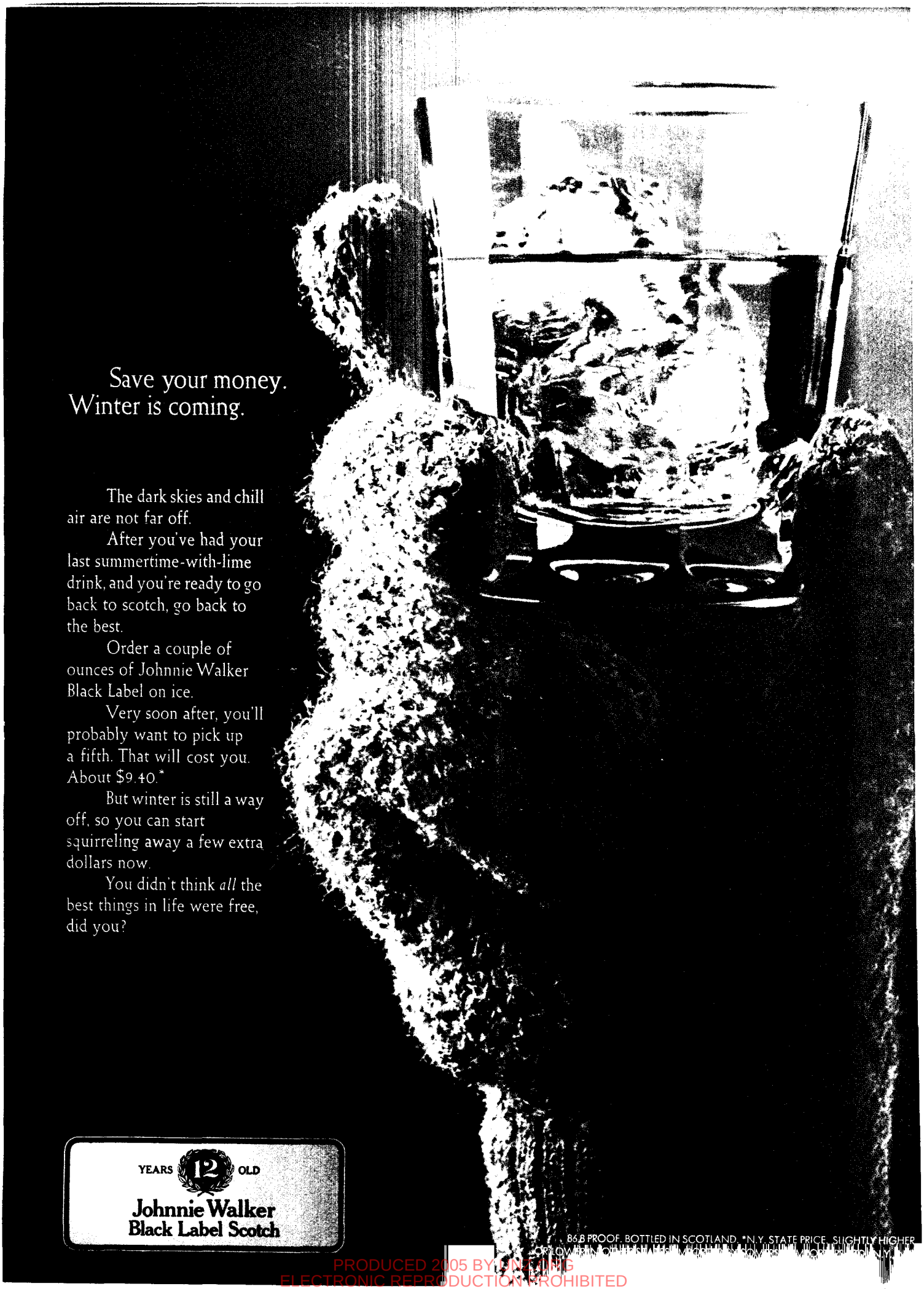

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Blessed Is the Profitmaker

UNTIL A COUPLE of years ago, about twenty new serious plays opened on Broadway each season. Since such plays are less likely to finish in the black than musicals or comedies (and even when they do, they return a smaller profit to their investors), the persistence of producers and angels was to some extent a contribution made to sustain Broadway as a cultural mecca.

Indeed, the lumping together of substantial plays and their lighter cousins helped keep the standards higher on the lower end of the spectrum of offerings, while it also put some pressure on the better plays to be entertaining as well as profound. Purists complained, but nevertheless the mixed Broadway theater of the Forties, Fifties, and early Sixties was a splendid common ground on which art and the upper middle class met and introspected, as well as laughed and sang.

Recently, however, it became apparent that Broadway producers just couldn't afford to contribute the serious portion of the formula to the extent they had before. Rising costs and a reduction in the number of theaters suitable for drama, plus an unwillingness on the part of the critics to receive with enthusiasm the kind of serious plays they had previously acclaimed, had made the odds too great.

As a result, the serious playwright was forced to seek production Off-Broadway, where the costs are one-fifth as much. In a way this was good, because the playwright felt less pressured to hypo his play into a Broadway blockbuster. But his royalties were greatly reduced. More important still, Broadway was impoverished by his departure. Obviously, something had to be done to restore the balance.

Thus it was that a rather modest beginning to the solution of this problem was formulated two years ago by a small circle of people concerned about the future of the profit-making theater as a necessary ingredient in a healthy American theater picture. This group included John F. Wharton, idealistic but practical theater attorney; John E. Booth, president of the Twentieth Century Fund; and other such wise theater figures as Stuart W. Little, Richard R. Davidson, Stephen Benedict, Irving Cheskin, Harold Clurman, Hume Cronyn, Edward F. Kook, Joseph B. Martinson, Alan Pryce-Jones, James Rowe, and August B. Heckscher.

These founders established a nonprofit institution that they called Theatre Development Fund. TDF, which was eligible to receive foundation aid, would attempt "to stimulate creativity and experimentation in the commercial theater by providing financial assistance to the production of worthwhile plays which, without such aid, might not be produced or might close prematurely."

To do this without incurring charges of favoritism would be difficult. The eminent critic Harold Clurman was appointed play selector, to read all plays seeking aid from TDF. He and TDF Executive Director Hugh Southern would be responsible for deciding which plays were to be helped and the extent of the financial assistance. However, as a safeguard, all plays were also submitted without comment to a five-man play approval committee.

Once a script was deemed worthy of support, TDF, prior to the play's opening, would purchase a certain number of tickets at a price of $6 each, and resell them for $2 to students and other people who might otherwise feel they could not afford to attend. By doing this, TDF would help the producer at the time he most needed it, and simultaneously create new audiences for the theater.

For this task, TDF projected a modest fund of $400,000 to cover the first three years of its operation, and received contributions from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, the Twentieth Century Fund, the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, the League of New York Theatres, and from some individual benefactors.

Although TDF is still $53,000 short of raising the required amount, the plan appears to be in better shape than anyone would have expected. Last season it helped three Broadway productions: *The Great White Hope* ($10,000); *We Bombed in New Haven* ($27,000); *Red, White, and Maddox* ($23,000); and two commercially produced Off-Broadway presentations; *Big Time Buck White* ($6,500), *Little Murders* ($5,000).

As it turned out, *The Great White Hope* didn't need the extra money, but even with rave notices it took a few weeks for the expensive production, which had an advance sale of only $29,000, to build up to capacity business, and TDF's support helped increase the size of audiences during that period. In the other cases, TDF played a more important role. For instance, it is estimated that *We Bombed in New Haven* would have closed in four weeks instead of eleven without TDF assistance.

In the area of creating future audiences, TDF distributed some 14,000 tickets to individuals and groups in hundreds of schools, colleges, and unions. While this is a respectable figure, Mr. Southern sees it as small compared with the potential that might be achieved if TDF had more funds, and if the individual schools would each set up a cultural resources office to actively pursue the task of encouraging students to take advantage of the theatergoing opportunities available in New York City.

Moving into its second year of operation, TDF appears somewhat troubled this season by the fact that out of all the plays submitted to it for assistance, only one, Arthur Kopit's *Indians*, has struck TDF as worthy of its support. This suggests either that its limited financial resources may be forcing TDF to be overly cautious or that this is going to be a poor season.

Furthermore, the coincidental fact that to date TDF has yet to support a foreign play, and that every play it has aided is one that has already been tested at one of this country's nonprofit theaters, may indicate an understandable wish to present its new American theatergoers only semi-insured good experiences.

Clearly, this is an immensely valuable program, and its work so far seems amazingly unexceptionable. With three times as much money TDF could become more of a factor in maintaining serious theater on Broadway, and it could perhaps afford to risk disapproval more than it can now.

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An essay review of "Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto," by Vine Deloria, Jr. (Macmillan, 279 pp., $5.95)

What the Red Man Wants in the Land That Was His

by NANCY OESTREICH LURIE

The year 1960 closed a critical decade for American Indians. After a brief period of enlightened administration from 1934 to the outbreak of the Second World War, and inaction during the war, the United States returned to its traditional policy of trying to solve the Indians' problems by getting rid of the Indians. The new programs to implement old policy centered in termination of federal jurisdiction over Indian reservations and wholesale relocation of Indians to cities far from their homes in order to hasten their entering "the American mainstream." That really meant losing them in urban areas, where their grievances would not be so evident nor their problems a concern of the federal government.

This was not the first bad time for Indians. It was simply the worst of a lot of bad times. However, under the administration of Indian Commissioner John Collier, Sr. (1933-1946) many tribes had begun dealing as corporate entities with the larger society. New skills and sophistication had been acquired in the armed services and defense factories, and alliances for mutual strength, which had been suppressed in the early years of the reservation period, began to find expression in formal, intertribal organizations. Indians could fight back, albeit against terrible odds.

At first, resistance in the 1950s was localized and haphazard since the magnitude of the threat to all Indians was not immediately apparent. To compound the Indians' problems, liberal whites, who might have been expected to help, knew little about Indians and were taken in by slogans of the burgeoning black movement as these were applied to Indians: "Desegregate the Indians!" "Abolish the reservation ghettos!" Indians and the handful of informed non-Indians who protested were accused of opposing progress and trying to bring back the buffalo. Actually, Indians were already "integrated" due to the General Allotment Act of 1887, which had permitted whites a scattering of farms and homes on much of the best land supposedly secured to Indians for all time by treaties. Nor were reservation Indians at the mercy of slum landlords. Reservations are Indian property, and they just wanted to keep and develop what was still left of it.

A gathering political movement spearheaded by the National Congress of American Indians, which had been founded in 1944, managed to hamper implementation of the policy of the 1950s, but not before a few tribes were "terminated" with disastrous results and many desperate Indians were stranded in the cities. It was at least clear what did not work and what Indians did not want; not so obvious was what would work and what Indians were after. In 1960, Sol Tax, a University of Chicago anthropologist, secured funds that enabled him to offer Indians the opportunity to see if they could develop guidelines for a new Presidential administration, an effort that evolved into the American Indian Chicago Conference. Moreover, as soon as Kennedy was in office he appointed a government task force to collect information as a basis for Indian policy. The findings of these two independent endeavors were very similar. Indians wanted to remain Indians;

NANCY OESTREICH LURIE is chairman of the Anthropology Department at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. *The American Indian Today*, which she and Stuart Levine edited, won an *SR* Anisfield-Wolf Award for the best scholarly book on inter-group relations in 1968.

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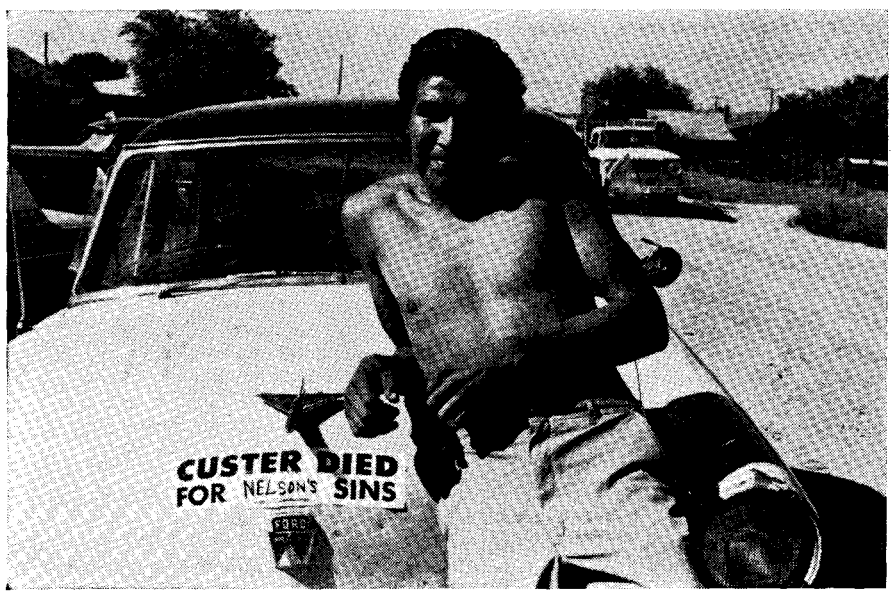
"Tribal or pre-peasant attitudes and reactions . . . might be uniquely adapted to providing models for a new re-ordering of an undeniably distressed and inequitable society."

they wanted their lands protected from expropriation; they wanted to make their own plans and decisions and to improve conditions of Indian life; in addition, they wanted financial and other assistance congruent with these goals.

However, the Chicago Conference did more than the task force. It brought together the largest and most varied group of Indians that had ever gathered to talk over their own ideas, and this without interference or recommendations by outsiders. The role of Tax and his associates was to provide the necessary wherewithal and assistance to coordinate the Indians' work. A series of regional meetings during the winter and spring of 1961 culminated in a weeklong, general conclave in Chicago in June. The result was the document entitled "The Declaration of Indian Purpose."

Participation in AICC was self-selective, and Tax's only stipulation was that any and all Indians could take part. The task force had limited its work to tribes under the federal jurisdiction, and some of the people from the powerful Western tribes were inclined to think these were the only *real* Indians. Members of "lost" tribes from the Eastern seaboard—Haliwa, Houma, and others—were viewed initially with suspicion at Chicago but they had the chance to express long-held opinions. It turned out, in the neologism of one of their spokesmen, that the "reservated and unreservated" Indians felt the same about being Indians and could give each other strength. AICC also pointed up the interest of urban Indians in maintaining their Indian ties and the fact that they were not the sell-outs that in 1961 many country Indians thought they were.



Indians want to remain Indians . . .

they want to make their own plans and decisions.

The Declaration indicates that most of the participants took a position held by the National Congress of American Indians: to work within the existing political structure and try to reform the Bureau of Indian Affairs. However, the whole spectrum of Indian opinion was represented—from detribalized assimilationists who capitalize on Indian ancestry (like the politician "born in a log cabin") to extreme nativists or traditionalists who deny they are even American citizens and consider themselves members of nations in treaty relationships with the U.S. and Canada.

The public role of the detribalized as "prominent Indian spokesmen" was so discredited at Chicago that after they returned home they paid Tax the compliment of calling him a Communist and anthropology a subversive plot. The traditionalists also stuck it out through all the proceedings but finally and formally withdrew their support when their particular message could not be reconciled with the views of the others. AICC had at least enabled them to make converts, and even some of the people who could not accept all their ideas found points on which they could agree and ways they might eventually work together.

The Indian response to Tax's offer and succeeding events indicate that AICC did not create the Indian movement or determine its content. What it did was to allow Indians at a crucial period to prove to outsiders and even to themselves that many different kinds of Indians could cooperatively support many different kinds of efforts on the Indian's behalf. Despite the gloomy prediction of numerous old hands in Indian affairs, including some anthropologists, that Tax's idea would fail because Indians are too tribally exclusive and too factional within tribes to ever agree on anything, there have been since 1961 immense Indian activity and experimentation at the local and national level to find ways

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to implement Indian goals. That Indians have at times disputed bitterly over the best strategies and programs has tended to obscure to the outsider the tremendous commonality of basic sentiment among them. Although the short-lived appointment, from 1961-66, of Philleo Nash as Indian Commissioner saw a partial return to the philosophy of John Collier, Sr., neither the Congress nor the general public was, or is, disabused of the stereotype of the vanishing red man or the notion that if Indians prosper they will naturally want to prosper entirely on the white man's terms.

Hoping to provide some factual information on what was really happening on the Indian scene, in 1964 I solicited articles from a number of anthropologists, two of whom were Indians active in Indian affairs. The 1965 fall issue of the *Midcontinent American Studies Journal*, which carried the articles, was quickly sold out. Journal Editor Stuart Levine and I were convinced we should publish the contents as a book, buttressed with additional material. However, the subject was considered of so little general interest that it was not until 1968 that a small new firm (Edwards/Everett, Inc.) published *The American Indian Today*. By that time Indians had become a hot topic, principally as the result of novel human-interest stories provided by the Indian movement for the national press services. Although the War on Poverty had helped to make their material problems more visible, publicity for Indians as Indians can be traced largely to the efforts of the National Indian Youth Council, which had its inception in the discussions among the young people at AICC in 1961. Thus, besides the book version of Levine and Lurie's 1965 publication, three popular titles on Indians hit the market in 1968: Stan Steiner's *The New Indians* (Harper & Row), Alvin Josephy's *The Indian Heritage of America* (Knopf), and Peter Farb's *Man's Rise to Civilization as Shown by the Indians of North America, from Primeval Times to the Coming of the Industrial State* (Dutton).

Steiner makes anthropology his whipping boy in the tradition of those journalists who like to out-expert the experts and capitalize on public delight in discrediting scientists. It does not matter that anthropologists had learned much earlier about the Indian movement afoot and understood it considerably better. Steiner has some great examples of what Indians can do when left to their own devices, and he waxes wonderfully wroth at the continued resistance they encounter.

The jacket blurb on Josephy's book

(*Continued on page 80*)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Mencken Documentation

IN MY REVIEW of Carl Bode's *Mencken* [*SR*, Sept. 13] I may have left the unfortunate impression that the book is inadequately documented.

I was working from the bound, uncorrected page proofs, which contained the "Acknowledgments" section but neither the notes nor the index. I therefore received an erroneous impression which I would like now to correct. The finished product, which has just come to my hand, is superbly documented—*i.e.*, with full explanatory and bibliographical notes. It is also handsomely turned out, with a very clean, attractive format and thirty-two excellent, unhackneyed illustrations.

This does not, of course, mitigate my opinion concerning the interpretive and stylistic inadequacies of the text itself but I wish in fairness to state that the book, which is handsome to look at and thorough in its documentation, should be useful to scholars.

CARL R. DOLMETSCH,
Williamsburg, Va.

Who Spoke Out First?

I THOROUGHLY ENJOYED Gloria Steinem's review of *Robert Kennedy: A Memoir*, by Jack Newfield [*SR*, Aug. 2]. But Newfield is right in stating that it was Senators Morse and Gruening who spoke out first against our misguided policies in Vietnam. These are the facts:

First, Senator McGovern's maiden speech was not on Vietnam, as Gloria Steinem states, but on Cuba.

Second, Senator McGovern's first comments on Vietnam were made on September 24, 1963, not in a major speech on Vietnam, but as part of an extensive speech on "American Security in a Changing World: A Proposal to Reverse the Arms Race."

Third, Senators Morse and Gruening had been speaking against our involvement in Asia in general, and Vietnam in particular, in the latter part of 1961, and more extensively in 1962, as our involvement grew.

Fourth, twelve days before Senator McGovern was to make his first public comments on Vietnam, Senator Frank Church had introduced Senate Resolution 196 with twenty-two co-sponsors, calling for an end to our military and economic assistance to Vietnam if the Diem régime continued its repressive policies against its own people.

FARIBORZ S. FATEMI,
Washington, D.C.

Spock, Coffin & Co.

TO ASSERT, as do Jessica Mitford in *The Trial of Dr. Spock* and Emile Capouya in his review [*SR*, Sept. 6], that Spock, Coffin & Co. were victims of a Justice Department "plot" to politically persecute them is to assert a gross falsehood. No proceeding in which the defendant received full benefit of counsel, power to challenge prospective jurors, and full appeal priviliges can possibly be described as politically instigated "persecution." Spock, *et al.* brought the prosecution upon themselves by their "come and get us" attitude which pervaded their activities. The reversal by the Court of Appeals was a technical one which only skirted the periphery of First Amendment issues and which failed to fully answer the substantive questions involved in the legality of Spock's behavior.

To entrust to the hands of a jury decisions of constitutionality and legislative intent, as Capouya suggests, would throw our judicial system into a state of unsurpassed chaos. It is the duty of appellate courts, not juries swayed by emotional rhetoric, to decide whether a statute shall be declared null and void, and even then, judges must refrain from substituting their own predilections for the law.

L. M. POLON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Ignited by Soccer Match?

JEROME WIESNER'S REVIEW of *The War Business* [*SR*, Sept. 6] offered a very facile approach to viewing smaller nations' conflicts with other nations. Does he really believe the fighting between Honduras and El Salvador stemmed from the soccer match?

ROGER JOHNSON,
Bremerton, Wash.

Kid Stuff

ZENA SUTHERLAND'S review of *Our Cup Is Broken*, for ages 12-15 [*SR*, Sept. 13], says " . . . Sarah is raped, her illegitimate child is born blind . . . " Is this book too tame for sixteen-year-olds?

EILEEN MARLOW,
St. Louis, Mo.

Fringe Fun

I CAN'T REMEMBER ever having laughed so loudly over an article as I did while reading On the Fringe [*SR*, Sept. 13].

JUDY SILVER,
St. Louis, Mo.

WHAT READING! What humor! What a delight! I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks! Bravo for Haskel! Let us have more of such refreshing writing!

MILO MILORADOVICH,
New York, N.Y.

I ENJOYED SUCH (much needed) laughter during my reading of Haskel Frankel's On the Fringe that I had to tell someone so.

PAULINE BILIK,
Teaneck, N.J.

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One Thing and Another

John K. Hutchens

Coming east across the Continental Divide in the Montana Rockies, you sweep over the top of MacDonald Pass, and there it is, far below you—the Valley of the Prickly Pear stretching away to the blue haze of the Belt Mountains and, in the lee of the Divide itself, the most charming of Montana cities. From the valley floor Helena's main street, still called Last Chance Gulch today as it was in the 1860s when the town was settled on a placer gold stream, wanders up and westward. Turn east a mile or so from the Gulch and there, in the shadow of the copper-domed state capitol, is another kind of treasure-trove.

It is the Montana Historical Society Museum, to which more than 100,000 visitors come annually—to renew their pride of heritage in Montana as a Territory and a State, if they are Montanans, or, if they are not, to marvel at the story they will find here, in the museum and the society's library, of a commonwealth like no other.

In a sense, to be sure, most of our fourth largest state is a sort of museum in which past and present seem almost on nodding terms. Journey up the Bitter Root Valley in western Montana and you are reminded that Lewis and Clark camped there before and after they went on west to the Pacific. Travel fifty-odd miles east of the bustling plains city of Billings to the Little Big Horn River and you half expect to hear the last echoes of anguish where George Armstrong Custer's men made their Last Stand. Go down to Alder Gulch, site of Montana's greatest single placer gold discovery, and along the boardwalks of the restored old territorial capital, Virginia City, and you can all but hear the ominous footsteps of the infamous sheriff-bandit Henry Plummer and his gang of thieves and murderers.

Happily, the essence of it all is in the Society's superb museum and its remarkable library, to which writers and researchers by the score are deeply indebted. Hell-roaring, gold-crazy regions like the young Montana are not supposed to have had time to preserve historical materials, but this library got its start at the very first meeting of the Territorial Legislature in 1864 with the directive: "To collect and arrange facts in regard to the early history of this Territory, the discovery of its mines, incidents of the fur trade, etc." That "etc." has grown into an invaluable accumulation relating to all aspects of Montana from 1864 to the present: 50,000 published works, some 600 maps and 22,000 photographs, together with journals, letters, microfilmed and manuscript state documents, business ledgers, copies of scholarly dissertations, and the largest file of Montana newspapers in the United States. Sometime next year the library and museum will be enhanced by a half-million-dollar building to house the materials for which there is not sufficient space in their present quarters, the Veterans and Pioneers Building.

The library's emphasis is on primary source materials, with a dozen or so people coming in every day to seek help on specific research problems and as many more asking questions by mail. The recently retired chief librarian, Mary K. Dempsey, who in ten years brought the library to its present peak of efficiency (though she gives much credit for the shaping of the library to a predecessor, Mrs. Anne McDonnell), must have the gratitude of more authors than she can recall just offhand.

A case in point is a work in progress by Professor J. L. Bates of the University of Illinois: a biography of Montana's foremost statesman, the late Senator Thomas J. Walsh. The reputation of that bulldog investigator of the Teapot Dome scandal and champion of the League of Nations eventually reached international proportions, but he made his political start in Montana, and nowhere else could Professor Bates have come upon the materials essential to a study of Walsh's youth. In the Library of Congress the biographer found the names of many of Walsh's early friends and associates, but not much more than that. In the Society's library, with its newspaper files, maps, obituaries, city directories, campaign scrapbooks, and transcripts of political speeches, Professor Bates became intimately acquainted with the young Walsh's world. "A very *usable* library," he said to Miss Dempsey, than which a research librarian could ask no warmer accolade.

Not the least interesting item in the library for both scholars and browsers is a complete file of the eighteen-year-old *Montana, the Magazine of Western History*, a finely written and illustrated quarterly now edited by Vivian A. Paladin. The most widely circulated state historical society journal in the nation, it has subscribers in all the states and more than twenty foreign countries. *Montana* combines documented accuracy with a high standard of readability, and while it concentrates on Montana it also treats the American West as a whole.

The museum is a wonder, perfectly complementing the library in historical interest. Its major attraction is undoubtedly the more than 100 original works—oils, water colors, drawings, sculpture—of Charles M. Russell, Montana's own cherished "cowboy artist" and greatest of all portrayers of the northwest frontier, who went on to world-wide renown. But the museum has more to offer, and not only to the sight-seer, as I came to realize fully for the first time when I dropped in there last month. Thanks to the professional genius of its curator, Robert F. Morgan, it invites a would-be writer about Montana to see for himself what life has been like out there down through the years.

"We're basically a bridge from the present to the past," as Sam Gilluly, director of the Society, puts it. The bridge takes a number of intensely graphic forms, notably spectacular dioramas and exhibits picturing the Lewis and Clark epic, the fur trade, Indians, mining, railroads, homesteading, cattle, oil, lumber, steamboating on the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers—and, above all, Mr. Morgan's latest achievement, the life-size simulation of a frontier town in the 1880s, complete with saloon, jail, pharmacy, general store, and newspaper office.

If he has time, the history-minded writer- tourist can go almost anywhere in the aptly named Treasure State and find himself close to memorable events. A few miles north of Helena he comes to that stretch of the Missouri River which Lewis and Clark named the Gates of the Mountains; a twenty-mile round trip in an excursion launch will take him back to the day, 164 years ago last July, when the westward-bound explorers poled their way between towering cliffs up that still-primeval-seeming waterway. At the National Bison Range north of Missoula he can drive for twenty miles among bison, antelope, elk, and whitetail deer —animals as familiar to the pioneer as his horse.

Virginia City, it must be said, is to be approached with a certain caution. It has taken on a slightly honky-tonk air since I last was there. Gimcrack souvenir stores abound; the only food available would have been scorned by a starving prospector a century ago;

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ınd as for after-hours entertainment, he local stock company that performs ɔld-time melodramas would have been ıooted off the stage and maybe ridden ɔut of town by entertainment-hungry 'rontier theatergoers, who expected at east a modicum of talent in return for ı pinch of gold dust.

Speaking of theatrics, the Custer Battlefield is something else again—or ıt least it was on the day your cor-respondent and his spouse arrived here. Nineteen times out of twenty, you could visit the scene of General Custer's mammoth misadventure and ind it bare, somber and still, all the way from the spot where Custer fell to the Reno-Benteen hill five miles to the south. It was otherwise this day. Who were those blanketed, gun-bear-ing Indians on ponies rather alarming-ly outlined atop a ridge? And those cavalrymen in Federal Blue apparently forming up to attack an Indian village across the Little Big Horn? They were part of the cast of the film version of Thomas Berger's novel *Big Little Man*, which includes a rousing scene from what Montanans refer to simply as The Battle. Never mind that these In-dians were chiefly Crows, who as a matter of recorded fact served Custer as scouts. Those on hand at the mo-ment were giving an excellent imper-sonation of the Sioux and Northern Cheyennes who did Custer in.

Threading his way through a band of red men whose major objective just then seemed to be the film company's Coke and hot dog commissary wagon, your correspondent inquired of a script girl if Mr. Berger happened to be on the premises. He was not, she said. Did she mean that Mr. Berger had nothing to do with writing the screenplay?

"The screenplay is by a brilliant Southern writer," said the script girl. "I can't think of his name just now."

So much for writers, at the Little Big Horn as in Hollywood. While Dustin Hoffman, who plays the title role, lolled in one of the canvas chairs reserved for the great on location, the cavalrymen launched their charge. Guidons fluttered in the airless, dusty heat. Shots rang out. Bugles sang. Bat-tle cries resounded. This, your cor-respondent reflected, must have been much as it was on that Sunday after-noon, June 25, 1876.

Still, something seemed a shade wrong. It was, of course, that the Cust-er heading this cinematic onslaught had longish hair and a fringed buck-skin shirt, whereas the Custer of the real battle was careful to indulge in neither. A minor error, perhaps, but one that could easily have been avoid-ed—for instance, through a bit of re-search at the Montana Historical So-ciety's library over in Helena.

European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

We have made little here of the year's literary anniversaries (Machiavelli, Erasmus, Lenin, *et al.*) and their at-tendant encomiums. Machiavelli, once condemned by Capo-Mafioso Albert Anastasia as an immoral writer, has been whitewashed throughout this quinquecentennial of his birth. A new letter from Erasmus to Master Boni-face Amerbach has been unearthed by Jean-Claude Margolin. Among the pro-fusion of reminiscences on Lenin a particularly ingratiating one appears in the current issue of *Soviet Litera-ture*. It deals with Lenin's love of the British Museum Reading Room, which he considered the world's best study center and to which he returned when-ever possible. He was amazed that he could obtain a membership card with-out even showing his forged passport. His desire to create a similar institu-tion in Russia bore fruit in Moscow's vast Lenin Library with its 15,000,000 volumes, where a foreigner (with un-forged documents) can get a leather-covered library card in just a few minutes.

Bernard Kops (born 1926) is England's closest counterpart to Philip Roth. You may remember his first play, *The Hamlet of Stepney Green*, in which Hamlet turned out to be Sam Levy, a dealer in pickled herring. A blood-cousin to Portnoy showed up in Kops's *Dissent of Dominick Shapiro* (1967). Dominick, who complained, "I am ob-sessed with sex," escapes from Mom and a comfortable Jewish home near Hampstead Heath for a life of "protest and rebellion, of sleeping around, re-jecting London and bourgeois society." It was at about this point in Kops's career that eminent novelist Nigel Den-nis, writing in *The Observer*, paid him a perhaps ambiguous compliment: "He has made himself one of the best-known English writers of his genera-tion."

Kops's latest novel, *By the Waters of Whitechapel* (Bodley Head), draws even closer to Portnoy. Aubrey Feld turns appropriately to the bagel to in-dulge in his self-abuse. When Leah, his shopkeeper Mom, dies, he puts on her clothes and takes her place behind the counter of her candy store, and every-one takes him for Leah. He tells cus-tomers and neighbors that Aubrey has gone off to die a hero's death in Israel, "outnumbered in a skirmish." Some London critics have seen Aubrey as yet another Hamlet. Says the *Times Liter-ary Supplement*: "The ghost of Au-brey's father hovers over the action. Aubrey likes to think of him as a friend of Trotsky. The Claudius to this Hamlet is a detective called Fineberg who frustrates his attempt at a prince-ly role" through embezzlement.

The literary fortunes of Hemingway in Russia, with its state-controlled criti-cism, have taught us more about the USSR than about Papa. When *For Whom the Bell Tolls* first appeared there in 1940, reactions were so hostile that publication of all Hemingway's

works ceased, and for fifteen years he was seldom mentioned in print. This neglect terminated on publication of *The Old Man and the Sea*. Ilya Ehren-burg complained that there were not enough copies of Hemingway's works to go around. By the time of his death, writes S. J. Parker in *The Literary Reputation of Hemingway in Europe* (New York University Press), whereas "the Western public associated Hem-ingway with bull-fighting, drinking, trout fishing, soldiering, and a devil-may-care attitude—and with Heming-way the great writer, in the Soviet Union the emphasis has been placed on projecting the image of a toiling, diligent worker . . . a humble, brother-ly, devoted, suffering writer."

Last year a Russian edition of *Col-lected Works* of Hemingway was pub-lished in four volumes with a foreword by the prestigious Konstantin Simon-ov, emphasizing the high moral princi-ples that guided Hemingway even though he would have shuddered at the thought of articulating them. Si-monov belittles the things in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* that had so irri-tated Russian officialdom (portraits of André Marty and La Pasionaria, con-demnation of all wars, etc.) and gives what will no doubt remain the defini-tive Russian pronouncement on that novel: "For him and his hero, there was nothing more important than to defeat fascism."

An unexpected passage in a new Uzbek poem has been translated by David Nissman in a Radio Liberty dispatch.

(*Continued on page* 81)

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Personal History

ONLY ONE YEAR

by Svetlana Alliluyeva, translated from the Russian by Paul Chavchavadze

Harper & Row, 441 pp., $7.95

WHEN GEORGE F. KENNAN briefed Svetlana Alliluyeva about the United States prior to her arrival here, he told her he feared she was doomed to live always in the shadow of her father, Joseph Stalin. He had reason to think so, for, as she herself writes, she had spent twenty-seven years "under a heavy weight" and the next thirteen trying to liberate herself from it. Her first book, *Twenty Letters to a Friend*, in which she wrote of her family, her childhood and youth, and the death of her father, represented partial liberation. *Only One Year* proves that Ambassador Kennan was wrong. "I have become another person," Mme. Alliluyeva says, and to anyone who reads the two books in sequence the change is indeed noticeable.

Basically, of course, her character remains the same: gentle, nature-loving, profoundly religious. What seems new is the clear-eyed, almost hard objectivity with which she describes Russian society and the father who had terrorized her life. She is even capable of occasional irony; explaining why her father left no will, she remarks that "He lived above material interests at the expense of the State."

Only One Year opens on December 19, 1966, as Mme. Alliluyeva flees from Russia to India bearing the ashes of her husband, Brajesh Singh. It ends in December 1967 at her home in Princeton, where she is preparing to celebrate Christmas.

She did not at first even dream of defection; she intended to stay for a week or so with her husband's relatives in the little village of Kalakankar, and then to return to Moscow. But something happened to her in that village, something to do with the vast silences of India and with an increasing sense of peace and of freedom from gray oppression. She read Chester Bowles's *Ambassador's Report*. She talked to her first Americans, two boys from the Peace Corps. She reflected that she felt no loyalty to the Soviet state, for she had long ago learned to see life in Russia as a constant war between the people and the government, with the people usually losing. She felt she had no real attachment to any thing or person in Moscow except her two children—and in her eyes they were grown and did not need her.

And so, the day before she was scheduled to return to Moscow, she walked up the steps of the United States Embassy in New Delhi and asked for asylum. "I couldn't have acted any other way," she said later.

Indira Gandhi, whom Mme. Alliluyeva found cold and unmannerly, had already made it clear that she did not want to risk an international incident by providing refuge. The United States evidently had similar misgivings, and decided to cool the hottest defector of the century for a few weeks in Switzerland before tossing her to the press wolves on this side of the Atlantic.

Mme. Alliluyeva was bewildered by her reception in America, for she had thought she could remain a private citizen making a private choice. "The change from the total silence in the USSR," she writes, "to the world of the free word was so great that I felt as if all my poor bones were cracking as I turned the sharp corner."

But thanks to various new friends—who only incidentally were "establishment"—she found a series of refuges in Pennsylvania, Nantucket, and Long Island, and managed to survive the renewed hoopla that followed the publication of *Twenty Letters* (which she had brought with her from Russia). "The trouble with human beings brought up in a cage," she remarks, "is that they do not know what freedom is and have to get trained into it, gradually."

During this year of increasing liberation Mme. Alliluyeva's mind repeatedly slips backward in time and place. She thinks of her gradual disillusion with her father as she came to see that the theoretical Communism and Marxism she studied had nothing to do with actual conditions in the USSR. She sees her father as a coldly calculating "moral and physical monster." She tells us of his dislike for educated women, including his wife and daughter. She writes of his large drunken parties where practical jokes were played and where she was forced to be hostess. She paints a chilling picture of Stalin gradually giving up all human and animal contacts—friends, children, grandchildren, and dogs. But she tries to understand him: "He was a dogmatic and, in essence, an uneducated man."

Svetlana Alliluyeva—"gradual disillusion with her father."

Her mind turns to her Moscow friends — astronomers, poets, physicists, biologists—many of whose lives were blighted or ended because they tried to write or think freely; the grim picture she paints is much like the one given by a recent defector, author Anatoly Kuznetsov. Her picture of the social life of members of the Politburo is merciless and should provide great gossip for observers of the Soviet scene.

In happy contrast is her description of youth in Russia. The new generation, she writes, believes that "no ideals of any kind were worth a war . . . the new generation wants to live in freedom and beauty. It does not want to *kill*." They divide the world "between people who believe in the Theory of Relativity and those who don't; they know that the common language of the world is the language of mathematical formulas."

All in all, it's a rich and absorbing book that could be endlessly quoted, by an author who is a person in her own right, a woman who stands free in the sunlight.

Margaret Parton

India was the locale of Margaret Parton's last book, "The Leaf and the Flame."

THINK: A Biography of the Watsons and IBM

by William Rodgers

Stein & Day, 320 pp., $7.95

IT IS DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE that one man could so completely dominate a company as did Thomas J. Watson, Sr., during his reign from 1924 until 1956, when he finally, at the age of eighty-two, relinquished control of IBM to his junior namesake. This domination extended to the action, thought, dress, and moral conduct of all employees of the company. Loyalty to and sterling performance for IBM were the essential principles to be accepted by everyone, and THINK became the word for the propagation of the faith. Watson was IBM and IBM was Watson, for he often used the pronoun I when he spoke of the Corporation.

Standard Oil had its Rockefeller, Ford Motor its Henry I, Bank of America its Giannini, and each left his personal stamp on the development of his creation. Thomas Watson, Sr., who began his career as a piano salesman in 1892 at the age of eighteen, joined the National Cash Register Company

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eleven years later. His employment there ceased in 1913, when he was fired in his fortieth year, but he had in the interim assimilated the successful methods of NCR's early supersalesmen, including John J. Range, and the competitive skills of John H. Patterson, the company's head.

An outstanding financier, Charles R. Flint, created International Business Machines in 1914 by bringing together Watson and a Flint-controlled holding company known as Computer-Tabulating-Recording Company. Although Watson was under the threat of a prison term arising from his work at NCR, the board of directors of C-T-R approved his being hired as general manager. Watson's vision of the future of business machines combined with his tremendous talent as a salesman and leader to set into motion what was to become the largest non-union company in the world, with installations and operations in 105 countries, and with a quarter of a million employees, more than half of whom are college graduates.

One of Watson's lifelong friends and associates, Benjamin Wood, said, "No matter what foibles can be attributed to him, or unfavorable things that can be said about him, nobody in the whole history of mankind has ever contributed 1 per cent as much as IBM and Thomas Watson." This is a tribute some may dispute, but there is no questioning the fact that Watson had an uncanny knack for drawing to his firm many of the finest minds in the academic as well as scientific fields. His extraordinary number of friends in business and government here and abroad made contracts easier to obtain, and his gifts to various organizations and charities brought him scores of kudos and awards, many of which he assiduously sought. The abbreviated recital of Watson's accomplishments and associations was the longest entry in *Who's Who*.

The author of *THINK*, William Rodgers, is a journalist and educator whose last book was about Nelson Rockefeller and whose current work in progress—*Power*—concerns the controversial electric power companies. Rodgers has brought together an enormous amount of factual data, heavily larded with the behind-the-scene battles between IBM and General Electric over computer leadership in Europe, with Control Data over the big ticket computer complex, and with many others in IBM's fight for supremacy. The book tells the true story about the firm's $20-million loss on its development of the STRETCH computer and how Data gained prestige from the debacle.

The fact that *THINK* was written without the approval or assistance of the company indicates how strongly the IBM management detests any publicity other than that emanating from its own Armonk, N.Y., headquarters. Rodgers has accomplished a remarkable task in creating a highly informative yet easily read delineation of the man, Thomas Watson, Sr., and IBM, the Corporation. His intensive research, including tape-recorded interviews with former IBM people and comments of early members of the official family, has resulted in what this reviewer considers the first unbiased and uncensored account of the colossus of technology called International Business Machines.

Well reported here are IBM's conflicts with its competition, as well as the United States Government, that control of almost 80 per cent of the world's computer business by IBM provoked. Because, instead of having been invented, the computer evolved, the story of its evolution, its successes and failures, is spelled out with the names of Herman Hollerith, Wallace Eckert, Ben Wood, Harlow Shapley, Professor T. H. Brown, and especially Harvard's Howard Aiken, all of whom figured importantly in the development of the speed-of-light computer. Nevertheless, with his paradoxes in manner and action, thought and emotions, Thomas Watson, Sr., assumed the role of the god-like patron who brought the computer to its present status. Willis H. Booth of Guaranty Trust Company has aptly described him as a "benevolent despot."

T. Vincent Learson, president of IBM, has stated, "The computer technology is only beginning, and the industry is as vast as the mind. Use hasn't really begun. We are just at the capital accretion stage." Rodgers, in his conclusion, adds his comment:

> While the supercomputer and its capabilities have not yet been put into service, the question of whether or not it will take over much of the human thinking process has been answered. It will. It is already doing so. . . . The ordinary thinking individual has been all but replaced. In tasks where intuition and reflection are neither important nor tolerated, the argument is over. . . . It is altogether possible that the slogan THINK is becoming less the function of the people directed to do so, than it is of the machines they produce.

Sterling W. Clements

Sterling W. Clements, an investment advisor, spent thirty-five years in the banking business.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

LAST WORDS

Many a fictional character waxes oratorical when on the point of death. Thanks largely to George B. Wyeth of Rockford, Ill., here are a dozen dying speeches, and you are to name the speakers. If you stumble, there's a prompter on page 56.

1. "You're helpin' to starve kids. . . . You don' know what you're a-doin'." ( )
2. "O! love—joy—peace!" ( )
3. "Yes. Upon my head. . . . I am come in sorrow. . . . I am come ready and unarmed."( )
4. "Come hither. I die happy. Let me lay my hands on your beloved heads." ( )
5. "Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!" ( )
6. "It is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known." ( )
7. "God bless Captain Vere!" ( )
8. "Leave me be—don't tech me—leave me be—" ( )
9. "I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is!" ( )
10. "Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever! Praised be His name! His will be done! Farewell!" ( )
11. " 'Tis finished, my endurance; I die, father; quickly veil my face with a mantle." ( )
12. "Where am I? What am I doing? What for? . . . Lord, forgive me all!" ( )

a. Billy Budd
b. Sidney Carton
c. Jim Casy
d. Jim Conklin
e. Dora Copperfield
f. Arthur Dimmesdale
g. Hippolytus
h. Lord Jim
i. Anna Karenina
j. *Eva St. Clare*
k. Frederick Usher
l. Jean Valjean

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Finance

ONCE IN GOLCONDA: A True Drama of Wall Street, 1920-1938

by John Brooks

Harper & Row, 307 pp., $6.95

THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS whose lives are stimulated by the zest of stock speculation and the quest for market gains will find *Once in Golconda*, by John Brooks, absorbing and rewarding reading. In a fluid blending of biography and history it highlights the key personalities and fateful events of the most significant and transitional generation in American finance, 1920-38.

Who *were* the key personalities of this age of speculation? People Brooks calls "The Almost Aristocracy." The brothers Whitney—George with the computer-mind, a Morgan partner; and Richard, suave, personable, dominant and doomed, a famous Stock Exchange president who was invisibly insolvent for years. Prominent among them were J. P. Morgan, cultured autocrat of the U.S. financial world, whose star faded swiftly in 1934; Thomas Lamont, Dwight Morrow, Russell Leffingwell, and other Morgan partners. Otto Kahn, head of Kuhn Loeb, and leading patron of the Metropolitan Opera, was on the scene, too, as were Mike Meehan, virtuoso of the famous Radio pool; Ben "Sell 'em" Smith; the Ryans, father and son; Ben Strong, sickly satrap of the Federal Reserve Board; Charles Mitchell, supersalesman of National City Bank; and Albert Wiggin, who "went short" 40,000 shares of his own bank's stock. There was also an up-and-coming young speculator from Boston, Joseph P. Kennedy, whom J. P. Morgan was too busy to see in 1929 but who five years later became first Commissioner of the Security and Exchange Commission and told all of Wall Street where to head in. Although, naturally, *Once in Golconda* has many references to the Presidents of the era —Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt—the book gives FDR top billing.

This is but a rough sketch of the *dramatis personae*. The events chronicled—among them the corner on Stutz stock—are even more exciting than the personalities. Allan Ryan, not on speaking terms with his "loaded" dad, Thomas Fortune Ryan, essayed in 1920 to gather in so many shares of Stutz that short sellers would come to him on their knees—and pay through the nose. Adroitly, he moved Stutz common in a few weeks from $100 to $391 a share (March 31, 1920), and generously offered to settle with desperate shorts, unable to deliver, at $750 a share. Elegant gentlemen welshed, Stutz was thrown off the Exchange, and Allan Ryan never did collect the millions he set his trap to deliver.

The rapacity of the inner group then on the Stock Exchange is well documented. Pools that enriched insiders and fleeced the lambs were standard procedure. Operators such as Meehan and Smith taught the ticker to talk ("ticker tyranny") and to ensnare the gullible by making them believe the smart money was buying when, in fact, it was liquidating.

John Brooks properly emphasizes the role of Ben Strong ("probably the most dedicated central banker the country ever had"), who fueled the speculative mania at a time—1928—when brokers' loans were already at an astronomical $4.5 billion. By reducing the rediscount rate from 4 per cent to 3½ per cent he did much to provoke the speculative excesses to follow, and the subsequent crash. I have read no better account anywhere, of the 1928 sell-off, the October 29, 1929, unpleasantness, and the wallowing of stocks to a Dow Jones level in the 60s in 1932.

Chapter VII, "Gold Standard on the Booze," gives a graphic account of the swami-like influence on FDR of that

hayfield economist George F. Warren; the torpedoing of the London monetary conference, and the dramatic upward revision of the treasury price for gold from $20.67 to $35 an ounce in January 1934. "Through dumb luck or genius, Roosevelt pulled the country through; could Wall Street have done the same?" Came the running feud between Washington and Wall Street, the enveloping regulation of stocks and markets by the SEC, and the dawning of a new era in finance, with the induction of William McChesney Martin as president of the New York Stock Exchange in 1938.

It's all there in *Once in Golconda*: the avarice of an era that favored the rich; and the later anguish of myriads of speculators doomed by a bloated market, easy credit, and their own cupidity and stupidity. The book, which is great reading, has a real message, especially for the generation of speculators that knows neither of the pangs and privations of a depression nor of blue chip stocks that drop fifty points in a single day's trading.

Ira U. Cobleigh

The economist Ira U. Cobleigh, who is feature editor of the Commercial & Financial Chronicle, wrote "Happiness Is a Stock That Doubles in a Year" and "The $2 Window on Wall Street."

Fiction

IN THIS HOUSE OF BREDE

by Rumer Godden

Viking, 376 pp., $6.95

RUMER GODDEN'S SIXTEENTH NOVEL is her longest and most varied. With the possible exception of *The River*, it is also her richest and most moving.

The poetic prose style for which Miss Godden is famous bears more than ever the imprint of her distinctive art. A number of devices that once seemed intrusive are now fully assimilated. Through several books she has tried to convey the simultaneity of past, present, and future within the inexorable flux of time, and to reflect the personalities of several characters at once; yet she often seemed unable to do both without calling attention to her determination, permitting mannerisms to distract us from the fictive experience. Now at last matter and manner are perfectly fused.

The matter, as usual, seems simple. Philippa Talbot, forty-two and a widow, leaves her exciting work in a British government ministry to become a postulant in a community of Benedictine nuns; despite her obvious handicaps, she loses her assertive self in St. Benedict's Rule and paradoxically finds a new life within the enclosure.

Wisely, Miss Godden does not try to reproduce for us the spiritual struggles involved in Philippa's life or in any other nun's. She limits their stories to the possible, the human; yet in drawing the finite with loving care she insensibly sketches the infinite. For

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1365

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1365 will be found in the next issue.

URZPHGK JPNTB HPBMITBR-ZRURGK. GWNG RB LWK JIBG JPT YHPNY RG.

—BWNL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1364

It is better to speak wisdom foolishly, like the saints, rather than to speak folly wisely, like the dons.

—CHESTERTON.

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while the nuns are still very much in this world, their contemplation is of another. They must eat and be clothed, their monastery's accounts must be balanced; but the nuns and their house are devoted to praising God and glorifying Him unceasingly to the end of time.

All this might have made a mawkish, or trite, or pious book, but it is none of these. Rumer Godden has avoided the obvious in plotting and characterization and has stuck mainly to truth and probability. A few years after Philippa's entrance, her abbess dies and a new one must be elected. The only stipulations are that the abbess must be a choir nun and over forty. Had Philippa taken her solemn vows ten years earlier, she would have seemed an obvious choice. As it is, Philippa does become an abbess years later—not at Brede Abbey but in a place she would never have dreamed of.

Although Brede Abbey is a fictional monastery, it is set in Miss Godden's native South Coast of England, the marshy region of East Sussex. She herself once lived briefly at Brede, after her house at Northiam five miles away was burned. Now she lives ten miles away at Rye, in a former home of the novelist Henry James.

Like her predecessor in that house, Miss Godden is keenly aware of the power of single words; the proper names in her fiction, as in James's, have often suggested distinctive qualities. Thus, while local atmosphere is aptly evoked in *In This House of Brede*, we are not surprised that *brede* has other significance than the name of a real town. The word has meant both bread and meat; also "breadth" or "to broaden, grow, increase." And it has meant a fabric or embroidery—as in the fabric of a building or in silken vestments—implying wholeness and beauty. In all these senses the place named Brede is well chosen, for there the nuns find material and spiritual food, there the decaying fabric of their house is repaired, and there some nuns weave gorgeous silks. There too they are to grow in the love of God, ideally until the pattern of their lives forms one long, unbroken testimony to their love.

Rumer Godden's fascination with monastic life is not new. Her first novel published in this country, *Black Narcissus*, was about a house of Anglican nuns in the Himalayas; *China Court* had chapters named after the liturgical hours, and she has written an article and two short stories dealing with religious vocations.

One of those stories, reprinted last year in a collection called *Gone: A Thread of Stories*, is now told for the third time in *In This House of Brede*. It is fully worth retelling, though twice in two years is perhaps too frequent. "Fireworks for Elspeth" concerned a girl named Elspeth who was about to become Sister Cecily; all she wanted, really, was to leave home quietly and take the veil without fuss. But her mother would be satisfied with nothing less than a farewell luncheon party for relatives, friends, and the boy who loved her: a thoroughly painful experience, and Katherine Mansfield could not have told it better.

Elspeth's is only one of several good stories in *In This House of Brede*. They are woven so closely that the fabric appears seamless, and there are no loose ends left dangling. The religious life has scarcely ever received so careful a presentation in fiction, and the main impression we take away is of very real women attempting without ever completely achieving the perfect life.

Hassell A. Simpson

Hassell A. Simpson is chairman of the English Department at Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia.

THE GUILT MERCHANTS

by Ronald Harwood

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 188 pp., $4.95

El Pueblo is a South American town of no size or importance. Its daytime life revolves around the Cordonez Cattle Company, leather merchants; its night life is centered in a whorehouse. But if El Pueblo is uninteresting, some of its citizenry are most interesting, particularly Carlos Anido. He is a Jewish survivor of Weisering, one of the worst of the Nazi concentration camps. Anido seems almost a Job-like figure. His present is not much happier than his past. His wife is a dying vegetable, his son a homosexual, and he stands apart as one of the town's two Jews. The other is Cordonez, his employer, who is reluctant to promote Anido because it might be taken for racial favoritism.

The mystery about Anido is the locked room he rents near the center of town, which no one else has ever been inside, but from which voices have been heard speaking German.

To El Pueblo comes Sidnitz, an Israeli agent who for sixteen years has been searching for Wilhelm Brullach, the murderous commandant of Weisering, though he does not know what the man looks like or even if he is still alive. The action of this novel by Ronald Harwood, whose *The Girl in Melanie Klein* was one of the more fascinating books of last year, begins with the arrival of Sidnitz.

The Guilt Merchants moves in swiftly on the reader like some dark storm cloud heavy with the threat of violence. Unfortunately, the mood does not sustain or build. Extraneous characters creep in to drain away power. What purpose is served by Anna, Cordonez's wife? That she is unfaithful to her husband with Sidnitz serves no purpose in the novel other than to lengthen it and to inject a sexual scene. And why is she a Jewish convert when her husband is not anxious to have people in town know of his Jewishness? And, come to think of it, why have people in for Sabbath dinner if you are playing down your Jewishness? What purpose is served by Teresa Fernandez, a co-worker of Anido's? No sooner does the author establish that she likes to be beaten and that Anido occasionally accommodates her than she disappears for most of the novel.

But what hurts *The Guilt Merchants* most is its descent from a novel of character to a story in which characters are forced into a theatrical plot. Can one really believe the super fireworks that pour forth when Brullach and Sidnitz are about to meet? And that Sidnitz does not want to capture Brullach? Or the fate ultimately imposed upon Brullach as punishment? This is melodrama, gaslight vintage.

Because a theater audience is captive, there is a possibility that *The Guilt Merchants* might work on a stage. But with a novel the reader is in charge. The pace is his. The words are permanent and visible, and one can examine them at his own pace. It hurts Mr. Harwood's story.

And so does the memory of two earlier works: Robert Shaw's *The Man in the Glass Booth*, which also took Adolf Eichmann as a springboard to fictional

Ronald Harwood—gaslight melodrama.

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invention, and Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona*, in which the German industrialist's son maintains a locked room not unlike Anido's.

In short, Mr. Harwood has done himself no great service with *The Guilt Merchants*. Its powerful beginning only heightens the ultimate disappointment. The novel's one virtue is the proof it offers that Ronald Harwood is a writer, but readers of *The Girl in Melanie Klein* already know that.

Haskel Frankel

Haskel Frankel, who writes SR's column On the Fringe, frequently comments on new fiction.

SONS OF DARKNESS, SONS OF LIGHT

by John A. Williams

Little, Brown, 279 pp., $5.95

IN HIS WIDELY READ and discussed novel *The Man Who Cried I Am* John A. Williams created a nightmare vision of the modern Negro's persecution by a preponderantly white society. The atmosphere of that book was rank with international intrigue, treachery, and betrayal; at the end there is a disclosure of American membership in the sinister Alliance Blanc, whose secret plans call for the suppression of the black man everywhere in the world. The U.S. State Department, furthermore, has drafted a top secret plan called "King Alfred" in preparation for placing Negroes in concentration camps and achieving a "final solution" of the racial question.

The paranoid imagination of *The Man Who Cried I Am* continues to cast its lurid light in Williams's new novel, *Sons of Darkness, Sons of Light*, where all of the social reforms of the 1960s are regarded as "fraudulent." No real democracy is ever intended for the Negro, and the use of violence and force against the present régime is apparently advocated. The central figure is Eugene Browning, a Negro, formerly a college teacher of political science, now an administrator for the Institute for Racial Justice (an organization resembling the NAACP). And it is he who decides to take matters into his own hands, arranging with the Mafia to exterminate an Irish policeman who has shot an unarmed Negro youth in Harlem. The assassination of Sergeant Carrigan, carried out with graceful aplomb by Itzhak Hod, an Israeli gunman in the employ of the Mafia, has far-reaching consequences as a warning to the white population that its injustice will not be suffered any further.

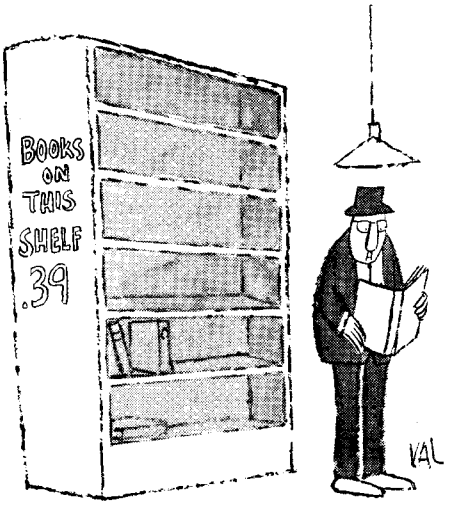
The incident also sets off a series of revenge killings of whites and leads eventually to civil war in the United States—a racial version of Joyce's "livid final flame, ruin of all space, shattered glass, and toppling masonry." It is a vision of America in 1973, a re-imagining of the guerrilla war between black and white depicted in Le Roi Jones's play *The Slave*. In short, *Sons of Darkness, Sons of Light* is a sensational novel that exploits violence and fear instead of exploring the contemporary issues underlying them. It is no reflection on his politics to suggest that Williams may need to examine his artistic integrity.

For *Sons of Darkness, Sons of Light* fails as art. Its characters are two-dimensional and tend to fall into simplistic categories of good and evil. All policemen (particularly if they are Irish) are devils and all hipsters are enlightened; no white liberal can be trusted and all Southerners are evil. These characters, moreover, are often implausibly motivated. Browning supposedly has a doctorate in political science, and yet he reveals no historical consciousness of any kind. He speaks and thinks in "yeahs" and is most characteristically seen pulling down his wife's drawers for a go at sex. He resorts to assassination and is untroubled either by the act or by its tragic consequences. The willingness of the Mafia to ally itself with Browning is never made believable, and the killing of a Southern bigot in Montgomery is ridiculous in its coincidences and melodrama.

Sons of Darkness, Sons of Light has the quality of a thriller, but without a thriller's honesty. A thriller, after all, does not also profess to be profound.

Robert Emmet Long

Robert Emmet Long is an assistant professor of English at Queens College, New York.



Racism

LEOPOLD SEDAR SENGHOR AND THE POLITICS OF NEGRITUDE

by Irving Leonard Markovitz

Atheneum, 300 pp., $10

THE IDEA of *négritude*, or Negroness—the essence of being black—had its origin not among Western-educated black Africans but among the Negro intelligentsia in the Western Hemisphere, especially in the United States but also in the Caribbean and Latin America. As Abiola Irele, a Nigerian scholar and a leading student of *négritude*, has pointed out: "The Negro renaissance [often called Harlem renaissance] in the USA is of capital importance in the development of *négritude* . . . The Negro renaissance can be said to have led to *négritude* as a movement by setting precedents in all the areas of feeling in which the latter was to be given articulate expression."

None of the U.S. Negro writers of the 1920s and 1930s gave philosophical coherence to the attitudes that led to *négritude* (though I think Claude McKay's novel *Banjo* came near to it). Nevertheless, it was through the works of a Negro writer from the Western Hemisphere, Aimé Césaire, a poet from Martinique, that the concept of *négritude* found its way into the intellectual life of French West Africans.

Léopold Sédar Senghor, now president of the Republic of Senegal, translated *négritude* into a concept attractive to French-speaking African intellectuals. Irving Markovitz's *Léopold Sédar Senghor and the Politics of Négritude* traces the development of this concept in the thinking of Senghor as poet and philosopher and as a leader of Senegal's nationalist movement after World War II. Mr. Markovitz's primary purpose is to explain the function of ideology in general and *négritude* in particular in the modern development of Senegal. "Is ideology in Senegal," he asks, "really an instrument for greater national unity and economic development or is it primarily as mask for the existing 'establishment'?"

Mr. Markovitz shows that in its early stages *négritude* was merely a literary and artistic idea that informed the efforts of a few Gallicized black Africans to fashion modern cultural forms. At best, by asserting the superiority of the intimate human relationships of traditional African societies over the dehumanized ones found in industrial countries, it enabled young African intellectuals to define a personal identity separate from French culture. At worst it was a form of what Marx called false consciousness: it allowed the black élite in French Africa to be-

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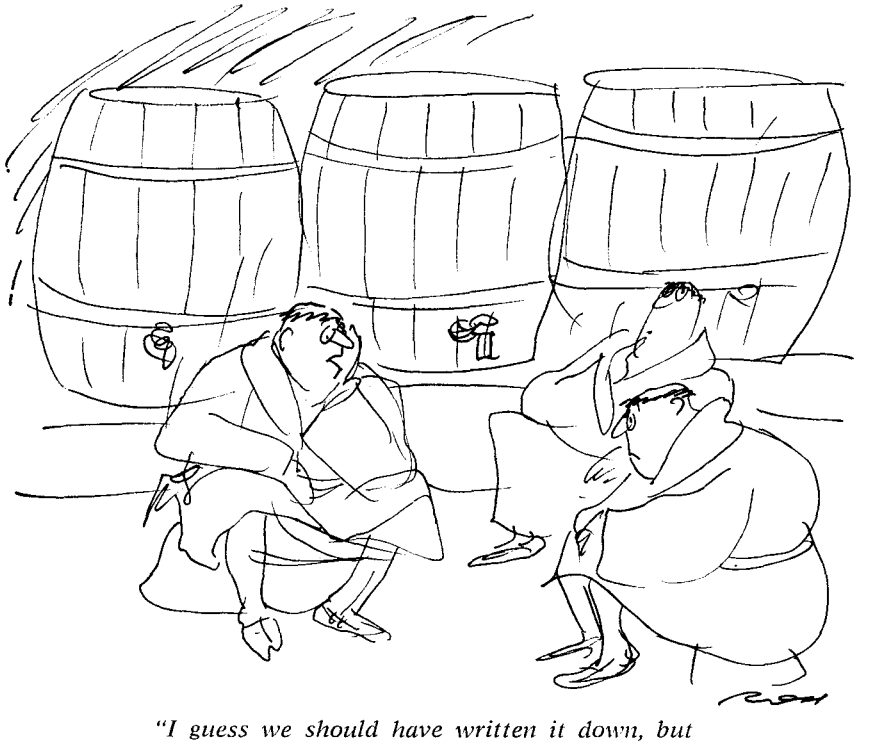
lieve they were behaving in the interests of the black masses for whom this romanticized conception had little practical relevance. The masses were not, after all, well enough educated to read the writings of Senghor and other African intellectuals who wrote in French. Nor was the rate of social change in the colonial period extensive enough to produce a problem of mass identity comparable to the problem of personal identity experienced by the few French-educated Africans, though the latter believed otherwise.

We need to know much more than we do about the paradox that surrounds the relationship of the élite and the masses to *négritude* and other ideologies in African states, and it is unfortunate that Mr. Markovitz does not give more attention to this issue. It seems that where an explicit ideology is associated with political development in African states such as Ghana, Guinea, Tanzania the ideology is invariably anti-white or anti-Western (*e.g.*, Nkrumah's Pan-Africanism, Touré's communacracy, Nyerere's *Ujamaa*). But in most African states, and particularly those with anti-Western ideologies, the typical African has never had the kind of intense relationship with whites that would generate a virulent anti-Western attitude. In Ghana and Senegal, for example, the rural masses had only limited contact with Europeans during the colonial era, mainly in the economic sphere where the peasant's role was that of cash-crop farmer producing cocoa, palm-oil, and peanuts. Seldom did the rural populace interact with whites in a political or social context; the colonial policy of utilizing traditional African chiefs to man the system of local administration militated against extensive contact between the black masses and European officials.

Négritude explains neither the particular historical relationship of the masses to colonialism nor their position *vis-à-vis* the new black rulers in post-independence Africa. Mr. Markovitz touches on this latter problem, but he might have developed his discussion further. There is a marked contradiction between the anti-Western (particularly the anti-materialistic) content of African ideologies like *négritude* and Nkrumahism and the tendency of the new black élites to monopolize affluence in African states. In Senegal not more than 3 per cent of the population controls two-thirds of the national wealth, defined as the national budget. To be sure, Senghor rationalizes his policies in terms of *négritude*, but in practice they are governed by his own self-interest or the interest of politically relevant groups within the élites. In the eyes of the masses and of the educated opponents of Senghor's party it is hardly the persuasiveness of *négritude* that keeps Senghor in power. It is rather the financial subsidies of the French government and the credibility of French troops and military assistance.

Martin Kilson

Martin Kilson is the author of "Political changes in a West African State."



"I guess we should have written it down, but I never dreamed we'd all forget the secret."

PUTTIN' ON OLE MASSA: The Slave Narratives of Henry Bibb, William Wells Brown, and Solomon Northup

edited by Gilbert Osofsky

Harper & Row, 409 pp., $10

LONG THE PROVINCE of literary scholars, and dubbed by one of them the "heroic fugitive" school of American letters, slave narratives have recently begun to attract a wider audience. Historians have increasingly turned their attention to these autobiographies and biographies of former slaves. While the great pioneer authority on American Negro slavery, U. B. Phillips, belittled these writings, many of his present-day successors doubt the wisdom of discussing the slave's lot or his mind-set while ignoring his literature.

Students of ante-bellum America have come to sense that slave narratives are far from being narrowly racial. They are mainstream American in theme and outlook, passionately affirming this country's heritage of liberty by dramatizing its unfinished business.

Out of nearly 100 extant book-length works Professor Gilbert Osofsky has made the kind of discerning choices that might be expected from an author and editor of critically acclaimed historical studies on the Negro. As he points out in his long, revealing introduction, slave narratives varied in style and credibility. The trio selected by Osofsky are fine examples of the slave as his own interpreter. The autobiographies of Henry Bibb, William Wells Brown, and Solomon Northup rank high in readability and reliability.

The story line of these three books has a gripping appeal characteristic of the school. Bibb ran away in 1837, only to be recaptured when he returned to the slave states to rescue his wife. Upon his second escape to free soil Bibb exclaimed that he felt himself to be a man and not three-fifths of a man. After the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 Bibb went to Canada and became editor of an abolitionist weekly.

Like Bibb, William Wells Brown was a runaway from Kentucky. During his flight he was aided by a Quaker, Wells Brown, whose name he added to his single slave name of William and to whom he dedicated his book. He became an anti-slavery lecturer, attracting good audiences at home and in the British Isles.

Born free in Essex County, New York, Solomon Northup was kidnapped when he was thirty-three and placed in a slave pen in Washington, D. C. He eventually wound up on a plantation on the Red River in Louisiana. Eleven years later he was re-

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leased, largely owing to the efforts of a white New Yorker who journeyed to Louisiana armed with the necessary legal proof of Northup's origins.

All three of these autobiographies sold unusually well when they were first published, since all were characterized by a simple, direct style that was often eloquent and invariably moving. Northup's story was dictated to a second party, David Wilson, who stated that he had written it exactly "as [I] received it from his lips." Bibb and Brown wrote down their experiences in their own hands, as attested by those who furnished the introductions, Lucius C. Matlack and Edmund Quincy—names to be trusted.

Obviously, such works were short on formal documentation, having been put together without benefit of diaries, letters, plantation records or county archives. Nevertheless, Northup is remarkably accurate on the Gulf South; Bibb's book is highly credible, even if

we take with a grain of salt the favorable testimony of a contemporary committee appointed to examine its truth or falsity; and Brown's story, though often purposely vague, holds up under scrutiny. All three provide a needed perspective on social reality in the ante-bellum South, which takes on added meaning from Professor Osofsky's introduction. Not content with giving a thoughtful review of the significance of slave narratives, Osofsky speculates on the usefulness of folklore to the historian and provides a helpful bibliographical note.

Any criticism of this volume must hinge not on the editing but on the incomplete reproduction. Although the texts themselves are unabridged, the original title pages and the pen-and-ink illustrations are not included. The omission of the fourteen-page appendix to Northup's book might be forgiven, although it presented the official evidence put forth to establish Northup's legal freedom. Less excusable is the exclusion of the preface by David Wilson, Northup's literary collaborator.

Benjamin Quarles

Benjamin Quarles, professor of history at Morgan State College, Baltimore, is the author of the recently published "Black Abolitionists."

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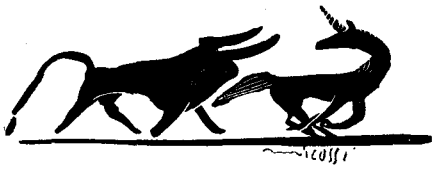
Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi



Letter to an Indolent Norn

Because they were crude and easy and without fixed expectation
and could, therefore, accept what they got from me,
interrupting permission only with lashes of temper
I forgave in rhythm, lashing back
word for word till the air was striped by our whips,
and nothing else touched—I thank you, first,
for the elders of the lost tribe I fell heirless heir to
and left with no baggage but love, which is weightless,
a first day gift of rest in mother and father.

Seven days into the world, two miles from the picnic,
his head leaking in traffic, his name a skid mark,
you broke the man from Sunday, maddened the woman
all the eighth day jargon of her fears,
then wasted her witless a long last linger of mush
crying her veins itched, crying she was a bother,
crying his lost name fifty years to must, crying
the expense of nurses would sour me from her,
then crying from habit, afraid, no longer of something.
And died, I can believe, in an instinct to spare me,
on just the weekend I happened to be in town.
From the funeral between two other appointments
I flew home paid for, not even the travel wasted.
Was his and hers my payment? "Ma, it's all right,"
I told her at the last lid to nothing. "It was no bother."

Did you mean me to be glad? There at tribe's crone-cluck,
whose telling leaked hanged sons like Hell shadow
I took you for true dark coming. Were you toying,
those years you made me mad for God and Guilt
in sweats of prayer, then cut some thread
and left me bored by my own agonizing? Did
you cut it? or only break it one day beyond intention,
yawning and stretching in the slowness of Heaven?

For that, and for every chance you missed or made nothing of
for whatever reason not to be taken for kindness,
thank you. May all gods come to keep such slovenly ways.

Is mercy no more than the fed hawk's drowse?
But I have been where you fed. I have felt wings,
though never talons. What mercy
is made of oversights? I was brushed and ignored.
When I skidded the road was empty. When I fell
nothing broke. What I loved stayed. It was always
the next plane bloomed black, the next average.
The bomb with my circle in it hit muck and burst buried.
I was grounded by sniffles the day my crew went down.
When the work party was strafed,
I was off stealing officers' whisky, and got it.

I have these wing-tip memoirs, a freak numbering
of chances too zany to bet on. Is that
your game and rigged? or are you, too, in it,
and losing? However it goes,
thank you. May you stay indifferent
even to my wishing against you, and men
win what they can and lose only at last what they must.

Then I think what games you *have* rigged. Is Harlem,
for instance, your crooked casino? Was Dachau?
Is India so pure a profit you have moved there?

At your sub-headquarters in the black homosexual
who claimed he contracted a habit while writing his book,
the walls were clawed to bone-lath, the chairs
were Spanish Maidens, the air was fish-hooked full
of a dust that cut lungs. He screamed toward the lucidity
of an accomplished madness, and you
broke his game with a coughing fit. He fell
frothing and choking, his book a plaid of welts.

At tea in your rest home in the Happy Hilton
the woman with the tattooed wrist came giggling in mink,
played Lady Frolic through two drinks, then screamed.
What ghost had you sent? Her husband cooed her, swaying.
The house doctor needled her still.
The room gaped oblivions the orchestra blared at,
trying to drown in noise an alp of silence.

At your branch office in the Indian importer
who spoke glass British chipped by American slang,
the dice were pure tusk, ruby spots flush to bone.
"The price of famine," he said, holding a lace.
His terrible bargains he knew how to bargain
needled the fingers that touched them. "Lovely,"
the woman said. "Dirt cheap," he smiled.

Well, thank you for good enough in a bad market.
I have suffered nothing I could not bear,
pity and not be made to bear. I have watched losers
look up from the last roll, stunned open,
plungers who came high-rolling and stayed to sweat down
to blood bets marked for broke: a road gang of lepers
who died a game ago or forever, begging bread to gamble,
blood to write home in, bone to cut spots on;
hags in Harold's alley whining to go down for five, two,
anything dice will roll over to stick men
stale on their bones, emptied out of their faces,
motioning, saying the words. In my fevers I hit;
grown cool, I played edges and nibbles and won a little.
What sits by addicts and has no habit? Is an observer
a good enough thing? By the old wives of the tribe
at dark foretastes, I'll circle you wary: Are these
your double-dealt odds?—to nag me easy
till I claw myself in the guilt of not hurting?
When the wino begs my dollar for the death he wants
and I give what costs me nothing, not even pity
for what I can no more help than he can, are you thinking
you'll hook me there? When children starve through news
and I send mercy the deductible check that will, likely,
make no difference, is that what you riddled,
to snare travelers, of the man who died immune?

It won't work. I guess you. I am not indifferent. Yours
is the one mercy by indifference. Mine
is given and taken. I expected less than I have come to
and can give more than I meant.
Besides,
I have died once, knew I would die, knew
it would make no difference; but lived
and found I had been paid for. Lazarus rights:
can all heaven imagine the ecstasy of first water
down the throat of the dead man risen? what it rinses?
what hymns in a sniff of moss? what practice
a dead man's love is? Somehow
in a movie run backwards a bomb implodes, soars
from the man's refitting and, in heaven again, starts over
and down in another sequence where being itself
is joy itself and sings for charred brothers
of the first film, too dirty to wish again.

Luck is an innocence: guiltless, I go free; or was guilty,
met law enough, and need none now. I will bear
what I must, ask nothing to bear, and may you
sleep on the numbers till the numbers sleep.
In your whim is our peace. May nothing prompt it
from any indolence that will do for mercy.

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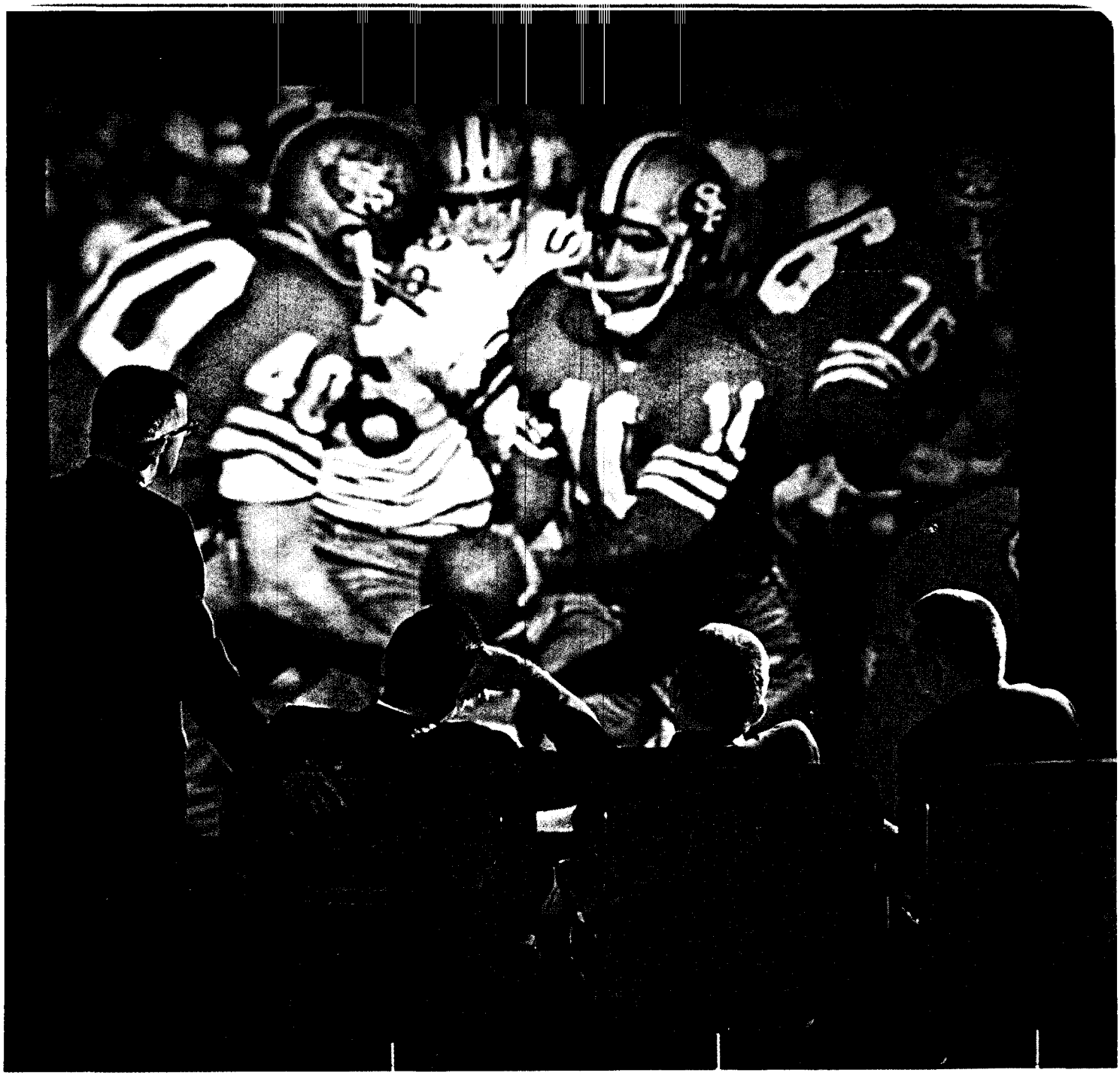

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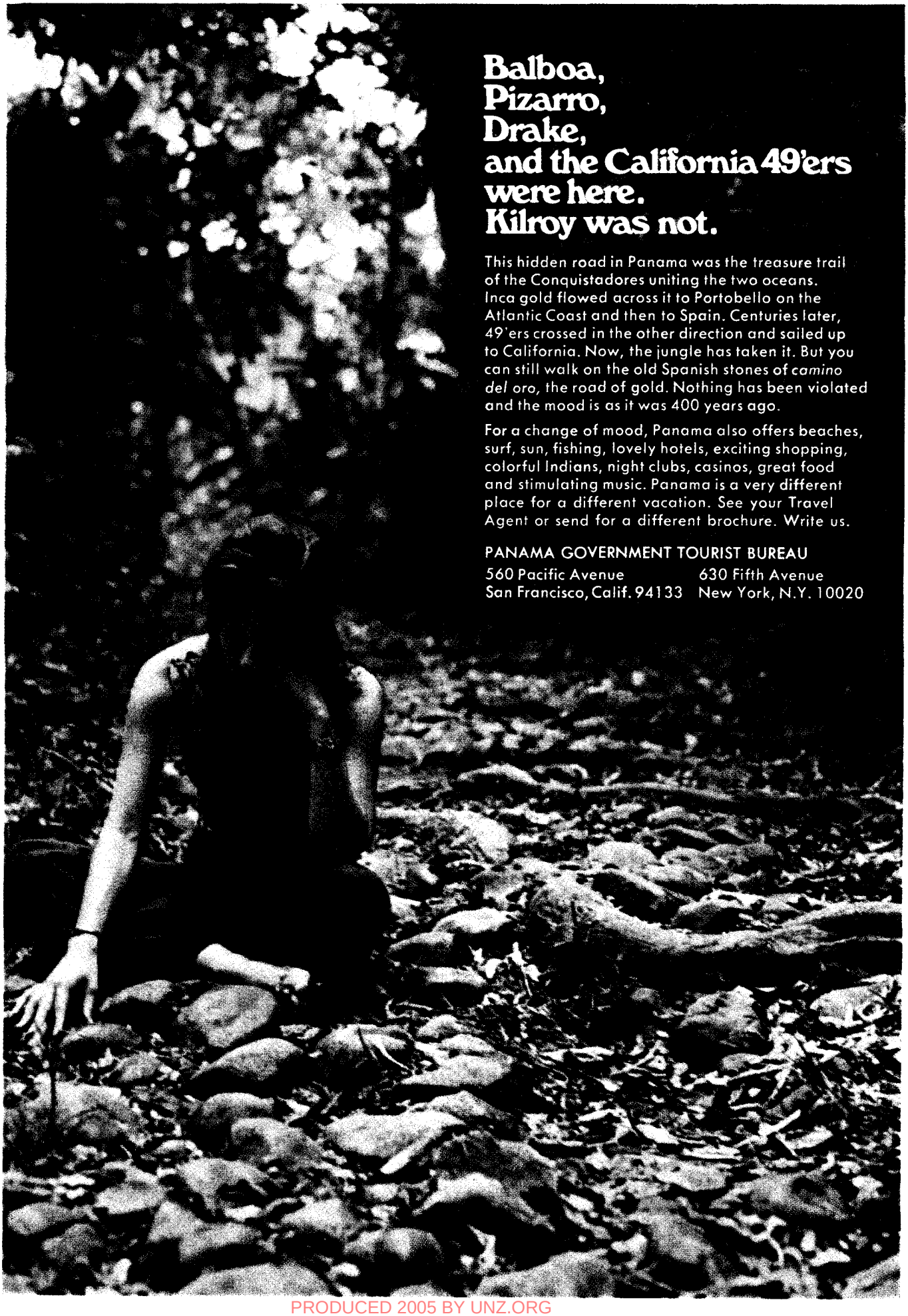

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Ensign Lake can be found on the map, but others are too pure to name.

The Last Wilderness

MINNESOTANS are the only people I know who discuss the weather with something more than time-killing, space-filling interest. They talk with feeling, with authority, and, now as the bluish haze of autumn hangs above the northlands and early darkness drives little football players indoors to tackle their lessons, they talk with a tinge of melancholy. Fall can be glorious in Minnesota, but each swipe of the rake brings winter nearer.

Summer was still ablaze on the last weekend of August, and the Twin Cities' newspapers carried page 1 stories and photos telling the sad plight of Midwest farmers, whose crops had been reduced to a drooping waste by a month-long dry spell. Saturday morning, though, the radio's refrain was "thundershowers and much cooler this afternoon." So I lit out for the grassy shores of Lake Nokomis, one of a half-dozen watering holes strung through the heart of Minneapolis. After a while, I looked up to see an immense gray cloud bank advancing across the sky, pushed relentlessly toward the sun by a brisk wind. Suddenly I had the sensation that I was witnessing the last moments of summer. I said as much to a young married couple sunning nearby—he from New York, she from Boston—who had moved to Minneapolis only a month before. Deferring to my more than two decades' exposure to Minnesota's climatological oddities, they listened with silent awe.

Of course I wasn't kidding. Minnesotans learn to watch the seasons come and go in a day, to smell the spring winds still weeks away and miles across the March snows.

Several hours later I found myself groping through the teeming bazaar that is the Minnesota State Fair, with one eye to the darkening skies. The air was eddying in chill gusts, as though a massive air conditioner had been switched on from above. The evening paper was on the newsstands, and I wasn't surprised to see the lead headline devoted to local weather. I chuckled, only to be set straight by a companion who assured me that few events, at least during that unseasonable weekend, could eclipse the magnitude of a 55-degree overnight low in St. Paul. By then the sky looked as bleak and heavy as it does in late November, and when the rain came, with a driving vengeance, we were lucky to be on a screen porch looking out.

Sunday morning was bright and fresh, but I knew fall hadn't arrived. It was the best of late summer—not Indian summer, for that comes deeper in the season, after a heavy frost. And the following morning, Labor Day, was just as perfect. I left St. Paul before dawn and drove north with two weekend woodsmen, Bob Farinacci and Ed Karow, to explore the Quetico Superior wilderness on the Minnesota-Canada border, one of the last regions of the New World as yet unharmed by man's excesses. Some of the still, blue lakes have scarcely been cut by a canoe since the French-Canadian voyageurs struggled through the wilderness two centuries ago.

As the sky dawned a soft pink, I could see acres of billowing mist clinging to the lowlands like mounds of deep snow. At a roadside diner where we stopped for breakfast, our exit was delayed long enough to hear a eulogy at the cash register to the new Miss Minnesota, whose picture graced the front page of the morning paper. "You should just hear her play the flute," the woman sighed. I was reminded that Minnesotans, next to Texans and Californians, may be the proudest provincials in the country. Yet they bear their pride without offense.

North of Duluth we drove through the Mesabi Iron Range (or "Raintch" as the locals have it), a landmark in the education of any Minnesota school child of the Forties and Fifties. Then it was the largest open-pit mine in the world, but today, although still yielding a lower grade form of ore called taconite, it is something of a hole in the Minnesota economy. I wonder if kids of the late Sixties are taught that the region's most famous product is Bob Dylan, who was born in the range town of Hibbing. A friend of mine who grew up there remembers Dylan as the little boy who was always playing guns.

By 10:30 a.m. we were in Ely (rhymes with really), the gateway to a wilderness stretching several hundred miles northward across 4,000 lakes and untold acres of virgin timberland. We bought a bottle of Scotch on Ely's main street and then drove north from civilization.

The Ely environs are headquarters for a dozen outfitting firms which stock campers with all the canoes, equipment, food, and directions they need to spend anywhere from a night to a summer in the Quetico Superior wilds. Don Beland sends out his Wilderness Canoe Trips from the very fringe of Quetico Superior, 15 miles northeast of Ely on Moose Lake. An unpaved road leads past Beland's stone-and-timber lodge and ends a few miles beyond; there isn't another road for hundreds of miles north. It's national parkland, off-limits to all but those wanderers in search of fish, game, or whatever Thoreauvian pursuits they seek. There isn't so much as

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Portaging is no task for a tenderfoot.

a log cabin built in the wilderness, planes are forbidden to fly lower than 4,000 feet, and motor boats are barred on many of the lakes.

Outfitters dispatch a customer to areas of varying rusticity, depending on his degree of outdoorsmanship. Greenhorns are directed to lakes connected by portages as negotiable as the streets of Ely. Women who cherish things like manicured nails and kempt coiffures should consider the consequences.

Beland, busy minding the shop this summer, welcomed the chance to get back to the country he has trapped, hunted, canoed, and prowled since he came up from Illinois twenty years ago at the age of sixteen. He took us where few others are sent. We four (along with two seventeen-foot, sixty-pound aluminum canoes and four backpacks) were delivered in a company outboard to a remote shoreline bristling with long-dead tree trunks rising grotesquely above a carpet of lily pads. "See you in two days," Beland said to the outboard skipper, and in moments we were cut off from the motorized world.

Though Beland had grown plumpish over the summer, he easily hefted most of the load on the first portage, while we three cosmopolitans struggled to keep up. Farinacci, actually no stranger to the outdoors, dropped his tackle box on the trail, the contents making a bigger clutter than a woman's emptied purse. After a distance of no more than two city blocks, three of us were puffing like spent fighters.

Beland took up that early slack with a relish, as though compensating for all his lost time in the wilderness.

We paddled around a bend from the first portage and pitched camp on a rocky point beside a lake whose identity I am sworn—by Beland—to withhold. Once, an outdoor writer waxed poetic about a lake Beland had shown him, naming it and carefully pointing the way, and within a few months, in Beland's words, "it was spoiled." He meant that a few dozen campers had found it and fished it. So the two lakes where we spent most of the following forty-eight hours became Raspberry Lake and Mystery Lake.

The weather behaved fitfully the first day, sending down torrents of rain and hail, then giving way to peaceful sunshine, before erupting once again to an accompaniment of thunderclaps. We waited for a squall to pass, huddling under a canvas roof strung above the kitchen—a shelf and bench of logs lashed to some small pines. At the darkest moment, a blue jay shrieked. "That's a good sign," said Beland. "Whenever you hear a bird call in the rain, you know clear weather's coming."

When the rain clouds rode away, we slipped onto the water to fish for largemouth bass, one of four or five tasty, testy game fish that ply most wilderness lakes. Minnesota fishing is reputed to be the choicest in the country, but having been blanked by Norway's Flam River and by the best salmon pools of northeast Scotland—where the Queen Mother herself has taken the limit—I was prepared for a fishless afternoon. My twin angleworms had no sooner broken the clear waters of Raspberry Lake when a smallmouth was on the line. I caught four others in the next hour, and plenty of perch too small to keep.

The first-night dinner is always the biggest, because the bag of groceries contains perishable morsels that can't wait a day to be eaten. Great strips of crisply fried bass went untouched as we concentrated on tender eye steaks. After that night the fare ran more to dehydrated and canned goods, but not a single plate was sent back to the chef in lumberjack shirt. We drank water straight from the lake. All the food and equipment comes to $9.25 a day; a camper supplies only his fishing tackle and clothing. For $25 a day extra you can hire a Man Friday like Beland to do everything but zip up the sleeping bag.

On the second morning, we crossed Raspberry Lake and hacked along an overgrown portage that Beland himself hadn't traversed in more than a decade. The fickle weather had passed, the sun was warm and unbothered by a few lazy puffs of cloud. We cut fresh notches, or blazes, to mark the trail, and laid saw and axe to the more tangled stretches; but even so, the overland journey was draining. At the other end we put into a quiet stream and paddled onto Mystery Lake, where our only company all day were deer drinking at water's edge and a few ravens and eagles circling the pristine sky. Farinacci and I caught nothing so much as lily pads, but Beland and Karow, working the shorelines, one paddling and the other trolling, pulled in four healthy northern pike. Karow grumbled at the discovery of a beer can hanging on a branch above the shore, but Beland assured him that Quetico Superior hasn't gone the way of the Jersey Shore.

I have been enchanted by a balmy night or two in Hawaii, but the peace that descended on Raspberry Lake the second evening will always be with me. We slid out on the lake in the last moments of daylight to test the bass with artificial bait. It didn't matter that our lines hung limp; the scene was arresting. Farinacci and I talked barely above a whisper, in some kind of tacit deference to the hushed dusk. Now and then a loon cut the stillness with its zany, yelping cry. As the sun blazed out behind a distant pine ridge, the spiky trees lined up in perfectly chiseled relief against the twilight.

But there is pain in beauty. And when the mosquitoes attacked in droning squadrons, we fled ashore to apply gallons of repellent.

We broke camp Wednesday morning, Beland leaving a half-used bottle of syrup on the makeshift table for future pancake eaters. We retraced the second day's trails, then picked up a grueling half-mile portage that was enough to make our leader sweat. At the end lay Ensign Lake and a cooling swim. Beland said it wasn't necessary to create an alias: this lake had been discovered. For the first time in forty-eight hours we encountered humanity, in the form of a man-and-wife canoe team from Omaha, their white poodle perched amidships.

On the last stretch, as we sliced between banks of a stream linking two lakes, I caught a familiar faraway scent that meant only one thing. I looked over my shoulder to tell Beland, but he spoke first. "Smells like fall," he said. —D.B.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 c (*Grapes of Wrath*), 2 j (*Uncle Tom's Cabin*), 3h, 4 l (*Les Misérables*), 5k (*Fall of the House of Usher*), 6b (*Tale of Two Cities*), 7a, 8d (*Red Badge of Courage*), 9e, 10 f (*Scarlet Letter*), 11 g (Euripides), 12 i.

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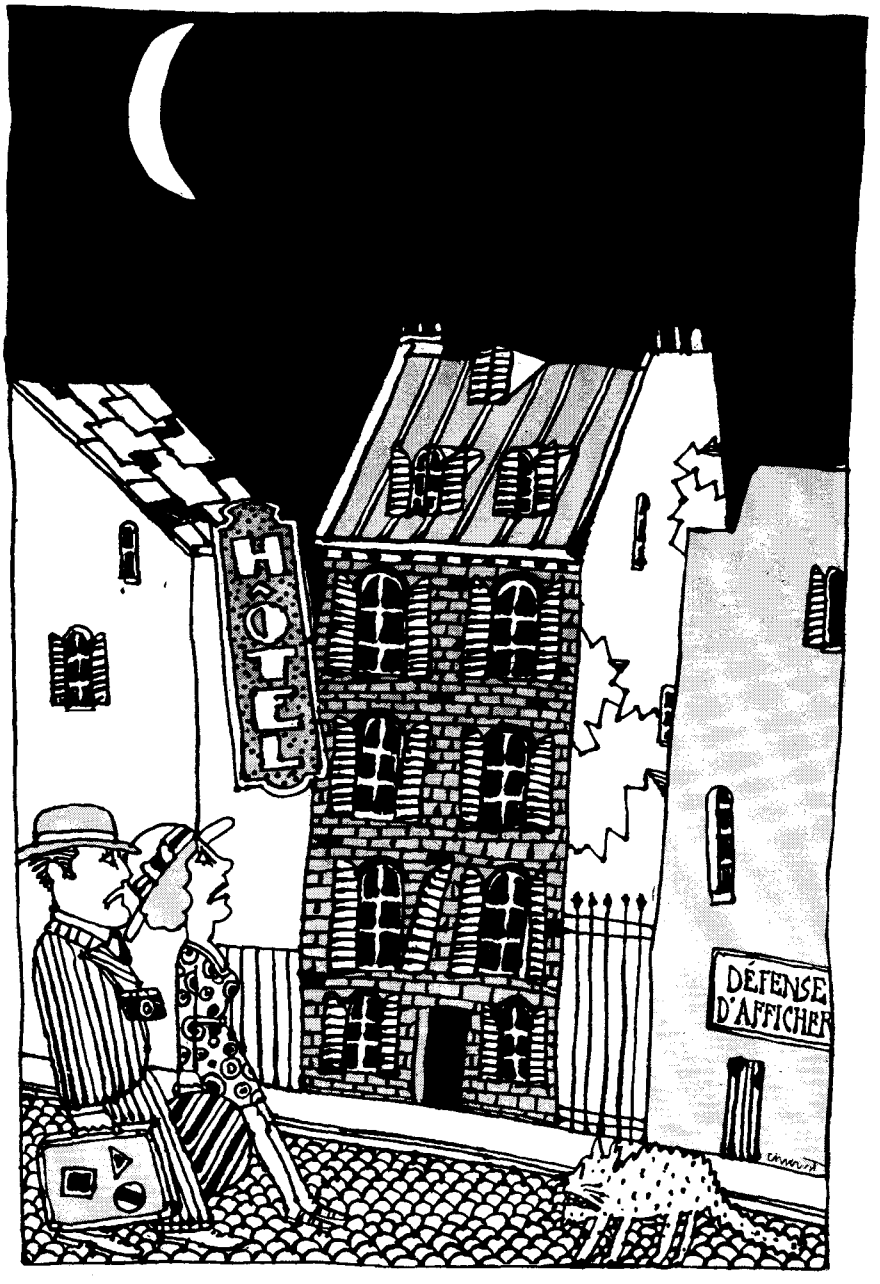

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Making of a Parlay

THE FILM VERSION of Theodore H. White's book *The Making of the President: 1968*, which CBS News presented recently as a special, was an absorbing experience; paradoxically, it was not completely satisfying. Something was lacking that should have been there. The program didn't hit clean, hard, and with a sense of rightness in the way Mr. White's prototype of his Presidential chronicles, *The Making of the President: 1960*, had done.

In the latest film, there was some "instant mythologizing" of the chief actors in the Presidential drama: the camera, at appropriate moments, froze to stills of LBJ, McCarthy, Robert Kennedy, and Hubert Humphrey. The screen virtually cooed with warm pictorial and verbal portraits of politicians seen more largely than may be warranted but this was not, as New York critics of the White book have asserted, a serious weakness of the documentary. White, being a skillful journalist, is entitled to his "rounded" view of his political protagonists. The film came off paradoxically because it told the wrong story. The right story implicit in the political events of 1968 was the nation's loss of its sense of control.

White said precisely that in his on-camera introduction to the program, commenting on the year's "lunatic events" and on the death of the "old politics," but the body of the documentary failed to follow that lead. The author, who wrote the script, repeated his 1960 formula; in that year, the making of the President was the right story. It was the story of gut-politics American style, of wealth and wheeling and dealing, and of the "sex of politics," as the author then put it with undisguised relish for the fascinating game of the shifting of power in a democracy.

Nixon's triumph was a minor theme of the more somber political events of 1968. There was little drama in his easy negation of Romney, Rockefeller, and Reagan, and less in the Miami languor of the Republican convention. There was a good story in Nixon's packaging of his image through television. It is told in some gory detail in Joe McGinniss's new book, *The Selling of the President: 1968* (Trident). White, in his film, merely glanced at this story in two scenes—a brief shot of Nixon's image team in a TV control room, and a revealing shot where Nixon the candidate declares forthrightly to the camera: "Nobody is going to package me. I'm not an actor. I'm just going to be myself. I'm the same Nixon."

Far more powerful than the story of the making of the President was the program's tale of the losing of the Presidency by the Democrats. LBJ's Vietnam trap, McCarthy's lone challenge, Kennedy's forced entrance, and Humphrey's floundering with "the politics of joy and happiness," have Homeric qualities. That story exploded with demonic fury in the Chicago convention scenes inside the hall, and in the violence on the streets. Indeed, after the convention episode, the documentary lost much of its impact. But even that better story of the losers was overshadowed by the loss of control theme, as the killing in Vietnam continued, as Negroes and students protested, and as the forces of "law and order" counter-repressed.

The program most tellingly symbolized the loss of control story in the faces of McCarthy student workers in California, as they listened horror-stricken, with rising grief and stunned agony, to the chaotic and confused televised reports of the assassination of Robert Kennedy.

Certainly White knew this to be the true theme, but he was trapped in his formula, and probably his available footage didn't fit. History had played him a low trick; the situation was beyond his control.

In 1960, the events and the dramatic meaning of the Presidential battle were elegantly matched—to each other, and to White's impressive journalistic skills. In 1968, the puzzle and the pattern were out of synch.

Reporters and interpreters of history, like generals, must be careful not to fight today's wars with yesterday's weapons. I wish that White, instead of setting out to parlay his successful making-of-the-President formula into a third best seller, had started afresh, and had told the big story of 1968—the loss of the sense of control.

"Why don't we try the parking garage on 46th Street?"

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When you were 12, what did you know?

Buster Crabbe was Flash Gordon. Joe Louis was The Champ. F.D.R. was our president and he had a great grin.

But what about John L. Lewis? Or Munich? And if you happened to live in the Big City, maybe, if your folks could manage the tickets, you'd get a chance to see a concert or a play.

Ask a 12-year-old today about Martin Luther King, Czechoslovakia, the Moon, Leonard Bernstein, Jacques Cousteau's submarine world and how a Prince of Wales is proclaimed. He probably knows them all.

The fact is, today's kids know more than we did. Which is a nice bit of news for anyone concerned about the future. And they found out about a lot of it right at home, watching television.

For an indication of what they're going to learn about next month, here's a partial listing of October's highlights. Take a look. It could help you catch up with the kids.

Discovery. Exploring the Valley of Mexico; The Lost World of the Mayans; The Remarkable World of Seals and Sea Lions; Louisiana Purchase. Sundays, Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30-12 Noon).

Wild Kingdom. Land of the Condors; Summer of the Badger; Beneath Kilimanjaro. Sundays, Oct. 5, 12, 26 (7-7:30 pm).

The Wonderful World of Disney. The Three Loves of Thomasina—Parts 1 and 2; The Feather Farm. Sundays, Oct. 5, 12, 26 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines. Film comedy based on historic 1910 London-Paris air race, with Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Sarah Miles, Red Skelton and Terry-Thomas. Sunday, Oct. 5 (9-11:45 pm).

From Here To The Seventies. In-depth study of the United States as it is now and what it may be in the next decade. Paul Newman, guide. Tuesday, Oct. 7 (8:30-11 pm).

Appalachian Autumn. CBS Playhouse—Original play set against a background of economically depressed coal-mining area. Starring Arthur Kennedy, Teresa Wright, Estelle Winwood. Tuesday, Oct. 7 (9:30-11 pm).

World Series. The national sport's annual high spot. First game: Saturday, Oct. 11.

The Mystery of Animal Behavior. National Geographic Society—Animals' greatly varied behavior patterns as seen by Heinz Sielmann, renowned photographer-naturalist. Tuesday, Oct. 14 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Heidi. Johanna Spyri's classic, starring Maximilian Schell, Jean Simmons, Sir Michael Redgrave, with Jennifer Edwards in the title role. Sunday, Oct. 19 (7-9 pm).

Football's Golden 100. Celebration of the 100th anniversary of football. Tuesday, Oct. 21 (10-11 pm).

Tom Jones. The film of Henry Fielding's novel, with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Diane Cilento, Edith Evans, Hugh Griffith. Saturday, Oct. 25 (8:30-11 pm).

Dedication-Concert at Juilliard School. Concert marks opening of Juilliard School at Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 26 (5:30-7 pm).

It's The Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown. Charlie and friends celebrate Halloween. Sunday, Oct. 26 (7:30-8 pm).

The Desert Whales. Jacques-Yves Cousteau's crew sails down the California coast to trace migration of the gray whales. Tuesday, Oct. 28 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/G-E College Bowl/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Guideline/Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

Two Chinese characters by Wang Shih-min meaning "In Pursuit of Antiquity."

In Pursuit of Antiquity

I CAN IMAGINE no ambition less attractive to contemporary European and American artists than the avowed pursuit of antiquity. For us, today, it is the new that counts—new materials, new methods, new idols, new images, new tremors and shocks. We have deliberately strained to break our ties with the past, convinced this is the way to the freedom we need, a freedom not shackled by history. For admittedly, looking back can be stifling at times. Somewhat the same mystique may explain our Western devotion to youth and change, two obsessions often confused with growth. In China, however, a homogeneous tradition of painting has endured for well over a thousand years. Artists there accept, even embrace involvement with the past. The very continuity we mistrust, sustains them. In the East, the old are respected because presumably they know more; in the West, the young are respected because they dare more.

Nowhere is this attitude more clearly enunciated than in certain Ch'ing paintings. An unprecedented opportunity to study seventeenth-century scrolls and albums from this dynasty is now available in a traveling exhibition organized by Princeton University and first seen there last spring. Currently on view in Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum, the show moves shortly to Kansas City and then on to several other American centers. What makes it especially interesting is its concentration on paintings by one man, the versatile Wang Hui, who was a leading member of the Orthodox school, so called because of its preoccupation with the past. As a conscious reaction against the somewhat decorative sterility of late Ming decadence, the Orthodox group hoped, perhaps futilely, to recapture the strength, purity, and profundity of earlier periods, notably of the Sung and Yüan dynasties (tenth to fourteenth centuries) when landscape painting turned nature into metaphysical poetry. If the seventeenth century never attained equally rarefied heights, it did at least electrically revitalize Chinese art for a time.

An album Wang Hui made as a gift for his teacher, Wang Shih-min, bears on the title leaf the latter's appropriate inscription "In Pursuit of Antiquity." This tour de force comprising twelve painted leaves, each inspired by a different master, was an undeviating tribute to the past, as indeed were most of Wang Hui's works. He rarely copied slavishly, though, like numerous Chinese artists, he sometimes made forgeries that only a trained eye can detect. And were it not for forgeries and copies we might know considera-

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bly less about ancient Chinese paintings, since so many have perished from age and fragility. In fact, certain copies are even copies of copies. Art forgeries in China were not considered disgraceful; they were looked on simply as esthetic exercises or as a means of extending the pleasure that an unavailable work might provide. Only rarely were they commercialized enterprises. Wang Hui made most of his forgeries during his younger years, no doubt as a learning process.

The present exhibition, including both forgeries by Wang Hui and forgeries of his work, is memorable, too, because it comes entirely from one private American collection acquired during the past fifteen years by Mr. and Mrs. Earl Morse of New York. Wisely advised by several experts, but chiefly by Professor Weng Fong of Princeton University, the Morses are a rare species, for serious private collectors of Chinese painting are seldom encountered these days in the United States, or in Europe. Because of complexities and pitfalls, this is a field little studied by the layman. To present Wang Hui as fully as possible, the Morses have assembled his work in depth, his entire chronological development revealed step by step. In addition, he is shown in historical context, with accompanying examples of earlier masters who influenced him, plus those of his contemporaries and successors whom he influenced.

Who, then, was this man Wang Hui? What did he stand for? Why make a comprehensive survey of his work? Because he synthesized many of China's outstanding earlier achievements, his scrolls and albums became a veritable résumé of native landscape painting. Bowing to a variety of archaic traditions, he never entirely sacrificed his individuality. He presented a compendium of the past, but, at best, by revising, editing, combining, exaggerating, and re-creating, he made an art curiously his own even though openly dependent on its antecedents.

That this painter was a formidable virtuoso no one can doubt. Adapting himself to almost any technique, he was the example par excellence of that once popular song, "Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better." To be derivative in China carries no opprobrium. It implies the decision to honor and to learn from one's ancestors. If we in the West have doubts about the beneficial effects of art history, the Chinese, acknowledging immutable laws of nature, claim we cannot escape what has gone before us.

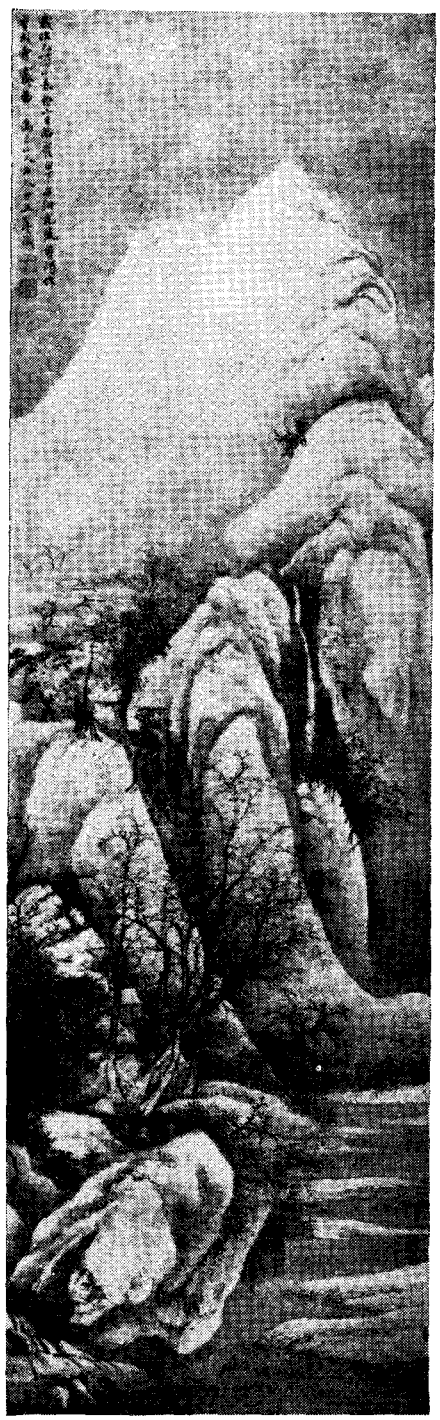
Wang Hui, who never concerned himself with originality, yet became the most popular painter of his era, partly because his sophisticated audience was familiar with the roots that had nourished him, partly because he was highly skilled, and partly because he accepted the past while also reanimating the present. To understand Wang Hui, one should, ideally, know the great periods of Chinese landscape painting, as the enthusiastic following he developed during his life undoubtedly did. He specifically appealed to the educated esthete who occupied himself with man's delicate and fluid relationships to nature. Art was for the cognoscenti and often about the cognoscenti. Frequently, Chinese landscapes include dwarfed human figures, usually recluses contemplating such natural wonders as contorted pines, omnipotent mountains, bamboo and willow tracery proliferating in haunted wildernesses. And always these forms become mobile forces.

A recent announcement from the Detroit Institute of Arts featured a blurb on the envelope saying, "Art is for All." Whether this euphemism is true I do not know, but I do know it is diametrically opposed to the thinking that made Chinese scholars envision art as a philosophic infatuation, as a unique experience demanding the complete absorption of the viewer. They claimed that to enjoy, one must know, one must do, one must analyze and relate—not merely look. The Chinese artist, too, was at heart a scholar, a man more involved with deductive principles than with his own individualized ego.

As Professor Weng Fong says, "The ancient alliance between calligraphy and painting taught the painter to regard his art as a physical act and a form of self-realization. Great works in the 'scholar-painting' tradition were not illustrations, but impulses of life transfigured into art. . . . A true painting was neither an imitation nor an ornament of life. As a creation equivalent to life, a painting had to become part of the cosmic forces." These words seem vaguely familiar. Not so long ago they might have described certain Abstract Expressionist canvases, especially those of Jackson Pollock and Franz Kline who also felt that the kinesthetic act became the deed. Possibly they knew about that eighth-century Chinese master who laid silk on the floor, splattered ink on it at will, and, then with the addition of a few lines, turned his accidental composition into a recognizable landscape. The Americans differed from him only because the landscapes they produced were limited to their own immediate emotional reactions. His were open to wider involvements.

Linear vitality is often considered the crux of Chinese painting, and for Wang Hui line as an independent entity was a constant preoccupation. With him line did more than describe; it lived in its own right. All of which may explain why this artist and others before him delighted in winter scenes, where the uncluttered boney structure of nature emerged from crisply conceived contours.

Though Wang Hui is best remembered for his ability to adopt and adapt the brush and calligraphic techniques of other artists, he is also remembered for his "dragon vein" motif that turned his paintings into pulsating reptile-like



Snow Clearing—landscape after Li Ch'eng.

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Landscape in the style of Huang Kung-wang by Wang Hui. An early work already animated by the "dragon vein" motif.

Landscape in the style of Chü-jan by Wang Hui from an album after Sung and Yüan masters—"the Chinese, acknowledging immutable laws of nature, claim we cannot escape what has gone before us."

enmeshments. According to Professor Fong, "The term 'dragon vein' was borrowed from geomancy and denotes an interconnected arterial system that runs over as well as under the face of the earth." This strange slithering serpentine force operates both visibly and psychologically. The observer's eye is forced through a maze of vibrant curves, but even more compelling is the sense of inner energy that engulfs one. It is as if the earth were created, held together, and yet tormented by some nameless unleashed power.

In Wang Hui's best work the dragon vein kinetically welds all elements of the painting into an integrated throbbing landscape that duplicates nature only in the intensity of its vigor. For this artist, like many of his compatriots, was interested in origins, in growth, in the overwhelming grandeur of the earth as a symbolic force. He was seldom concerned with minute descriptions, though as he grew older, his painting lost much of its earlier potency. This, I suppose, was to be expected from a man who lived to be eighty-five. It is not easy to dedicate a life that long to the past. He himself finally became the past and was no longer able to infuse new meanings into old experiences. But it is consoling to remember that the most avant-garde pioneers join the same company when the young supersede them.

There are those who welcome Chinese paintings as poetic evocations of nature, while rejecting modern abstractions that are no more abstract than these same Chinese landscapes. Wang Hui, the men who influenced him, and the men he influenced were rarely concerned with realistic definition. It was the spirit of a scene, the interior motivation, the breathing life tensions that engaged them, and it was likewise the brushstroke, the line, the undulating overall design. For them, the method itself became the symbol (and, let us add, well in advance of McLuhan).

What impressed me repeatedly in Wang Hui's work was how totally his philosophy differed from ours. For him change on its own terms was not significant. Renewal could only come from devoted adherence to the past. Generic conceptions took precedence over individual performance. Art, always a poetic extension of life, became a mystical communion between doer and viewer. It was never intended as a mass medium.

Is there any wonder, then, that our two nations have difficulty deciphering each other? We stem both geographically and psychologically from opposite sides of the Earth.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Lawrence Rhodes of the Harkness Ballet in the classical "Grand Pas Espagnol" and, with Lone Isaksen, in the intensely dramatic "After Eden" —"a highly diversified repertory which both challenges and inspires."

Dancing in the Rain

BALLET *al fresco* has been going on for centuries despite the continuing unpredictability of the weather. Some years ago, a Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo *Swan Lake* (Act II) at New York's enormous Lewisohn Stadium was nearly rained out, but the company, headed by the great Alexandra Danilova, stuck it out and so did thousands of fans—although one, thoroughly drenched, said, "She's okay; she's got feathers." It was later reported that as Madame D. was about to begin a variation, she was heard to murmur, "No *port-de-bras*; now do Australian crawl." On an absolutely cloudless day in Chicago, Ted Shawn began to perform his *Thunderbird* for a Scout jamboree at Soldier's Field. As always, this Indian rain dance worked and countless thousands were soaked.

On the other hand, one night at the Delacorte Theater in New York City's Central Park, nature chose to be benign for another swan—*The Dying Swan* as danced by Nathalie Krassovska. The moon rose on the lake behind the theater just as she made her entrance. For eight years, the Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival has cheerfully gambled on the weather at the Delacorte. This year it was tough going, for on opening night it rained on dancers and public; it poured to the point of cancellation the next two nights, and then, under threat of showers, it continued. Still, adversities of nature could not conceal the fact that the Harkness Ballet (founded in 1964) remains one of the world's best dance companies, and that the new Harkness Youth Dancers, in their official debut as a professional company (they danced, and well, as trainees last summer), were adorable.

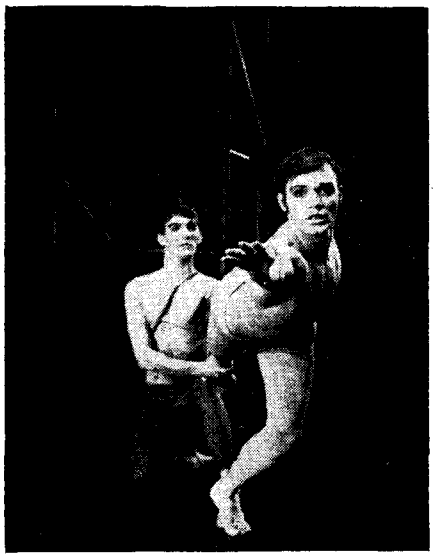
The Harkness Youth Dancers displayed not only the high technical results of their excellent classroom training—control, correct body placements, fluidity, and exactness of steps—but also a winning sense of theatricality indicating they knew more than *what* they were doing as they gave the *why*, the communicating to an audience.

The numbers, indeed, demanded such theatricality, for the choreographic substance ranged from the jazzy to the classical, from the romantic to the acrobatic. Ben Stevenson's *Theme of Youth* (to music of Howard Hanson) had a dewy sweetness about it, while Vicente Nebrada's *Percussion for 6* (Lee Gurst) was all strength and sharp attack, calling upon both male vigor and male prowess. Then there was Jack Carter's *Pas des Fiancées* (Tchaikovsky), which is very loosely related to the dance of the bridal candidates in Act III of *Swan Lake*. And just to give a Bolshoi belt to one of the programs there was Asaf Messerer's *Spring Waters* (Rachmaninoff), a Bolshoi Ballet circus staple, which is very short but with a spectacular hurtle though space and, of course, a one-arm lift.

The senior company, the Harkness Ballet (founded five years ago), between the raindrops, turned in some glittering dancing as well as some that was lovely in its luminosities. In such luminous light was Norman Walker's *Night Song* (Hovhaness), a breathtakingly beautiful choreographic paean to bodies, male and female, in isolation, in proximity, in union. Bonnie Mathis and Morton Winston were the radiant principals, and Dennis Wayne provided a comet-like streak across the stage in a series of double air-turns ending in plummeting crouches.

Balancing this primal rite of young love was Benjamin Harkarvy's highly balletic, sophisticated *Grand Pas Espagnol* (Moszkowski), a showpiece with flourishes *à l'Espagne* but with deportment *à la France*, to say nothing of the technique *à la Russie*. It was danced to perfection by a sextet of young stars: Lawrence Rhodes (co-director, with Harkarvy, of the Harkness Ballet), Lone Isaksen, Elisabeth Carroll, Helgi Tomasson, Marina Eglevsky, James Dunne. And every one, I might add, could have held his own at a gala at the Bolshoi Theater itself—Tomasson, you may recall, recently danced at the Bolshoi (WORLD OF DANCE, Aug. 9).

One of several marvels of the Harkness Ballet is that it has a highly diversified repertory that both challenges and inspires its quite remarkable dancers. Thus it was that Miss Isaksen and Rhodes could follow their sunny stint in *Grand Pas* with the dark passions, the emotional violences, the doom-centered demands of John Butler's *After Eden* (Lee Hoiby). The two dancers, who had performed with imperial panache in the *Grand Pas*,



Tim Wengerd, with Bill Evans, in the Repertory Dance Theatre's production of John Butler's "The Initiate"—"extraordinarily accomplished male dancers."

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then gave us an exploration of the inner being that would have done justice to the theater of Martha Graham.

In these and in other selections from the repertory, the Harkness Ballet, wet or dry, gave renewed proof of their stature in the world of dance.

It wasn't the rain, it was the cold that got to the second dance company to appear at the Delacorte under the auspices of the New York Shakespeare Festival. This was the young and gifted Repertory Dance Theatre, supported by grants from the Rockefeller Foundation and in residence at the University of Utah (WORLD OF DANCE, November 16, 1968). Indeed, on one chilly night, these modern dancers had to get down to bras and panties for the girls and dance belts for the boys. But they made it without pneumonia. Theatrically, however, in New York City, they didn't make it as well as they had in their home town of Salt Lake City. The first night (it was a one-week *al fresco* stand) they were nervous, and later they picked up considerably, but still there was the gnawing feeling that as a regional company they looked better in their own region than in New York, with its superabundance of dance theater. In a sense, it was the marvelously talented youngster pitted against the knowing veteran.

By a rather circuitous train of thought, I was brought to a memory of the veteran dance star, Carola Goya, when she introduced a new, young dance partner to her public at the Ziegfeld Theater (now demolished, alas!). He was an extraordinary dance scholar (trained in ethnic dance by the incomparable La Meri), an exact technician of steps, gestures, positions. But Miss Goya walked off with the show. Later, she said to me something to this effect: "We're going on tour now. He'll have diarrhea in Des Moines and have to dance. He'll pull a muscle in Cedar Rapids and have to dance. He'll have a raging fever in Laramie and have to dance. He's already an artist, but he'll come back a performer." He did. For Matteo became a co-star to Goya; he has already influenced the dance of India with his own training methods for Indian dance; and his Indo-American Dance Company is in constant demand across the United States—and when he lectures, he performs rather than pontificates.

All this passed my mind when I saw the first performance in New York by the Repertory Dance Theatre. They just needed to be jostled, jolted, and (temporarily) jilted. And by the end of their week in Central Park, they were climbing—up, not down.

This is by no means a strange happening. The Royal Danish Ballet appears at its best in Copenhagen's Royal Theater. And, I am told, the Bolshoi Ballet, no matter how dazzling it is in the great theaters of the world, performs best in its Moscow home. The Repertory Dance Theatre made its home-town whammy in the old Kingsbury Hall barn on campus in Salt Lake City. But, like Matteo, it must adjust to whatever the conditions may be.

Dancing *al fresco*, without scenery and with the wiles of weather, is not easy. Yet after somewhat less than a roaring New York debut, the Repertory Dance Theatre added performing to its commendable neatness. It hit its true stride in John Butler's *The Initiate* (Bacewicz-Durko), in which the company's extraordinarily accomplished leading male dancers, Tim Wengerd (title role) and Bill Evans (The Initiator), got the dramatic fires going.

There were other fine experiences. The young dancers knew how to make distinct the very separate styles of the late Doris Humphrey in her magnificent celebration of maleness and femaleness, apart and united, in *Ritmo Jondo* (Surinach), and of Anna Sokolow, say, in her defeated, lost-souls view of the human race, *Steps of Silence.* Even a finer distinction was achieved in the execution of Miss Sokolow's *Lyric Suite*, which has its frenetic moments—especially in a feral solo danced by Bill Evans—and Donald McKayle's lovely *Nocturne* (Moondog).

Not all of the repertory is by world-recognized choreographers. Members of the company are required to produce dances that are seen in workshops and then, if they receive affirmative votes, enter the repertory. By far the best of these are Evans's *Interim* (Henk Badings) and Wengerd's *Chant* (Cage-Harrison), which I had seen before. The three new comedies by troupe members (Evans, Kay Clark, Richard Rowsell) were very much rooted in college humor. There were a few chuckles, but in the main one saw them as the work of naïve kids.

But make no mistake, this Repertory Dance Theatre is already playing an important role in the continuing development of America's modern dance. Its espousal of the repertory principle (still rare in modern dance, though not in ballet) is significant, and its exploitation of regional American talent, not just that centered in New York, is healthy and sensible.

The next step, choreographically, is to find a more adult approach to danced comedy, and, as far as performing is concerned, to keep going to Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Laramie, Needles, China Grove, and. . . .

Gandhi

Continued from page 27

faggots across his knee. In his picture of the new India, the maharajas had no place.

He spoke often about "the India of my dreams," and he had a very clear conception of the India he wanted to leave behind. He wanted a government devoid of the bureaucracy India had inherited from colonial rule. He especially wanted a government responsible to the villagers, capable of bringing the full weight of its influence to bear on rural development, for he remembered that the vast proportion of the Indians lived in villages and had been forgotten for too long. He wanted only a skeleton army, a small police force, a government of experts with no powerful political party at the helm. He wanted the Congress Party to dissolve itself because it had outlived its usefulness, and he was especially anxious that it should not perpetuate itself in the manner of political parties all over the world by the use of patronage and naked political power. He wanted to integrate the untouchables into the fabric of Indian society, to put an end to child marriage, and to ensure that there were no great inequalities of wealth. He wanted women to have the same rights as men. He wanted simple things which were long overdue, but it was one of the supreme ironies of his life that those simple things were not given to him. He had shattered British power in India and humbled the maharajas, making them pensioners of the state, but he could not change the nature of the bureaucracy. The government of Nehru was not disposed to make the changes he wanted, and the nation which came into being largely because of his efforts bore little resemblance to the nation he desired.

In the pages of *Harijan* and *Young India* he described "the India of my dreams" in minute detail. From time to time there would be subtle changes, sudden alterations of emphasis, a shift of focus. He was like a painter who returns again and again to the canvas, adding some color here, changing an outline there, never quite satisfied with his portrayal of the beloved. But these improvisations were merely the inevitable consequence of long pondering, for the essential design remained unchanged. He wrote in *Young India* in September 1931 on the steamer taking him to Marseilles when he was on his way to the Round Table Conference:

> I shall work for an India in which the poorest shall feel it is their country in whose making they have an effective voice; an India in which there will be no high class or low class of

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people; an India in which all communities shall live in perfect harmony. There can be no room in such an India for the curse of untouchability or the curse of the intoxicating drinks and drugs. Women will enjoy the same rights as men. Since we shall be at peace with all the rest of the world, neither exploiting, nor being exploited, we should have the smallest army imaginable. All interests not in conflict with the interests of the dumb millions will be scrupulously respected, whether foreign or indigenous. This is the India of my dreams.

But the India of his dreams was never within his reach. He had hoped above all for a more egalitarian society, but the poor remained as poor as they had ever been, and *sarvodaya*, the welfare of all, to which he had bent his hopes and his energies, was as far away as ever.

The legacy of Gandhi to India was the example of his life and his belief in nonviolence, the new dignity he gave to the villages, the simple assertion of human rights. He fought for elemental things, for truth and justice above all, and he was able to give weight and meaning to these words that were otherwise weightless and meaningless. He thought of himself as a social reformer ushering in a new age of human equality and brotherhood, and in this he failed. Historians will probably regard him as one of those rare men who come at the end of historical epochs and by their very presence announce the beginning of a new dispensation, though they are not themselves permitted to see the promised land. He was one with Buddha and the ancient sages, and drew his ideas from ancient wells. He came at a time when religious feeling was already decaying, and he drew his strength from the ancient gods.

On the Rajpath, "the royal road," the great avenue that stretches for two miles through Delhi, there used to be an imposing marble statue of the King-Emperor George V, standing on a high plinth with a stone canopy to shade him from the sun. An ornamental lake lay at his feet, and in front of him, stretching away into the far distance beyond the sweeping plain were the red sandstone government buildings designed with imperial splendor.

In July 1968, the statue of King George V came down, and in its place there was erected a statue of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi.

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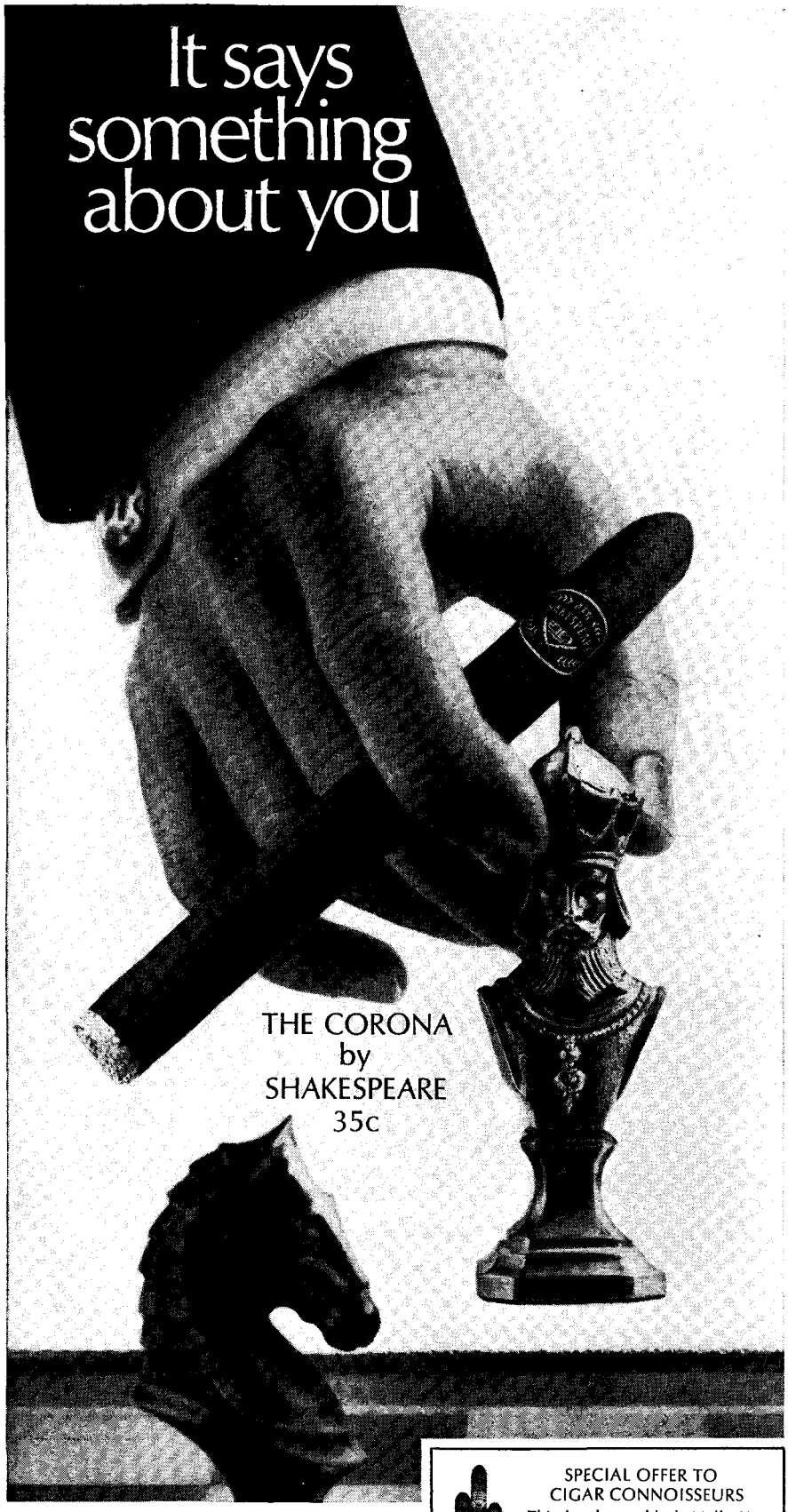

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Middle East Report

Continued from page 25

maritime nations learn to do without it, much to Egypt's despair. Each day that goes by without either an Arab military victory or a restoration of their lost territories adds to the questions in the minds of the Arab people about what their leaders have been telling them. Some day—perhaps after another war, perhaps after one or more changes in government, perhaps next month or next year or in the next decade or even century—the leaders of Egypt, Syria, Jordan, and other Arab nations will agree to seek a peaceful accommodation with Israel.

There are only three kinds of accommodation: 1) forcing Israel back to all the pre-1967 borders that bred constant terror and tension, an alternative which Israel can never accept; 2) permitting Israel to retain all the Arab territory she occupied in the Six-Day War, an alternative that the Arabs can never accept; and 3) effecting a compromise peace treaty hammered out by both sides on the basis of present realities and future self-interests.

Fomulating such a treaty will not be easy. Nothing in the Middle East will ever be easy. But the present cycle of raids and reprisals, acceleration and escalation, attack and counterattacks surely makes life harder for both sides than would the acceptance of a final peace treaty that gives neither side all that it asks. Israel may hold the strategic military cards now but those cards offer security rather than solace. "Our real prayer," Yigal Allon told me, "is not to win the next Middle East war but to avert it." His prayer should be reflected in our own.

WIT TWISTER #133

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The lamb that _ _ _ _ _ _
and stops to rest
Beside the _ _ _ _ _ _
with four others
Will by our _ _ _ _ _ _
cooks be dressed
To grace our _ _ _ _ _ _
with his brothers.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 81*)

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HOW HURRICANES ARE BORN

BOULDER, COLO.

Camille began her short and violent life in obscurity. The only recognition of her coming early in August 1969 was the appearance of a long inverted V in a thin cloud line high over Africa. Artificial satellites of Earth noticed her; they watched her drift west over the face of the planet; but they saw no sign that she might be vicious. Not until she had crossed the Atlantic Ocean and most of the Caribbean Sea did the V dissolve into cloud streets, which then tightened into a spiral. South of Cuba, the winds within her churned up to sixty miles per hour and so made her a hurricane. At that point, *Camille* was too close to inhabited land for Environmental Science Services Administration observers to risk trying to slow her by dousing her eye with ice-crystal seeds. She was plainly headed for the Gulf of Mexico. Warnings of her dangerous nature preceded her as she picked up speed and swung north in a looping rage through the Mississippi and Ohio River valleys to the Atlantic coast of Virginia. After that, she collapsed in exhaustion and died above the sea that had wakened her ferocity.

Camille never grew very big as hurricanes grow. She killed fewer people (between 300 and 400) than *Audrey* did in 1959, wrought but a third of the $1.5-billion property damage *Betsy* wreaked in 1965; she nevertheless drove the mercury columns in barometers down almost to the vanishing point, pushed wind speeds up to at least 190 mph and probably above 200 mph, drowned the lowlands under a twenty-five-foot-high tidal wave, and set more than a hundred tornadoes whirling from her skirts. The intensity of her punch was the fiercest of any storm that ever hit the North American continent. Only once before—in India—had any place on Earth suffered worse devastation.

Could *Camille* have been intercept-

What hurricane "Camille" did to Biloxi, Mississippi.

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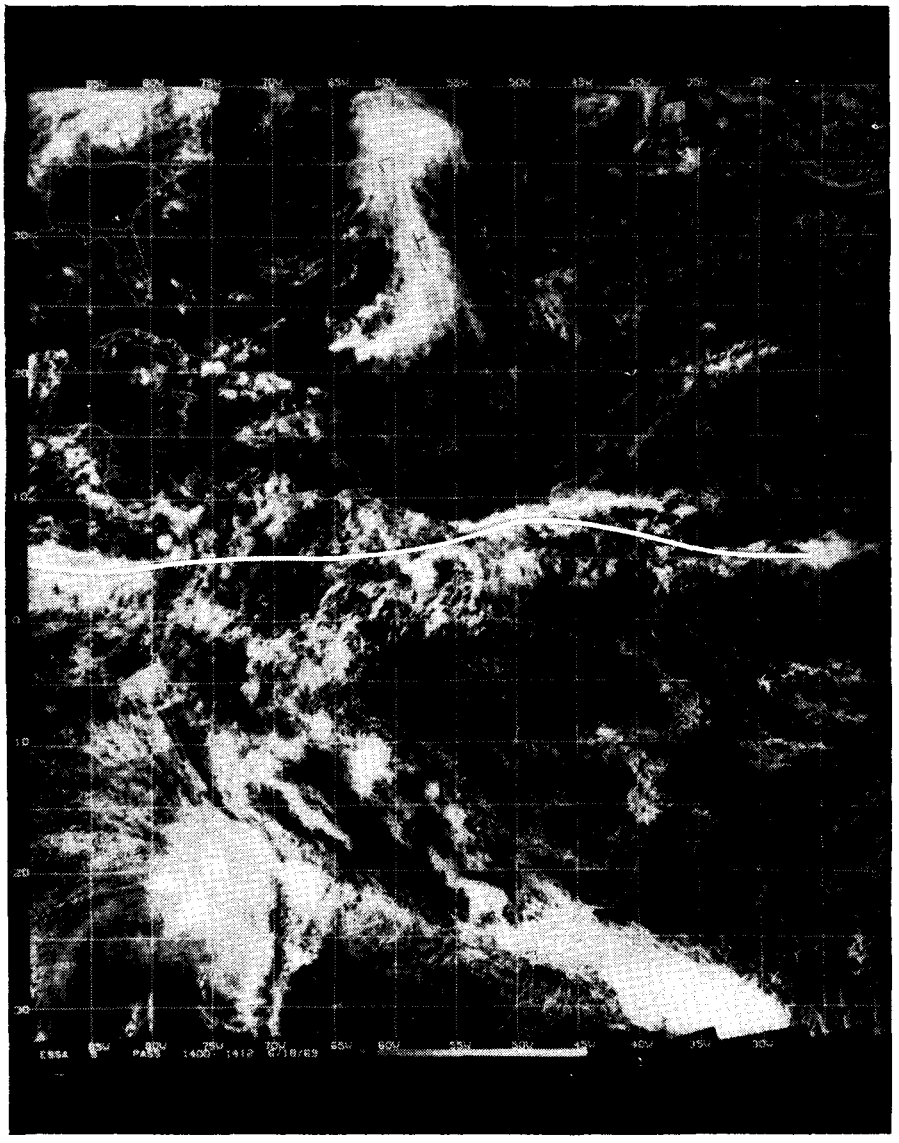
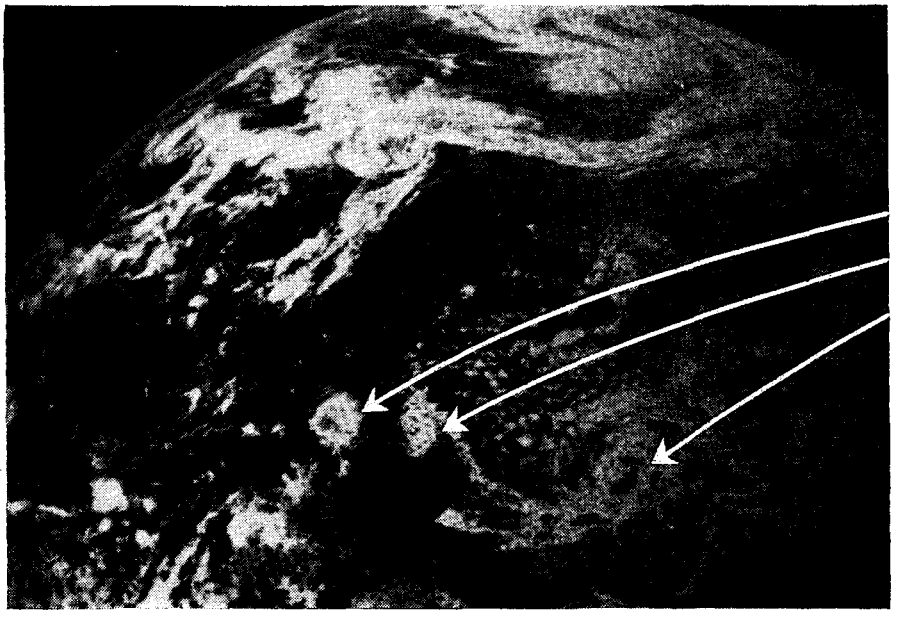


Constant turning of the Earth generates the trade winds, which meet north of the equator and create a shear in the atmosphere, driving warm air up to form clouds (marked by undulating tinted line in photo above) which sometimes break up into stormy pinwheels (indicated by arrows in the photo below).



ed? Could she have been tamed en route to her rendezvous with disaster?

Given the present state of scientific knowledge of atmospheric behavior, the answer must be negative. Although theoretical work with mathematical models indicates a reasonable possibility of altering individual clouds by forming rain-nucleating ice crystals at particular points in those clouds, the science of hurricane modification is still too primitive to allow experiments with any developing storm that has as much as a 10 per cent chance of making itself felt on densely populated land within the following twenty-four hours. *Camille* never fell into that cautious category from the time she earned the name of hurricane off Cuba. Yet, her grisly biography is not altogether discouraging. There is positive potential in the fact that *Camille* could be traced in weather satellite pictures as far back as the African continent. Only her identity—not her presence—had escaped detection. What remains for the study of her successors is to discover how all hurricanes are born.

So deep and long sustained a mystery is not likely to give up its secrets in a night or even in a season. Science has taken a long while to discover the little that is now known about disturbances of the tropical atmosphere. That little can be put into a few brief sentences. The sun radiates energy at 6,000 degrees Centigrade, mostly in those wave lengths of the electromagnetic spectrum that can be seen by the human eye. More of this energy reaches Earth in the neighborhood of the equator than elsewhere on the planet. Since most of Earth at its equator is covered by sea water, the preponderant fraction of solar energy is captured in the upper reaches of the sea. The temperature of the surface waters therefore rises to an average range of 28 to 30 degrees C., the waters evaporate at a relatively steady rate and, at the same time, strike a balance with the cooler atmosphere by radiating back into the sky the electromagnetic wave lengths that arise from the temperature level of the ocean. This turns out to be in the invisible spectrum of the infrared.

During these happenings, the planet is constantly turning eastward. The circular motion swirls both the sea water and the air above it to the left (of observers facing the sunrise) in the Northern Hemisphere, and to the right in the Southern Hemisphere. Theoretically, the dividing line between the opposing manifestations of this (the Coriolis) force is the equator. But the Earth wobbles on its axis and the geographic equator often does not mark a true center line of planetary

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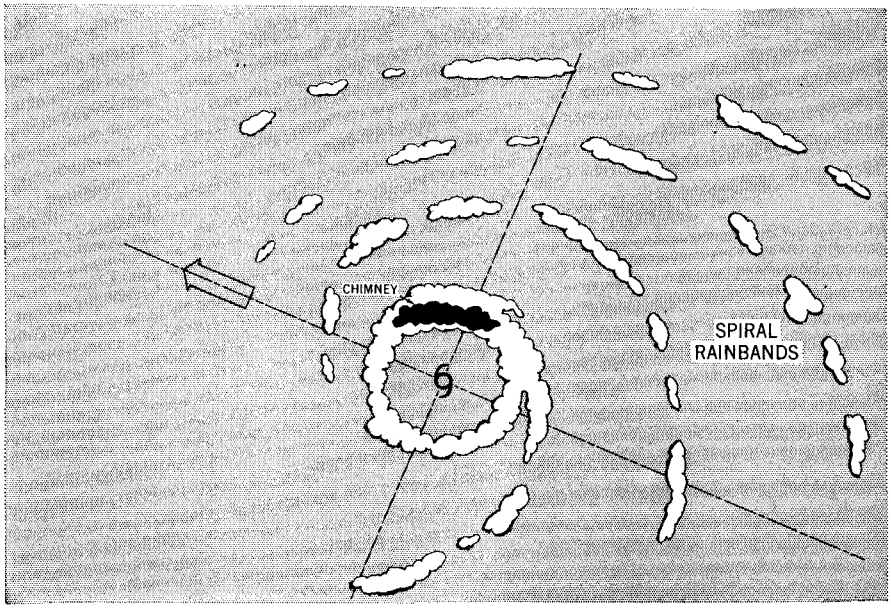
effects. Over the Atlantic Ocean, for example, the northeast and southeast trade winds (consequences of the Coriolis force in the lowermost mile of the atmosphere) meet in what is called the Intertropical Convergence (ITC) between 5 and 10 degrees north of the equator. Flowing in opposite directions, the trade winds create an undulating shear line that drives air laden with sea vapor upward to somehow find its way to the poles.

The clouds that ride the ITC flow westward from the African coast (sometimes they originate beyond the coast over the African continent), encounter other natural forces en route, dissipate, free their imprisoned energy for generation of new clouds, and so perpetuate the cloud life cycle in the midst of which they now and then throw off cloud pinwheels to carry on lives of their own (see photographs, opposite page). Hurricanes are such pinwheels; they spiral ever more tightly as the energy within them drives the clouds up to and beyond the 50,000-foot level (sketch, right). There, temperatures fall 50 to 60 degrees below zero and fuse vapor droplets into ice crystals, packing the spiral with energy that ultimately must be used up in some way; for one of the primary laws of nature says that although energy can be transferred freely, back and forth from light to heat to motion to heat to light, it can never be lost.

Not all the pinwheels that spin off the ITC cloud belt develop into hurricanes. Nor, apparently, do all hurricanes originate as ITC pinwheels. *Camille*, as has already been noted, crossed the Atlantic in the relatively passive form of an inverted V in the ITC cloud strand; she was not recognized as a hurricane until she was south of Cuba. In the grand sense, however, this is mere detail. The ITC is the source both of the pinwheels and the V-shaped cloud patterns; hence the ITC is the governing influence in weather-making over the Atlantic. Any doubt there may have been about that last spring was disposed of during the summer just ended by the most elaborate weather experiment man has ever undertaken.

I came to the foot of the Rocky Mountains here at Boulder, Colorado, to learn about this experiment from the scientist who directed it: former German rocketeer Dr. Joachim P. Kuettner, who began his career in this country in the Wernher von Braun group of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Dr. Kuettner is now employing his meteorological skill in ESSA's basic research laboratory here—more than 3,000 miles northwest of the site of the experiment I have referred to: Barbados, eastern-

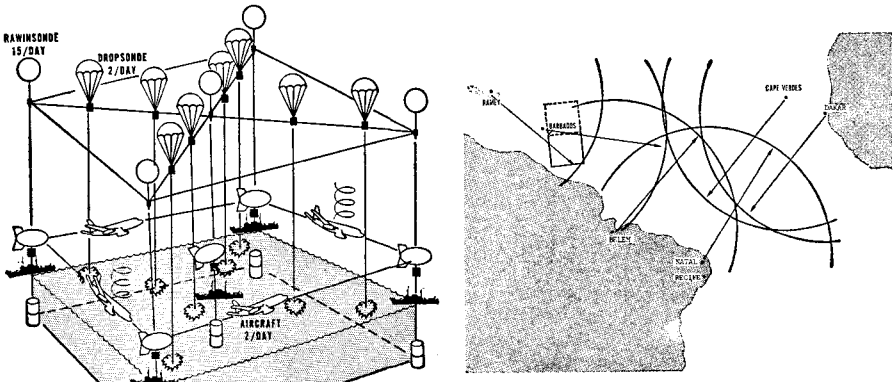


The hurricane pinwheel, from above (top) and head-on (below).

most of the islands that set off the Caribbean from the Atlantic.

Because of the site, the historic experiment was nicknamed BOMEX, short for Barbados Oceanographic and Meteorological Experiment. Many months in preparation and three months plus a week (May 1 to August 5) in execution, BOMEX had as its purpose the observation and chronology of every natural transaction that could in any way contribute to the energy budget of a column of space 300 miles square. The column rested on the ocean floor and extended upward through three miles of sea water and twenty miles of atmosphere.

The boundary points of the two million cubic miles of water and air contained within the column were marked



BOMEX experimental column is sketched at left. Above: observing planes' flight ranges.

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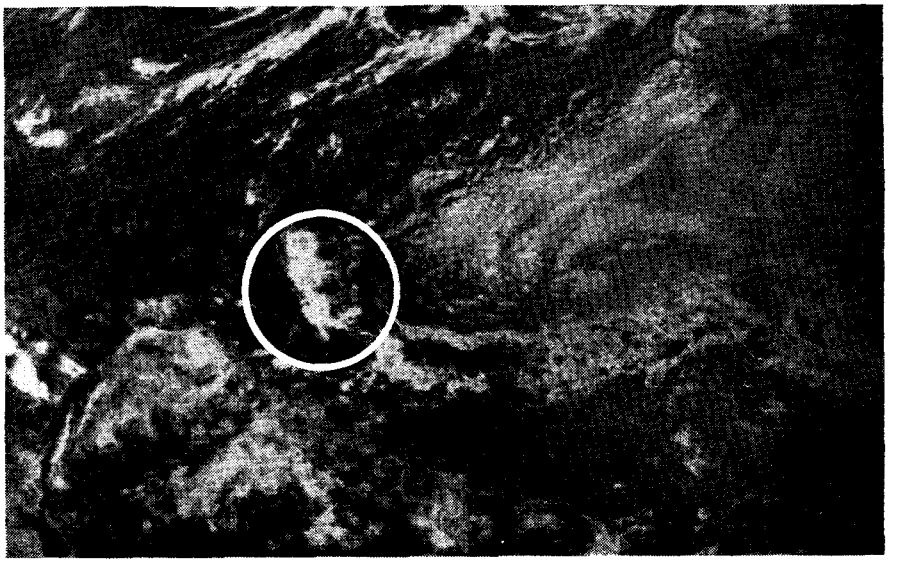
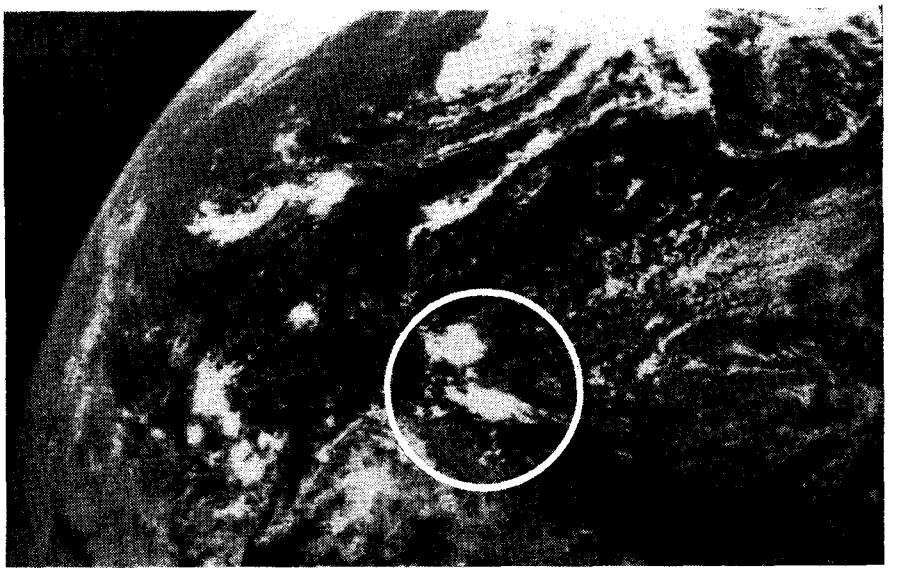
off on the water by surface-going ships and in the air by observation blimps (see sketch, page 69). The boundary lines were regularly patrolled by airplanes stacked in 1,000-, 4,000-, 7,000-, 10,000-, 13,000-, and 16,000-foot arrays. Other planes traversed the column by other routes from 500- to 60,000-foot altitudes. Sounding balloons were sent up to the 100,000-foot level fifteen times a day, and packages of instruments were parachuted from the column's top twice a day. Instrumented buoys watched events that occurred where the air met the water, and measurements were taken as far as 100 feet beneath the water's surface by a unique ship named *FLIP* that is capable of turning on end and hanging upright in the sea with most of its length submerged.

Water and air currents were clocked, movements of sunlight and water vapor were registered, temperature and pressure variations were recorded, and energy transfers were noted along with appearances and disappearances of clouds. The data collection was guided by 1,500 scientists and technicians from a dozen American government agencies, twenty-two university faculties, and six industrial laboratory staffs, who funneled numerical data into a computer bank that will continue integrating the information for at least one and probably two years.

The numerical picture of the situation will be verified by a multitude of photographs. Throughout the three months of BOMEX, *Nimbus III*, a weather satellite orbiting over the poles at an altitude of 700 miles, snapped the scene each day at local noon and scanned the experiment site with infrared sensors at each local midnight. Three other heavenly observers were also involved. *ESSA 8* and *ESSA 9* were close to 900 miles out, the former recording the scene at 9 a.m. and the latter at 3 p.m. Far beyond them—22,000 miles from Earth—at the distance where a satellite's speed matches the speed of Earth's turning and so holds the satellite constantly over one spot on the planet's surface, *Applications Technology Satellite III* hung over the equator just southeast of Barbados. *ATS III* had been ordered to go there from a point farther west, where it earlier watched tornadoes forming in the Mississippi River Valley. Not only did *ATS III* take a new cloud picture of a third of the Earth's face every twenty minutes; the photos were radioed to Barbados for virtually instant reproduction. Two thousand four hundred lines of light and shade went into each picture. Clear transmission was assured by the stationing of a thirty-foot-wide radio signal receiving dish on Barbados. Designed, built, and





owned by the Hughes Aircraft Company, this half-million dollar instrument had been flown from California in thirty pie-slice wedges; it was put together in six days with a seventy-foot crane from Barbados Deepwater Harbor. Its performance edged weather experiments into a new era.

As Dr. Kuettner has explained it to me, the major problem in sampling clouds lay in the planning of flights that would place the observation planes where the clouds would be at significant moments of cloud life. Since many of the flights were flown by the military (see sketch, page 69), lasted four to fourteen hours, and covered 400 to 3,000 nautical miles, they had to be scheduled in relation to other responsibilities of the military bases concerned. Consequently, flight paths for one day would be laid out at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the previous day. Photos received from *ATS III* up to that hour would be consulted and compared with photos taken on preceding days; positions of target clouds would then be estimated for the target hour of the target day, and planes would be assigned accordingly.

But in the tropics a great many atmospheric disturbances last only twelve to twenty-four hours. Clouds pictured at 2 p.m. of any day—or even at tropical sunset four hours later—were very likely to disappear, change radically, or move to quite different places in the sky before the next sunrise provided light for *ATS III* to begin another day's work. The midnight infrared readings of *Nimbus* gave a fair idea of what had been happening halfway through the darkness, but those observations were difficult to fit to the visible light picture grid; therefore, the dawn photos of *ATS III*

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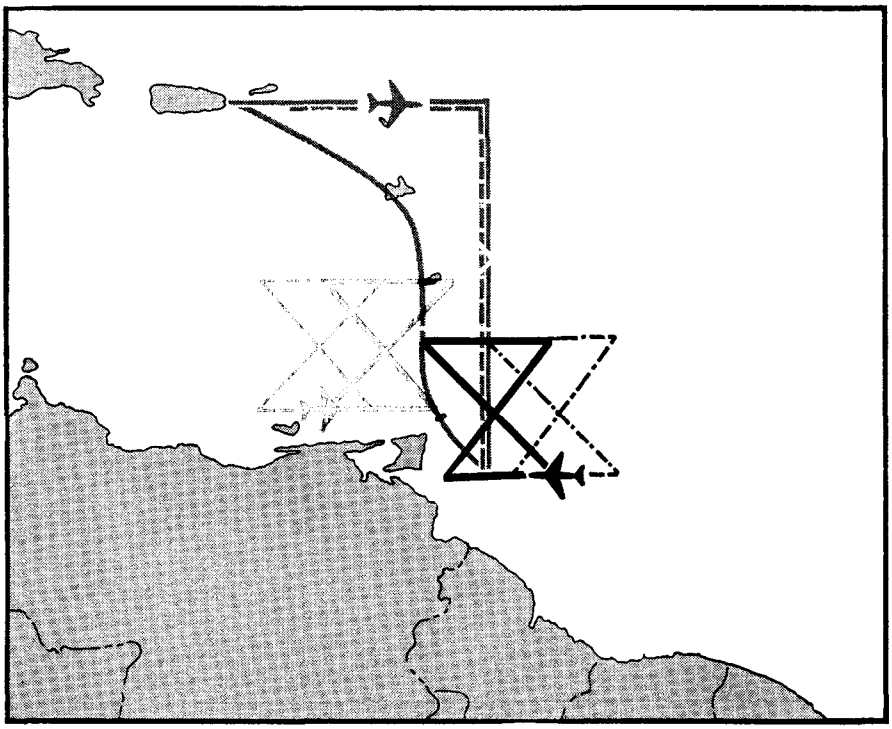
On Orders From Above



During BOMEX, the grandest weather experiment man has ever tried, Applications Technology Satellite III, stationed 22,000 miles out from the equator south of the experiment site, took pictures of clouds over that third of the globe every twenty minutes from dawn to nightfall and radioed them to Barbados for immediate reproduction and use in directing aircraft assigned to observe cloud life patterns. When cloud mass circled in top photo on opposite page split in two overnight, three planes already aloft were shifted to watch the newborn twins. Dotted lines in sketch above mark original flight paths, solid lines the revised paths. One plane in color, one in black, one in gray.

would be used as a source of new instructions to the plane crews, who would often be ordered to alter flight paths in the midst of missions.

Dr. Kuettner gave me two photographs to illustrate the kind of problem that BOMEX solved in this way. These are reproduced on page 70. On the evening of July 14, the upper photograph showed a suspicious cloud mass. On the morning of July 15, this mass had split in two. The sketch above shows how the observation planes were shifted to catch the results of the split.

Final results of the BOMEX experiment will not be available for at least two years. However, Dr. Kuettner will state some rough preliminary conclusions at an international scientific conference in Buenos Aires early this month. Here are some of the discoveries scheduled for disclosure:

► The ITC is the dominant governing force in the tropical atmosphere and is closely related to development of all tropical storms. It is the principal mechanism that lifts the warm, moist air of the tropics from the trade wind belt into the higher atmosphere.

► The ITC interacts considerably more vigorously with local forces in the tropical atmosphere than had been assumed before BOMEX.

► The very large cloud clusters so often seen in weather satellite photographs are not the major vehicles of upward air transport that they were thought to be.

► The atmosphere captures perhaps twice as much of the incoming radiation of the sun before the radiation reaches the sea than had been supposed. This means that less energy is available to heat the oceans, and a deep-sea mechanism of some kind is now being postulated to help explain the ocean's role in heat storage and transfer.

► Whereas the assumed effects of the sea on the atmosphere have been confirmed, the air has less effect on the water than scientists had calculated.

► The behavior of the air just above the surface of the water is not as simple as had been postulated. For example, the humidity and the temperature had been thought to rise and fall in unison. Actually, packets of air three to four miles long have been observed in which temperature and vapor content jumped suddenly; but when the temperature fell, its drop occurred more sharply than the subsidence in humidity.

► There are eastbound currents in the sea off Barbados where navigation charts indicate all motion of the water is westward.

► The Amazon River pours a torrent of fresh water 120 feet deep and 200-500 miles wide north and northwest of its mouth in summer. This great stream remains unmixed with the salt water of the Atlantic for 1,000 miles. The salt content of the ocean in this vicinity is markedly diminished, the temperature of the overlying air is lowered, evaporation of the sea water is slowed, and cloud convexion is accordingly reduced. Something happens —apparently a major shift in the wind —to remove this Amazonian phenomenon in winter.

For all its scientific implications, BOMEX had far greater political ones. It was an obvious first step in GARP, the Global Atmospheric Research Project on which world-wide weather forecasting three weeks in advance depends. What can be done by nations that really want to work together is demonstrated by successful transmission of *ATS III* pictures to Europe and their successful reproduction there.

Perhaps if the peoples concerned could be more adequately informed, it would be possible within the next five years to extend BOMEX northward in the Atlantic, in the direction most promising for further discoveries about the circulation of atmospheric energy from the ITC to the poles. In the absence of popular understanding, the next step toward GARP probably will have to be shifted, out of logical phase, to some uninhabited stretch of the Pacific Ocean.

—JOHN LEAR.

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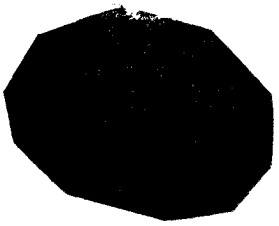

The Maturing Science

1. Background

by HARRY BENJAMIN, M.D.

The phenomenon of gender-role disorientation, that is, of anatomic males feeling themselves to be women and wanting to be women and of anatomic females feeling themselves to be men and wanting to "change sex," has existed in rare individuals since time immemorial. In modern days, it occasionally has been described by psychologists as "total sex-inversion" or with similar designations. Its clinical picture, however, only recently has been seen as a definite, recognizable medical entity, rare in the general population and impressive in its often tragic consequences for the individual.

The first book relating in popular scientific form a probable case of transsexualism may be Niels Hoyer's *Man into Woman* (1933). The noted British sexologist Norman Haire wrote the introduction that made Hoyer's book a semi-medical contribution. It is the story of a Danish painter who in the 1920s became "Lili Elbe" after operations that altered his genital organs. He had been married as a man, but before he could enter into a second marriage as a woman, he died.

My own first contact with the phenomenon, although I was far from recognizing it as such, occurred in the early 1920s. The largest part of my medical practice at that time was concerned with the growing fields of endocrinology and geriatrics, but sexological cases were by no means rare. Among the latter was that of an elderly transvestite who owned a press-clipping bureau. He was a well-educated man, married, and a father. Being separated from his wife, he had his home together with his business establishment and lived there completely as a woman. His family and employees fully accepted his "eccentricity." Outside the house, he dressed as a man.

He had read about the newly discovered female hormone, progynon. This product, then of rather low potency, was the result of long and intensive experiments by Eugen Steinach, professor of physiology at the University of Vienna, and by Professor Schoeller of the Schering Corporation (then of Berlin), the company that manufactures this estrogenic hormone.

My patient wanted to know whether progynon could enlarge his breasts, a prospect that would give him a great emotional satisfaction. With some hesitation I agreed to investigate, and, after a few months of parenteral therapy, a mild gynecomastia was produced to the infinite delight of the patient.

Years later I met my first more immediately recognizable male transsexual through Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates, Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy and Dr. Clyde E. Martin. These scientists were then engaged in taking routine sex histories for their work on sexual behavior in the human male and female. The next and perhaps the most important milestone in the history of transsexualism was the "sex conversion" of Christine Jorgensen and the world-wide publicity it created. More patients of this nature were soon referred to me by Christine's doctors, as well as by Christine. By 1953, I had probably examined more cases of gender-identity disturbance than any other clinician in the United States. By 1965, there seemed to be enough clinical material on transsexualism to warrant my writing a book called *The Transsexual Phenomenon.*

But nothing has been quite as encouraging and gratifying as the decision by Johns Hopkins Hospital, where I personally had or have no official connection whatever, to accept transsexual patients for study by its Gender Identity Committee and, if approved by the committee, for treatment and sex-reassignment surgery. Dr. John Money, psychologist at Johns Hopkins, widely known and respected for his extensive studies on hermaphroditism and related endocrinopathies and sexual disorders, was probably more responsible than any other individual for the decision that such an august institution as Johns Hopkins Hospital would take up this controversial subject and actually endorse sex-altering surgery in suitable subjects. The formation of the committee under the chairmanship of the plastic surgeon Dr. John E. Hoopes, largely for investigational purposes but also for the actual care of patients, was officially announced through *New York Times* reporter Thomas Buckley on November 21, 1966. Two days later, a senior newsman of the Baltimore *Sun*, Weldon Wallace, interviewed thirteen clergymen representing a variety of faiths, as to the moral aspects of the physical change of sex. There were no moral objections to the procedure by anyone. Only one, an official of the Catholic Archdiocese, declined comment. Most members of the medical profession everywhere must have been startled by the Johns Hopkins announcement. Many individual doctors, I like to hope, began to re-examine their own opinion on the subject.

To oppose such surgery in every case as a matter of principle is as wrong from a scientific and human standpoint as it would be to grant a "conversion operation" merely on request. Extended observation and careful screening seem to me indispensable. The technique of the operation itself requires further perfection, in order to avoid the present, not too rare, postoperative complications.

While thanks are due to all the patients who have, with more or less objectivity and altruism, described their deviation, science now eagerly awaits the first truly objective reports from investigational sources, especially about therapeutic results and how genetic men or women have been able to adjust to life and society in the gender roles demanded by their psyche but opposite to their anatomy.

The future may likewise see efforts to solve the riddle of the etiology of gender disturbances. How much can be psychological? How much may be genetic, how much neuroendocrine? What would be the nature of a predisposition to transsexuality, and how much of a role does it play in the final clinical picture? Can the imprinting phenomenon, as observed in animals, find a parallel in humans?

Transsexualism and Sex Reassignment, a new Johns Hopkins Press book edited by Richard Green, M.D., and John Money, Ph.D., is scheduled for publication in November. It is previewed here by special permission of the publisher. Dr. Harry Benjamin is identified on the book's dedicatory page as "the pioneer of transsexual research." Dr. Ira B. Pauly is associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Oregon Medical School, Portland. Dr. Ruth Rae Doorbar, who provided the sketches (drawn by transsexual persons) to illustrate her chapter on psychological testing of transsexuals, is a Park Avenue psychologist. The text here reproduced was published originally with the support of the Erickson Educational Foundation and is copyright © 1969 by the Johns Hopkins Press.

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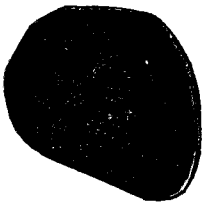

Of Sex Reassignment

2. Men Who Would Be Women

by IRA B. PAULY, M.D.

I shall deal here with a syndrome of disorders referred to as transsexualism, in which the individual has irreversibly accepted a gender identification opposite to that of his normal biological identity. The desire of the individual to deny and change his biological sex, and to pass into, maintain, and be accepted in the gender role of the opposite sex is so great and intense that it becomes the sole, consuming preoccupation of his life.

The final and most characteristic expression of transsexualism is the desire to achieve the anatomical appearance of the opposite biological sex, by surgical and/or hormonal means. The so-called "change-of-sex" or "conversion" operation has become possible because of advances in surgical technique since the first such operation was reported in 1931. Particularly for the biological male who wishes to be altered so that his anatomical structure will closely approximate that of a female, this procedure has been perfected to such a degree that the male transsexual (after surgery) not only appears to be a female but can function sexually as a female. For the biological female who wishes to assume the male anatomical structure and function, the situation at the moment is far less advanced and involves more prolonged and complicated plastic surgical procedures.

We are dealing with a continuum on which every individual occupies a particular place. Not only are there behavior gradations between the abstract concepts "totally male" and "totally female," but there are chromosomally and hormonally determined intersexed conditions. Therefore, we must discard the biblical polarity of the male-female, masculine-feminine dichotomy and reorient our thinking along a scale of subtle nuances of behavior. We are concerned with the extreme end of this spectrum when we consider individual cases of transsexualism. But even at the extreme, there are differences. A presentation of cases will illustrate this point more clearly.

The first patient, A.D., was seen on two occasions in July 1966. Although a biological male, this individual has lived as a female for the last four years and has passed and been accepted by society as a female. Therefore, A.D. will be referred to in the feminine gender, as it would be inconceivable for me to refer to this person in any other manner. I consider A.D. to be an excellent example of male transsexualism, and her story is quite typical of that which the true transsexual presents.

Six months prior to seeing me, A.D. had obtained plastic surgery for breast augmentation and was pleased with the excellent results. She had become very frustrated and depressed because she had been unable to obtain the final step in her transformation to the female status. If she were not successful in obtaining the "change-of-sex" or "conversion operation," she feared she might do something desperate. By this she meant that she had contemplated both suicide and self-mutilation of the genitalia in hopes that this would force the situation to such a point that she would be able to obtain sex-reassignment surgery.

She gave the following past history (in the relating of which I will revert to the masculine pronoun, because A.D. was accepted by his family and everyone who knew him then as male until the age of nineteen when he permanently assumed the feminine role): His father was a nondenominational minister who traveled frequently when A.D. was young; the family moved quite often, so that the child was never in the same school for longer than one year. Very little was said of the father other than that he was frequently absent and certainly not an important member of the family. Toward his mother, A.D. felt and still feels "very close" and has tremendous admiration for her as "an ideal person."

As early as he could recall, A.D. related, "I never had any normal interests and wanted to become a girl and change my name to Pat or Francis." He recalled loving to dress in his mother's clothes and always preferred to play with feminine things and toys. On one occasion, when he was given a fire engine, he became very upset and cried, saying he wanted a doll. There was almost constant conflict between A.D. and his parents when he insisted upon being accepted as a girl. However, in the fourth grade, he was successful in persuading his parents to allow him to have his own way, except that he had to wear boys' clothes to school. Subsequently he was relatively happy, leading a kind of double life—attending school dressed as a boy and doing quite well, and then returning home to dress and live as a girl. By the time he was in the eighth grade, he recognized that he was very different from others, and began to feel awkward and uncomfortable around people. Male students teased him for being effeminate and A.D. began avoiding school. He developed symptoms that in retrospect appear psychophysiological, forged notes to justify absences, and took long walks alone in the woods.

At age fifteen, he left home because of strife in the family, which increased particularly as a result of his progressively effeminate behavior. School and social interaction therein had long since become unbearable. He moved to a large city, where he worked for two years as a bus boy and generally tried to get lost in the crowd. He then moved to San Francisco and experimented with homosexuality, becoming involved with a homosexual crowd. But he could not tolerate homosexual males and discontinued this involvement after only four weeks. Certainly he was attracted to men as sexual partners, but only to normal men who were heterosexual and who would accept him as female.

At the age of nineteen, A.D. saw Dr. Harry Benjamin, who was the first person to offer help. Female hormones were prescribed, and A.D. began to cross over to the feminine role completely and permanently. Never since has she (I will revert here to the feminine pronoun again) regretted this.

At that time, A.D. underwent an extensive course of electrolysis for the removal of facial and chest hair and since then has been accepted unquestioningly as female. As mentioned earlier, a breast augmentation plastic surgery gives her the appearance of having well-developed breasts, and she continues to take female hormones.

On one occasion, A.D. sought psychiatric help, because of her frustration and difficulty in obtaining the wished-for conversion operation. After twelve sessions she stopped the treatment and reported it as a very negative experience, because the psychiatrist refused to accept her as female and insisted that she become a man again.

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She is quite angry at and hostile to the medical profession generally, because of her experiences with certain professionals whose attitudes were similar to those of the psychiatrist just mentioned. On the other hand, she is most grateful to those who have helped her, but still frustrated because she has been helped to a point but cannot obtain an operation for the removal of her offending organs and the creation of a vagina. She is quite knowledgeable about the surgical procedures that are available. She is aware that the procedure is performed outside the United States, but is fearful of obtaining a passport that would identify her as a male. At this point she is unwilling to give up her female status even temporarily. Although initially confused and unwilling to understand, her family finally has accepted her as female, and will now help her in any way possible.

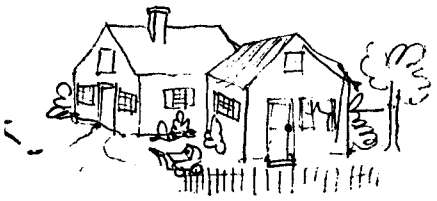
Recently, A.D. has worked as a cocktail waitress and says that "men won't leave me alone." She claims she tries very hard to discourage their attention. She would not dream of getting physically close because of the mortification she would experience at being exposed as having male genitalia. On the other hand, she abhors homosexual men, does not consider herself to be homosexual, and would consider a relationship with a female with the same aversion that most heterosexual individuals would have for a homosexual relationship. Thus, she feels cut off from people, avoids getting close, and frequently moves from job to job and place to place.

On psychiatric examination, A.D. presented as a young, attractive female. Unlike many male transsexuals, she was not hyperfeminine and exaggerated in her mannerisms but assumed the female role quite comfortably, naturally, and convincingly.

Admittedly, the family background is not known in detail, as the patient was seen only twice. Contact with her family was not possible, so the history has not been confirmed. However, it is significant that the stories presented by many male transsexuals correspond very closely to this one. In Jan Walinder's excellent (1967) study of thirty male and thirteen female transsexuals, there was excellent confirmation of similar stories given by transsexuals when the individuals' parents were seen. Whether fact or fantasy, this is a typical story of the early childhood history as presented by the adult male transsexual. Typically, the father is recalled as cold and aloof at best, punitive and rejecting at worst, but most often absent or ineffectual and providing no adequate model for identification. On the other hand, there is quite often a very close relationship with the mother. In addition to the extreme dependency and symbiotic relationship hinted at in this case, R. J. Stoller described (1966, 1968) in much greater detail other etiological contributions on the part of the mother, including excessive body contact at a critical period, wherein the male child does not develop a sense of body ego distinct from that of his mother. The numbers of cases of male transsexualism studied intensively from an early age, together with a similarly intense study of the mothers of such individuals, are too small to validate Stoller's compelling theory, but his work cries out for confirmation.

The age at which these individuals consciously felt as though they belonged to the opposite sex was prior to age five in two-thirds of the cases. More often than not, these biological males had demonstrated considerable cross-gender behavior much before puberty: played exclusively with children of the other sex (63 per cent); acted like, and played games of, the other sex (67 per cent); were embarrassed by undressing in front of the same sex (60 per cent); and felt as though they belonged to the other sex (90 per cent). Thus, these boys preferred to play with dolls, to sew and embroider, and to help their mothers with the housework as much as possible. Contrariwise, they refused to get into the more usual boyhood activities, such as sports, roughhousing, tree climbing, playing cowboys and Indians, etc. Whereas many began to cross-dress very early, only 37 per cent continued to cross-dress even occasionally until after puberty, when male transsexuals cross-dressed occasionally in 50 per cent of the cases and consistently in 43 per cent. Also after puberty, these boys became increasingly disgusted with their developing male anatomy (100 per cent), became increasingly convinced that they belonged to the female sex (100 per cent), wanted to be accepted by society as females (100 per cent), and desperately desired a change-of-sex operation (100 per cent). The intensity of this desire was dramatically portrayed by acts of genital self-mutilation in eighteen of the one hundred male cases reviewed in 1965.

A.D.'s overt sexual behavior is quite typical of what most male transsexuals report. There is no question that A.D. preferred a male sexual partner, as did 93 per cent in Walinder's series. Whereas almost all male transsexuals say that they are excited mentally by males, and most emphatically by normal (heterosexual) males and *not* homosexual males, and while they imagine themselves to have sexual relations with men in their masturbatory and non-masturbatory fantasies, only 39 to 53 per cent report overt sexual behavior with men. On the other hand, 20 to 43 per cent report chiefly heterosexual experiences and the majority of these in marriage. However, these male transsexuals are invariably dissatisfied with their heterosexual activity in or out of marriage, and feel that acting as the male partner is wrong and unnatural. Of the male transsexuals who have married, over half subsequently divorced, and the remainder strongly wish to do so but feel obligated to their wives and families.



Transsexual drawing of a house reflects a duality of personality.

Quite often the male transsexual has a weak (20 per cent) or only moderate (64 per cent) sexual urge or libido, whereas only 16 per cent are thought to have a strong sexual desire. Speaking anatomically, there is no question that the transsexual's sexual object preference is homosexual. However, speaking from a gender-role orientation, his choice is clearly heterosexual, as he considers himself to be female. It is unwarranted to interpret this syndrome simply in terms of homosexuality. Actually, the sexual motive in the majority of cases is quite secondary to the overwhelming gender-role reversal. It is important diagnostically, theoretically, dynamically, and from treatment considerations to distinguish between the sexual and gender motives. On the other hand, it is not denied that approximately 20 per cent in Walinder's series did specify that they desired a change of sex primarily for erotic purposes. This percentage corresponds quite closely to the 16 per cent who were thought to have a strong sexual drive. In the small percentage who appear to seek the operation as a means of rationalizing or justifying their primary homosexual desires, the term pseudo-transsexual might be considered. In these particular individuals, it would be most important to document the history of lifelong gender reversal from other family members. Certainly the strength of their denial of homosexuality and their abhorrence of this suggest the possibility of an underlying sexual motive in some.

As stated before, not everyone requesting a change of sex does so for the same reason. At the present state of knowledge (perhaps ignorance is

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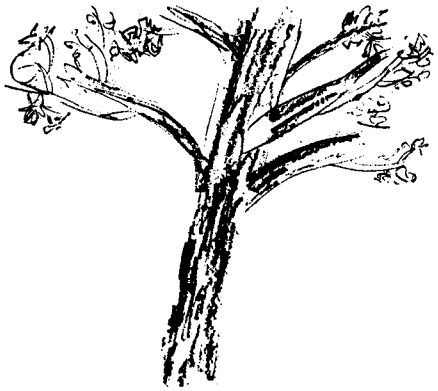
the better term), all such requests are thrown into the same category and labeled as transsexualism. However, the evidence suggests that the true transsexual, as distinct from the pseudotranssexual, demonstrates marked and persistent gender-role reversal long before he ever knows what homosexuality or genital sexuality of any kind is. Most homosexuals, with or without gender-role reversal, enjoy the use of their genital organs and would never consider their removal. Contrariwise, the transsexual lives only for the day when he can rid himself of his hated genital organs. It is possible to interpret transsexualism as an escape from genital sexuality, which would place this syndrome in a very different category from homosexuality.

Unless one has actually had the opportunity to talk with a transsexual person, it is difficult to imagine how completely they do "pass" as members of the opposite sex. It is an experience in cognitive dissonance to see someone known to be biologically male who yet appears in every regard to be female. In an attempt to resolve this dissonance, one can either deny the apparent female status or suppress the fact of the male anatomy. One tends to believe what is most readily apparent, and thus accept these people as they appear to be, namely, as females. The success of their passing depends partly on their physical characteristics and partly upon the degree to which the cross-gender behavior has become automatic and no longer requires conscious attention.

With A.D., gradually increasing feminine identification began with those things she could control herself, such as dress, mannerisms, voice, hairstyle, makeup, and general behavior. Then, at the point when outside help was needed, a physician became involved, hormones were prescribed, electrolysis was sought, and plastic surgery was requested. Clearly there is no turning back for A.D. and there is every indication that, for her, the sex-reassignment procedure is indicated. The prognosis for her better adjustment after the conversion operation is very good. I would anticipate that she would then marry and be quite content to remain inconspicuously in the background and never let it be known she was ever male.

Such is not always the case, as is seen from the fact that approximately 18 per cent of one series of fifty-one operated male transsexuals became part- or full-time prostitutes. More rarely, the operated transsexual takes advantage of her unique sexual status and transformation and becomes a female entertainer or reveals her "story" (Jorgensen, 1967) possibly with sensational



Transsexual drawing of a tree suggests estranged life forms.

headlines. One questions the motives of such persons and to what degree their primary goal is exhibitionistic or one of financial gain.

Another case was R.N., who was thirty-two years of age when admitted voluntarily to a state hospital in July 1966, having been referred there by the local suicide prevention center because she was contemplating throwing herself in front of a moving automobile or off a high building. This was her first psychiatric admission. The patient explained that she had been a biological male and had had a conversion operation one-and-a-half years earlier, in January 1965. Since the surgery, she had some postoperative complications, including a rectovaginal fistula that was repaired the year before. She has been able to pass undetected as a female, has dated frequently, was having sexual intercourse regularly with several different partners, and had several proposals of marriage.

The patient moved to the city in which the hospital was located seven months before admission, and during this time had held many different jobs, including secretarial positions and ten to fifteen jobs in bars and taverns as a cocktail waitress. At the least altercation or unpleasantness, she would quit without notice or even without asking for her wages. She continued to date regularly, usually going out with someone she met while serving drinks. She reported having intercourse approximately twice a week, saying "I don't enjoy it. I'm simply going through the motions," in order to maintain men's interest in her.

The patient was concerned about several things. She was quite self-conscious of her small breasts and was contemplating silicone therapy. Although she preferred the female role, she knew she was "different from other females." She felt she was not fully accepted by others, although she integrated well socially on a superficial basis with both males and females. She was preoccupied with the fear that others might discover her sex change. "I'm not going to fool everyone," she said. On the other hand, she often felt compelled to tell others of her sex-reassignment surgery, in spite of anticipated scorn and ridicule from them. Ultimately, she hoped to marry, but she believed that she would be unable to keep her past life a secret, and that disclosure would result in her being rejected. The above problems, together with her difficulty in maintaining employment, resulted in depression and suicidal ideation.

R.N. was a normal male at birth in 1934. The father, a mechanic in good health, age fifty-three at the time of her admission, was described as "somewhat submissive" to his wife's demands. The mother, age fifty-four, a registered nurse, was described as somewhat dominating. The details of the family interaction are not known. There was a sister, nine years younger than R.N. This sister subsequently married, divorced, and worked as a cocktail waitress. Sex was never discussed in the family.

R.N. gives the typical story of cross-gender behavior and role preference from an early age. In high school, the patient was obviously effeminate but still accepted. He participated in extracurricular activities. Because he refused to undress in a group, he was excused from physical education, as the teachers felt sorry for him. At home, R.N. was responsible for the housekeeping and cooking, which he enjoyed, and the parents accepted his behavior without overt comment or criticism.

Following graduation from high school, R.N. read of the change-of-sex operation, and immediately decided that he must have this operation himself. He began to save money for it, and at twenty-two moved to San Francisco, where he began to engage in homosexual activities in both the passive and active roles. He stated that these activities were very distasteful to him, and that "sex makes me ill." During this time he met eleven individuals who had previously had sex-reassignment surgery. He stated that all of them seemed quite satisfied with the results. He obtained electrolysis for the removal of facial and body hair, began taking female hormones, and then dressed continuously as a female. R.N. also consulted a psychiatrist in preparation for the anticipated operation, in hopes of making a satisfactory adjustment. The operation was performed in January 1965. After the surgery, R.N. continued on estrogen therapy.

On examination, R.N. resembled a female impersonator with a deep voice and rather masculine body build. She was approximately five feet, eight

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inches tall and weighed 160 pounds. She was quite exaggerated in her feminine mannerisms. She was logical and coherent, although initially there was some suspicion of a mild thought disorder. The patient admitted to auditory hallucinations. Her IQ was estimated to be above average. Initially, there was some question of a chronic schizophrenic reaction, but as the depression lifted, she was identified as a schizoid individual with a tendency to isolate herself and to keep people at a distance with aloofness and politeness. After thirty-five days she was released from the hospital, still struggling with the problem of gender identification.

The case of R.N. is presented to balance the picture portrayed by the case of A.D. Obviously, the sex-reassignment operation is not the panacea the transsexual hopes for. Despite her operation, R.N. is still experiencing intermittent depressive reactions with suicidal ideation. Having obtained one operation to create a vagina, she is now seeking another to enhance the size of her breasts. It is not unusual for transsexual patients to request more and more surgery of various kinds. Occasionally, they are dissatisfied with the appearance of the labia and have doubts that their genital appearance is convincingly female. Transsexuals commonly feel that their breasts must be a particular size and shape, and sometimes they request that their face be changed to conform with their notion of the ideal female appearance. Finally, the ultimate request is for implantation of female organs, ovaries, and uterus so that conception and birth is possible. At the moment, this latter request is beyond medical science's capacity to respond.

However, R.N. is the exception rather than the rule. Most patients do better after sex-reassignment surgery than before. R.N. is probably one of nine doubtful outcomes in a series of seventy-three operated male transsexuals, in whom the vast majority (sixty-two) had a very good or satisfactory result.

R.N. is also atypical in that her mental status raises the question of psychosis. As stated earlier, the majority of transsexuals do not demonstrate overt psychosis. The depressive episodes can be of psychotic proportions, and it is unlikely that their gender misidentification should protect them against more serious decompensation. R.N. is typical in that she has insulated herself, is aloof, and avoids close interpersonal relations.

Lest one is left with the impression that the surgery was not indicated in this case, or that it resulted in the patient's being worse, one can only speculate as to what would have happened if she had not been operated.

Transsexual drawing of a woman mirrors concept of trapped self.

Despite her fears of being detected and her repetitive need to confess the truth, R.N. is still more comfortable with her present feminine role than with her former masculine one. It could very well have been the case that R.N. would have committed suicide had she not been able to obtain the operation.

Finally, it should be stated that once the process of gender identification has reached the point of completion, it becomes impossible to modify. There are no reported cases in which psychotherapy has been successful for transsexuals in the direction of helping them to accept that gender identity consistent with their anatomy, nor have other forms of therapy, such as hypnosis, chemotherapy, electroconvulsive therapy, or behavioral therapy, been successful in this regard.

These facts impress one with the importance of prevention through parental education. If treatment is ever possible, it must come at an early age, before the process has become complete. Childhood transvestism and other cross-gender manifestations must be looked upon as potentially malignant symptoms with early detection and referral therapy essential.

In the cases of A.D. and R.N. the male transsexuals had actually passed into the opposite gender and were living and being accepted as females. The next patient whose case I shall discuss has not reached this point, although he prefers the feminine role, cross-dresses intermittently, desperately seeks sex-reassignment surgery, and, thus must be categorized as a male transsexual.

H.W. is a thirty-year-old Mexican-American biological male, who worked as a male aide in a private hospital, and who was seen for evaluation in October 1966. For as long as he could remember, the patient had felt different from other boys and had had a definite affinity for the female role. He described his father as a punitive and brutal man who "gave me a beating every time I turned around." The father died in 1962, apparently no great loss to the patient, whose mother had died when H.W. was approximately thirteen years of age. H.W. claims to have very poor memory of childhood—a characteristic not uncommon for transsexuals. Therefore, there is very little past history, particularly because there is no member of the family to substantiate it. It is known, however, that the father was hospitalized in a mental institution because of a depressive reaction subsequent to his wife's death. H.W. has three brothers, fourteen, nine, and seven years older than the patient, the last of whom had been hospitalized because of alcoholism. Past hospital records indicate that the father was a rather religious person who would not allow his children to bring their friends home. None of the children was allowed to go to dances or participate in any other types of entertainment. The mother was protective and frequently defended the patient against his father. She was described as a kind and friendly person who did not object to the patient playing with dolls or indulging himself in other feminine interests. The patient went as far as the seventh grade in school and was a fair student. After his mother's death, H.W. was expected to take care of the home. Thus, after working in the fields all day, he would have the responsibility for cleaning the house and cooking the meals.

H.W. claimed that at age twelve he was seduced by an older man, and since then has been attracted to men sexually. He enjoys assuming the passive role in a homosexual relationship, and is usually excited by having anal intercourse performed on him. He says "women do nothing for me," and he has attempted heterosexual intercourse on numerous occasions but has never been able to reach a climax. More recently, he has not been able to enjoy a homosexual relationship except when he is a passive partner and this only when it involves anal stimulation. After the age of eighteen, he would dress up as a female, go into bars, and attempt to pick up a man. However, he would never attempt to deceive his partner and would tell him he was actually a man. When he was twenty years of age he was arrested for transvestism and committed by the court for psychiatric evaluation at a state hospital. At that time, approximately nine years ago, he requested to have his sex changed to female. He had asked for help in this regard voluntarily, but if his sex could not be changed to female then he wanted help

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to adjust more comfortably to the male role. On admission to the hospital he was dressed as a woman.

Since his discharge from the hospital in 1958, he has been actively seeking a change-of-sex operation. He continues to take the passive role in relationship with a male partner as frequently as he can. He states a preference for a non-homosexual individual who will accept him as a female. His work record has not been very good, and he has moved from job to job. A few months prior to being referred to me he consulted with a private urologist in hopes that he might obtain a change-of-sex operation.

On psychiatric examination the patient was dressed in a casual male costume that included a pair of black boots. His walk and gestures were grossly effeminate. He was small in stature, approximately five feet, one inch in height, and weighed 115 pounds. There was no evidence of a psychotic thought disorder.

In a previous report, I estimated the prevalence of male transsexualism at 1 in 100,000 of the general population. Accordingly, there would be approximately 2,000 male transsexuals in the United States alone. Within the past few years the Gender Identity Clinic of Johns Hopkins Hospital has received applications from more than 1,500 persons requesting a change-of-sex operation. This clinic has been given considerable publicity, and at one time was the only place in the United States where this operation was being performed openly. We can assume that the great majority of unoperated transsexuals have applied or will apply there. According to my estimate, approximately 75 per cent have already applied, although it should be stated that several hundred transsexuals have probably already obtained the operation, mostly outside the United States.

> If a person changes sex, can he change the sex designation on his birth certificate, which decides his job opportunities? Readers interested in pursuing this question are referred to John P. Holloway's chapter on legal problems in *Transsexualism and Sex Reassignment.*

The age for male transsexuals who applied to the Gender Identity Clinic ranged from fourteen to sixty-five years, with the modal age of twenty-three to twenty-four years. These figures are to be compared with the age of male transsexuals when they first obtained sex-reassignment surgery (from nineteen to forty-four years, with the mean age being 32.2 years). Whatever the exact prevalence may be, it is obvious that transsexualism is more common then heretofore appreciated.

Although major attention has been given to the subject of male transsexualism, the female transsexual does, in fact, exist. One finds biologically normal females who from an early age prefer the male-gender role and show a progressive, uninterrupted identification with behavior considered masculine in their society. With this introduction, we will turn to a specific example of gender misidentification in a morphologically and hormonally normal female.

3. Women Who Would Be Men

In the summer of 1966, C.K.'s wife accused her husband of paying too much attention to another woman. A violent argument followed. The wife threw a rock through the windshield of a friend's car. The husband slapped the wife. She had the husband arrested and jailed for assault and battery. The booking procedure at the police station entailed, among other things, a shower bath, and it became apparent that C.K. was female. In C.K.'s pants was a false penis made of a sock stuffed with paper.

C.K. had never been in trouble with the law previously, nor would acknowledge other emotional or personality problems, but insisted on a masculine identity and desired medicine or an operation to provide an anatomical appearance more like that of a man. The statement of the psychiatrist who referred C.K. to the hospital is pertinent: "I have rarely seen anyone so confirmed in feeling as a person of the opposite sex."

C.K. is the third of eight children born to a Mexican-American family in San Antonio, Texas. As far back as she can recall, she acted, dressed, and thought as a boy. She was given dresses, but refused to wear them. She always played with her brothers, rarely with her sisters. She attended school through the fourth grade dressed as a boy, and was accepted by her peers as such.

C.K.'s father, approximately age sixty, worked in a restaurant and drank excessively. Not infrequently, he would return home late at night and be abusive to his wife and oldest daughter. It was very painful for C.K. to observe this fighting. She felt particularly guilty when the parents argued about her not acting like a girl.

The parents became increasingly concerned about C.K.'s refusal to assume a more feminine role. When she was ten, they insisted that she wear dresses and behave as a female. This caused considerable friction in the family that ultimately resulted in C.K.'s running away from home at the age of thirteen, never to return.

For over ten years, C.K. had passed undetected as a male, obtaining employment in male occupations such as carrying bricks, working the harvest, or washing dishes. Later, C.K. enjoyed going to dances on weekends and had several girl friends. At the age of twenty-one, C.K. met a young Mexican girl and, after a brief courtship, married her.

C.K. never undressed in front of the wife, and never permitted her to see or touch C.K.'s genitals. As concerns any love-making, C.K. said that when she asked about "doing anything" C.K. pleaded illness.

It was very difficult to keep C.K.'s secret from the wife. C.K. took special pains to keep his shorts closed and always wore a T-shirt to bed. C.K.'s breasts were kept strapped down so that they would not show. When asked about the artificial penis, C.K., quite embarrassed, said, "I'm a man. I need one, and I didn't have one."

C.K. reported having menstrual periods infrequently, perhaps four or five times a year, with only a few hours of spotting. Thus, C.K. had been able to conceal from the wife during three years of marriage the fact that C.K. was female.

C.K.'s wife confirmed the story presented by her husband. She was a twenty-three year old female of Mexican-American extraction. Her parents were living in Texas. She was the fourth of eight children and had a third-grade education. She described the marriage as stormy. After one year, she had separated from C.K. for six months, then rejoined him, separated from him again, and joined him again five months before the time C.K. was put in jail.

She had had premarital sexual relations and, during her first separation from C.K., she had had an extramarital affair. So she knew what to expect sexually. She was attracted to C.K. initially and had no suspicion that he was anything but what he appeared —a young man. She met him at a dance. She considered him kind, gentle, and somewhat happy-go-lucky. After their marriage, when C.K. was not able to perform sexually, she became increasingly suspicious that something was the matter. Several times she tried to get C.K. drunk so she could take C.K.'s clothes off and see C.K. nude. She never succeeded in this.

When she was told of her husband's sex by police authorities, she was not surprised. She did not wish to continue the relationship, but she was concerned about C.K. and the problems

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she had stirred up. She did not want C.K. to stay in jail. She was relieved when told that he was being sent to the psychiatric ward for treatment.

The psychiatric and psychological evaluation of C.K. revealed a short (five feet, one-and-a-half inches) and slight (one hundred pounds), quiet and shy, adolescent-appearing Mexican with short dark hair, smooth skin, and masculine mannerisms and gestures. There was no thought disorder.

C.K.'s general fund of information was limited, the full-scale IQ being 64. Although this score is quite low, it is important to recognize that C.K. not only has been independent since the age of thirteen but has supported a wife for three years and functioned responsibly in society without incurring debts or requiring assistance. This fact is testimony to the strength of the patient's conviction of manhood, and that "it's a man's job to provide a home and work like a man for his wife."

When first admitted to the hospital, C.K. thought it was possible to have an operation that would enable C.K. to function sexually as a man and to impregnate his wife. After it was explained that this was impossible, C.K. insisted on "getting rid of my breasts" and acquiring a penis. The false penis had almost become a reality to C.K. despite the fact that C.K. had no idea of what an erection or ejaculation was.

The Broader View

In discussing public opinion and social issues in *Transsexualism and Sex Reassignment*, Dr. John Money and Florence Schwartz make the following observations:

"Aside from the obvious motivation to perform conversion surgery on transsexuals in order to ameliorate their condition and help these individuals to find a happier existence, there are wider implications emanating from the procedure. Technical contributions to the field of reconstructive genital surgery could be of paramount importance. . . . It is fortunate that congenital absence of the penis is rare; however, its scarce occurrence limits opportunities to perfect surgical techniques for correcting those varying degrees of injury inflicted on the male organ by more numerous hazards of daily life, including war. Surgical investigation in the treatment of transsexuals could serve the dual function of creating a more tolerable existence for the transsexual while simultaneously creating a tradition that will expand to include organ transplants beneficial to thousands of men and women."

Letters to the Science Editor

Polywater

IN "The Water That Won't Freeze" [*SR*, Sept. 6], sodium atoms are said to carry a negative electric charge. Since sodium atoms more normally become positively charged, I wonder if this is a misprint. Their removal by acid, as suggested later in the same article, suggests that perhaps the sodium atoms did not carry a charge but were electrically neutral, with their valence electrons still attached. In this latter event, the sodium atom's electron cloud might "appear" negative (and therefore attractive) to any neighboring positive charges. Please try to clarify this item.

JOHN A. YOUNGQUIST,
Arlington, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor carelessly reversed polarity in referring to the electrical effect of sodium atoms in quartz. The true situation is as follows. Pure quartz is made of oxygen and silicon atoms, each oxygen being linked to two silicons. Sodium atoms are present as impurities; these are weakly linked to extra oxygens in the form of sodium oxide. The oxide ions have a tendency to migrate to the surface of the quartz and form a thin, negatively charged layer on the surface, with the positively charged sodium ions suspended below them. The juxtaposition of the negative and positive charges creates an electric field, which is believed to attract, compress, and orient molecules of ordinary water in such a way as to nucleate polywater.*

WE MAY HAVE BEEN manufacturing polywater here in central New York State for a number of years. Our refrigeration mechanics have been called out on many jobs to repair systems that were out of order. Upon taking a valve apart, they would find a Vaseline-like liquid that they could not identify. The liquid would evaporate in an instant upon being exposed to the air. When the valve was reassembled the refrigerating system would work properly again.

This phenomenon has been a curiosity among people working in the refrigeration field. At first it was thought to be the result of a fault of the refrigeration liquid. But the manufacturer ruled out that possibility through extensive testing and quality control. Other proposed explanations also were proved false.

I now wonder whether this mystery liquid may be "offspring water," produced by ordinary water that entered the refrigerating system in liquid or vapor form, and then became converted into polymer form while passing through the narrow confines of piping and valves that by chance have electric charges suspended in their surfaces. Offspring water, produced under controlled laboratory conditions, is said to maintain its integrity after long exposure. Instant evaporation of offspring water upon exposure to air under the circumstances I have described might be due to sudden release of pressure when the valves containing the mystery liquid are opened.

Could it be that we have accidentally found the best way to make polywater in quantity?

ROBERT M. CORBY,
Apalachin, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Scientists familiar with polywater's behavior doubt that the Vaseline-like substance described in the letter above was polywater. They point out that polywater evaporates only after being subjected to extreme heat. At an early September meeting of the American Chemical Society in New York City, Professor Ellis Lippincott of the University of Maryland reported that samples of polywater he analyzed for Dr. Robert Stromberg of the National Bureau of Standards had decomposed slightly after four months in the air at room temperature but had not evaporated at all.*

About 400 chemists heard Professor Lippincott's remarks, which included reference to a research paper recently submitted to "Science" by P. F. Page, Jr., of the Battelle Memorial Institute, Columbus, Ohio. Page had studied infrared spectra of polywater and obtained results in precise accord with those Professor Lippincott had obtained earlier. Page had also confirmed polywater's unique molecular structure through nuclear magnetic resonance spectra.

Although polywater probably is not the explanation for the central New York State refrigeration mystery, another new and not yet identified polymer could be. Professor Lippincott told the chemists in New York that he had polymerized alcohols on quartz surfaces, using the technique originally developed by Russian Professor Boris Deryagin for the growing of polywater. Deryagin had suggested that many new polymers might be created in this same manner.

THE FOLLOWING puzzling sentence occurs in John Lear's report on polywater: "Dr. Stromberg . . . obtained an offspring (water) that remained liquid after being heated to 200 degrees C. Ordinary water would have disappeared in a cloud of steam at 80 degrees C."

Since water boils at 100 degrees C. (at sea level), I wonder if Mr. Lear confused the Centigrade (or Celsius) scale with the Reaumur scale, where 80 degrees marks the boiling point of water.

WILLIAM K. MUNN,
Oakland, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Although water does not boil until its temperature reaches 100 degrees Centigrade, evaporation occurs with increasing rapidity well before that temperature is reached. At 80 degrees, a considerable fraction of any given amount of ordinary water is vaporizing. Whether the evaporation process is signaled by the appearance of steam at the pre-boiling stage may be arguable, but disappearance of the water is certain.*

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Give them this day their daily bread;

Think of the last time that *you* were hungry. Really hungry. Was it because dinner was late? Or because you missed a lunch?

Can you imagine what it is to go through life never knowing what it is like *not* to be hungry? Subsisting day after day on a few greens around noon... and some pinto beans in the evening? Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that.

It sounds incredible. And it is incredible. Because it's taking place right now... in the midst of the good life so many of us are now living in America.

But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers ... and their children ... with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have *no* income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund has begun a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you. And may *your* next meal be a little more enjoyable.

NAACP MISSISSIPPI EMERGENCY RELIEF, DEPT. B-2B, BOX 121, RADIO CITY STA., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
(A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax-deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.)

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Red Man

Continued from page 41

rightly describes it as "an authoritative book for the general reader and student alike on the archeology, ethnology and history of the tribes and cultures of the Indians of North and South America from prehistoric times to the present day." Avoiding polemics, Josephy's closing chapter, "Indians Today and Their Fight for Survival," points up the situation presented more flamboyantly by Steiner. Like him, Josephy knows Indians and their problems and aspirations at firsthand. Neither makes any claim as an anthropologist although both draw on the backlog of anthropological research for documentation.

Farb passes as an anthropologist, but despite membership in the professional societies and employment in museum work, he must be classified as a popular writer on natural history, an anthropological dilettante, and an Indian buff. His book is sloppy anthropology for all its scholarly pretentiousness, and—avowals as friend and champion notwithstanding—Farb has no comprehension of what Indians are really like, what they want, and what they are doing to try to get it. He actually suggests there ought to be "A Society for the Preservation of Cultures" to protect the vanishing Indians as "living laboratories" for study, analogous to the conservationists' protection of the whooping crane! Predictably, perhaps, Farb's book got the nod from the Book-of-the-Month Club. As a result of the wide readership thereby gained, it will further confuse the public and make it harder for Indians to establish that they are very much with us and no less Indian for having exchanged buckskins for business suits.

Finally, last August *Playboy* magazine carried an article by Vine Deloria, Jr., "Custer Died for Your Sins," taken from Deloria's then forthcoming book of the same title. An editor's statement explains: *"An American Indian author returns the stares of those anthropologists who make him and his fellows impersonal statistics."* The article evoked cries of outrage and anguish from anthropologists across the country. Letters were shot off to *Playboy* and copies circulated among colleagues. Many anthropologists would certainly agree with Deloria that Indians have cause to be annoyed with those scholars who enjoy Indian cooperation in their research but become scientifically disinterested when crises arise and Indians can use their help. Others assume prerogatives, advise, and meddle in matters that should be strictly the Indians' business. However, no anthropologists have been guilty of such things as trying to brainwash Indians into turning in their hoes for war bonnets and hitting the powwow circuit. Nor do anthropological theories, whether bad ones or good from Deloria's point of view, have the power of self-fulfilling prophesies once they are enunciated within the Indians' earshot. Justifiably annoyed as Deloria might be with anthropologists, the article was sheer, indiscriminate overkill.

Among those who replied to *Playboy*, one colleague, whom I take the liberty to quote but not cite, raised the question "Who put the itching powder in Vine Deloria's breech-cloth?" Well, it was Peter Farb. He made a good many anthropologists pretty antsy, too, as reviews of his book in scholarly journals will attest. Unfortunately, the entire reference to Farb's work was

deleted in the *Playboy* editing of the chapter "Anthropologists and Other Friends," which was the main source of the article. While the actual chapter may still annoy anthropologists for its gratuitous insults, clumsy humor, and errant nonsense that direct, practical applications of all research involving Indians must be immediately demonstrable, it is not all that bad. Nor, as Deloria's final chapter makes evident, has he sold out to the forces of vested ignorance, which was certainly the impression given in *Playboy*. He admits finally that "This book has been hardest on those people in whom I place the greatest amount of hope for the future—Congress, the anthropologists, and the churches." Even the offensive picture of an Indian laid out under glass like an entomological specimen was contrived especially for *Playboy*. The book itself has no illustrations.

A much better choice of subject for both Deloria and *Playboy* would have been the chapter dealing with the differences in goals and methods of black militancy and red nationalism. Probably no other contemporary Indian subject is as fraught with confusion and misunderstanding for the general public, both black and white. Deloria's very equivocation as to any mutual relevance of the red and the black movements is characteristic of the thinking of many young Indians and thus informative. Another chapter—that on Indian humor—would have elucidated the Indian mood very well for the average, uninformed American and helped to explain what "Custer Died for Your Sins" implies. These chapters and those dealing with the central issue of treaties in Indian political ideology, the history of cross-purposes in Indian administration, the nature of Indian leadership, the interplay of cultural and social forces between country- and urban-based Indians, the range from assimilationists to traditionalists among Indians, and even Deloria's personal preferences as to policy and program reform justify the subtitle of his book as *An Indian Manifesto* rather than just *An Indian's Manifesto*.

Perhaps without realizing it, Deloria indicates the development and current state of issues, factionalism, and trends that were revealed for the first time in Chicago in 1961 as interrelated parts of a complex whole. The book is certainly crotchety, and the three chapters dealing with anthropologists, missionaries, and the government are fully comprehensible only to an often infighting ingroup rather than to the general public for whom the book is intended. Nevertheless, whatever personal bias Deloria brings to his writing out of his more white than Siouan ancestry, a family history of three generations closely associated with Indian missionary endeavors, his own education for the ministry, and his present status as a law student, he must be considered a bona fide modern Indian and an experienced, informed activist in Indian organizational work. Deloria's is truly an Indian book. There are a few Indians who write professionally on Indian subjects as novelists or anthropologists, but Deloria represents a type of Indian, fairly often encountered, who threatens "to write a book" but never does. Deloria has. If nothing else, he should shake a patronizing public, self-righteous benefactors, and preciously scientific scholars into a realization that the day is past when we can talk or write as if Indians were either illiterate or extinct, no matter how benevolent or objective our intentions.

Whereas many Indians will disagree with Deloria on some of the specific points, broad generalizations, and recommendations, they can agree on the basic premise of the manifesto, whether they are vocal promulgators or supportive of it by simply being Indians: the tribals shall inherit the earth. Although rejected and even scoffed at by some anthropologists, an abiding theme in the history of ethnological thought suggests that the Indians might just have a point. By-passing the phase of feudal peasantry which evolved into the industrialized urbanism of the dominant societies of our time, not only Indians but Maoris, Lapps, Gypsies, and certain other ethnic groups seem singularly unencumbered by outmoded, essentially

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freeholder agrarian ideologies still attaching to modern technological society. Tribal or pre-peasant attitudes and reactions retained by such groups, whose formal tribal institutions may have actually undergone great reformulation or destruction, might be uniquely adapted to providing models for a new re-ordering of an undeniably distressed and inequitable society. They may be able to show us ways ultimately to utilize and enjoy modern technology without the fear of becoming its mindless creatures.

In *The Study of Man* in 1936, Ralph Linton argued for the primacy of the local band as the key to a new social order appropriate to technological society. About a decade earlier the brilliant linguistic anthropologist Edward Sapir, in one of his philosophical essays, "Culture, Genuine and Spurious," drew a similar conclusion.

Even the most devout of the culturological evolutionists, who are prone to sneer at personality and culture studies and anything smacking of humanism in science, especially the science of man, have enunciated a "law of evolutionary potential." They persist in using terms that get the backs up of ethnological informants to prove they are studying *culture* not people, and if anyone thinks "primitive" and "backward" are pejorative terms, he is just not scientific. Nevertheless, their argument runs that the evolution of culture in general, or "macro-evolution," progresses by fits and starts at the specific or "micro-evolutionary" level. "Advanced cultures" become overspecialized along certain lines and progress bogs down. Then, a "backward culture" —freed of its own overspecialization by the shaking up it got from the advanced culture — develops innovative recombinations from what is left of its inventory and the selections or impositions of the advanced culture, to get the macro-evolutionary show back on the road. Unfortunately, as not only Indians are painfully aware, advanced cultures, their waning potential notwithstanding, are seemingly bent on simply eliminating the backward cultures before they can make their contributions to the grand scheme of total cultural advance.

Perhaps all that Deloria is asking of the anthropologists, as well as of the missionaries, the government and other "friends" is that, if they cannot agree absolutely that the tribals actually will inherit the earth, they will agree to help Indians get a chance to try to inherit something either as a matter of humanitarian concern for their birthright or from the perspective that we are foolish to pass up anything that might be a good idea, things on earth being what they presently are.

European Scene

Continued from page 43

The poem, "A Soldier Understands a Soldier," by Hamid Ghulom, takes the form of a conversation outside Prague between an Uzbek colonel and a Czech major, recalling the liberation of the capital in 1945. Major Miroslav declares that Czechs have cheered Russian tanks for the last time. When the colonel asks him why, he replies:

> You know, it's a difficult world.
> An unpleasant event took place once
> And an unexpected unpleasant
> disorder.
> War liquidates all scandal.

The reference is apparently to the latest Soviet occupation of Prague, and Nissman wonders whether the author was being cynical or has "attempted to probe the limits of the permissible from the point of view of the Soviet censorship apparatus."

The limerick is a form that resists the Romance languages; indeed, it barely makes it in English. Yet Mercure de France has courageously published 256 humorously illustrated pages of *Limericks et autres poèmes ineptes*, translated from Edward Lear. Even if the mute e's stay mute and syllables are swallowed, French intonation and stress put up their usual battle. In spite of a free-wheeling fourth verse, one of the best adaptations is "There was a young lady from Douai":

> Il était une jeune dame de Douai,
> Dont les lacets très rarement se
> dénouaient.
> Elle achetait des socques
> Et de tout petits chiens mouchetés et
> baroques,
> Et souvent elle se promenait dans
> Douai.

Italy's Giacomo Debenedetti Prize for criticism was awarded this summer to Raffaele Amaturo for his study *Conjectures on Parini's Night* (Einaudi). Debenedetti, one of Italy's finest professors and scholars, is especially remembered for having saved his fellow Jew Saba from Nazi persecution. It is fitting that an important prize was established in the name of a man who won so many himself.

Unfortunately, the announcement reminds us of a bit of less agreeable news. The distinguished series Il Saggiatore, published by Alberto Mondadori and long edited by Debenedetti, has fallen victim to the New Left. This collection, which brought to Italy some of the world's finest minds—Gropius, Husserl, Ernest Jones, Jung, Lévi-Strauss, Margaret Mead, Teilhard de Chardin, Edmund Wilson, among others—also included, ironically, Marxist and Leftist thinkers like Sartre, and was about to publish an anthology of the polemics emanating from the May 1968 revolts in France.

We have already noted in these columns that the militant New Left in France and Germany, unlike that in America, concentrates its attacks on publishers. The activist or Maoist journals in Italy, such as *Che fera* and *Quindici*, denounced Il Saggiatore and "the culture industry as the scene of the production of the system's ideology." After eight years as a branch of Arnoldo Mondadori's huge publishing firm (identified by the Left as paternalistic capitalism), Il Saggiatore broke away in 1967. Alberto Mondadori increased its staff to eighty, necessarily but optimistically, in view of the small revenue from prestige publishing. When this year a cutback of 40 per cent of the employees became unavoidable, a cry went up that the dismissed were those Mondadori considered "undesirable elements." A sit-in followed, augmented by workers from other publishers, and a diatribe was launched against the "sacred culture" and "imperialism" allegedly perpetuated by Il Saggiatore. It is a sad day for Italy when a second-rate Guevarist sheet like *Quindici* can help topple Italy's most distinguished publishing venture. It is just as well that Giacomo Debenedetti, who was himself denounced as a Leftist, is not around to witness it.

While Spain prepares to revive one of Europe's oldest dynasties, two exiled Spanish novelists have just published books discrediting the Austrian and Bourbon monarchies. Carlos Rojas recreates the reign of Carlos II in his *Auto de fe* (Ediciones Guadarrama). Corpus Barga's *La baraja de los desatinos* (The Card Game of Folly), written twenty years ago but only now released by Carlos Milla Batres in Lima, arraigns the deplorable Bourbon dynasty of Felipe V, ancestor of the current pretender to the throne of Spain.

Auto de fe, whose very title calls infamous crimes, is a panorama of the zealous inquisitors, the courtiers and idlers, even the dwarfs and buffoons who preyed upon an indolent king, and weakened from within an empire that was outwardly at its zenith.

Carlos Rojas has always been concerned with the Rightest excesses in Spain (a previous work was entitled *Adolf Hitler Is in My Home*). His newest novel, with that of Corpus Barga, will make many Spaniards even more uneasy about the scheduled return to monarchy.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 66: bleats, stable, ablest, tables.

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HAND COLORED INDIAN photographic portraits. Negatives made in 1898. Wolf Robe—Sioux. 11" x 14". $29.50. Sutton, 3819 Grebe, Omaha, Nebraska 68112.

HOUSESITTING—Professor and wife on research leave will tend pets, plants. California, Bay Area. Box R-334.

(Continued on page 84)

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(Continued from page 83)

SITUATIONS WANTED

RESEARCH LIBRARIAN—Female, mature, experienced editor, many years association publishing field, interested New York City connection. Box R-214.

MINISTER, skilled in personal counseling, small groups, sensitivity training. Seeking challenging position, church or nonchurch. Box R-271.

MALE, 52, Liberal arts background, Master's and strong experience as school executive. Interested in public speaking, recruiting, fund raising, community relations. Will travel. Box R-341.

FEMALE, B.A. PSYCHOLOGY—Personnel, Social Work, Administrative experience at middle management level. Some writing, public speaking. Good appearance. Excellent references. Seeks stimulating position. Box R-345.

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ARTIST. Yale B.A., seeks studio position northeastern college. Box R-325.

VICTIM POLITICAL PURGE at University of Houston seeks position Eastern university. Box R-320.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT, driving, some secretarial by mature gal. Good background, dependable, versatile, personable, unencumbered. Box R-313.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1852

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Crisp, lustrous, plain-woven fabric.	1 22 74 107 117 148 157
B. Loser (comp.)	164 170 177 198 16 24 53
C. Linguistic group of Indians of the SW U.S.	110 193 27 42 59
D. "The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,/I spent amang the ——— O!" (Burns, "Green Grow the Rashes").	63 69 71 90 122 134
E. On many occasions.	136 5 12 17 87 112 114 163 180 190
F. V-shaped fortification.	192 210 25 62 99
G. Stills.	102 135 205 3 20 23 34 37
H. Worker in light metals.	38 65 115 121 182 188 9 13
I. Existing everywhere.	50 118 140 155 161 175 200 81 106
J. Rosencrantz: The world's grown honest./Hamlet: Then is———near.	126 201 10 194 48 88 98 31
K. Wild pranks.	41 66 91 109 160 169 51 61 152
L. Relating to the universe in its present state.	165 185 56 57 75 108 35 84 123
M. "The moon lies fair/Upon ———." (2 wds.; Arnold, "Dover Beach").	197 44 47 206 21 67 128 147 168 30
N. Envelop, wrap, bandage.	32 103 144 187 46 52
O. Twist; envelop.	138 151 153 183 191 127 132
P. Characterized by a lightly pert or exuberant manner.	171 181 95 146 82 156 162 195 125 40
Q. Fresh-water cyprinoid fish of Europe.	49 68 129 141 149
R. Disinclined, undecided.	2 4 18 28 77 204 137 119
S. Special events; requirements; reasons.	124 208 8 101 111 173 58 145 158
T. Type of punch.	207 15 179 7 133 202 86 33
U. Fosse, furrow.	45 76 80 167 209 139
V. *Music:* at a rapid tempo.	54 92 211 55 104
W. Give off, emit; come gradually into being.	26 93 39 73 116 83
X. Indifferent.	120 70 78 105 6
Y. Odorless, bitter alkaloid used as a stimulant.	43 159 199 11 14 89 184 19
Z. Herb of the nightshade family, chief source of scopolamine.	64 94 189 172 176 186 150
Z^1. Forced out.	96 131 203 29 85 166 100
Z^2. Having an unpleasant, stale smell or taste.	154 178 196 60 36 97
Z^3. Learned.	212 143 142 113 174 79 72 130

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

					1 A	2 R	3 G		4 R	5 E	6 X	7 T	8 S	9 H		10 J	11 Y
	12 E	13 M	14 Y		15 T	16 B	17 E	18 R	19 Y	20 G	21 M		22 A	23 G	24 B	25 F	26 W
27 C	28 R	29 Z^1		30 M	31 J	32 N	33 T	34 G	35 L		36 Z^2	37 G		38 H	39 W		40 P
41 K	42 C	43 Y	44 M		45 U	46 N	47 M		48 J	49 Q	50 I	51 K	52 N	53 B	54 V		55 V
56 L		57 L	58 S	59 C	60 Z^2	61 K	62 F	63 D		64 Z	65 H	66 K		67 M	68 Q	69 D	70 X
	71 D	72 Z^3	73 W	74 A		75 L	76 U		77 R	78 X		79 Z^3	80 U	81 I	82 P	83 W	
84 L	85 Z^3		86 T	87 E	88 J	89 Y	90 D	91 K	92 V	93 W	94 Z	95 P	96 Z^1	97 Z^2		98 J	99 F
100 Z^1		101 S	102 G		103 N	104 V	105 X	106 I	107 A		108 L	109 K	110 C	111 S		112 E	113 Z^3
	114 E	115 H	116 W	117 A	118 I	119 R		120 X		121 M	122 D	123 L	124 S	125 P	126 J	_	127 O
128 M	129 Q	130 Z^3		131 Z^1	132 O	133 T	134 D	135 G	136 E	137 R		138 O	139 U	140 I	141 Q	142 Z^3	
143 Z^3	144 N	145 S		146 P	147 M	148 A	149 Q	150 Z	151 O		152 K	153 O	154 Z^2	155 I	156 P		157 A
158 S		159 Y		160 K	161 I	162 P	163 E	164 B	165 L	166 Z^1	167 U	168 M		169 K	170 B	171 P	172 Z
173 S		174 Z^3	175 I		176 Z	177 B		178 Z^2		179 T	180 E	181 P	182 M	183 O	184 Y	185 L	186 Z
187 N		188 M	189 Z	190 E	191 O	192 F	193 C	194 J	195 P	196 Z^2	197 M		198 B	199 Y		200 I	201 J
202 T	203 Z^1	204 R	205 G		206 M	207 T	208 S	209 U	210 F	211 V	212 Z^3						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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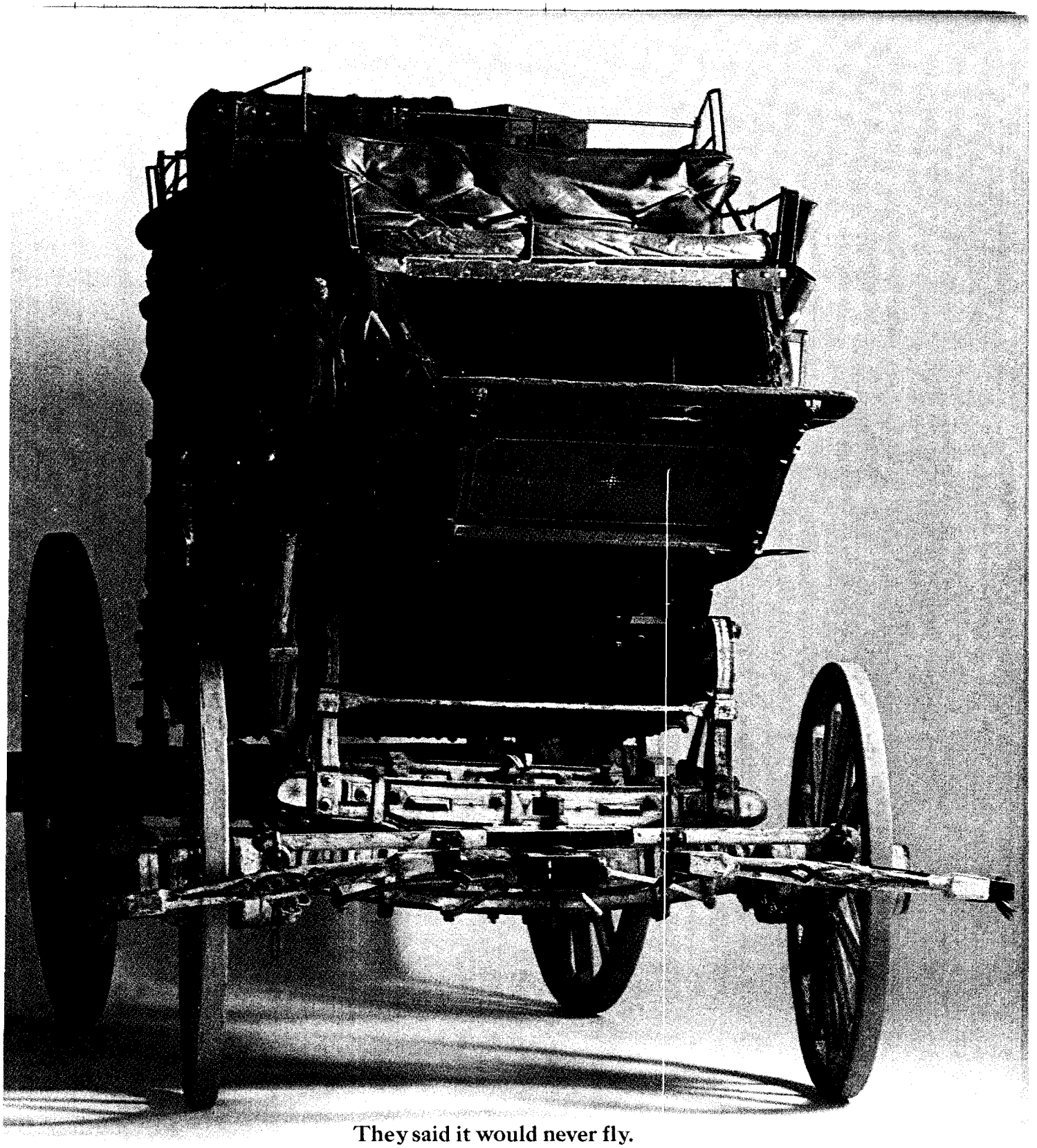

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And with our ability to tailor specific services for your specific requirements, we figure the sky's the limit.

(Administrative Headquarters, 464 California St., San Francisco 94120; Southern California Headquarters, 415 West Fifth St., Los Angeles 90054. Member F.D.I.C.)

Wells Fargo Bank

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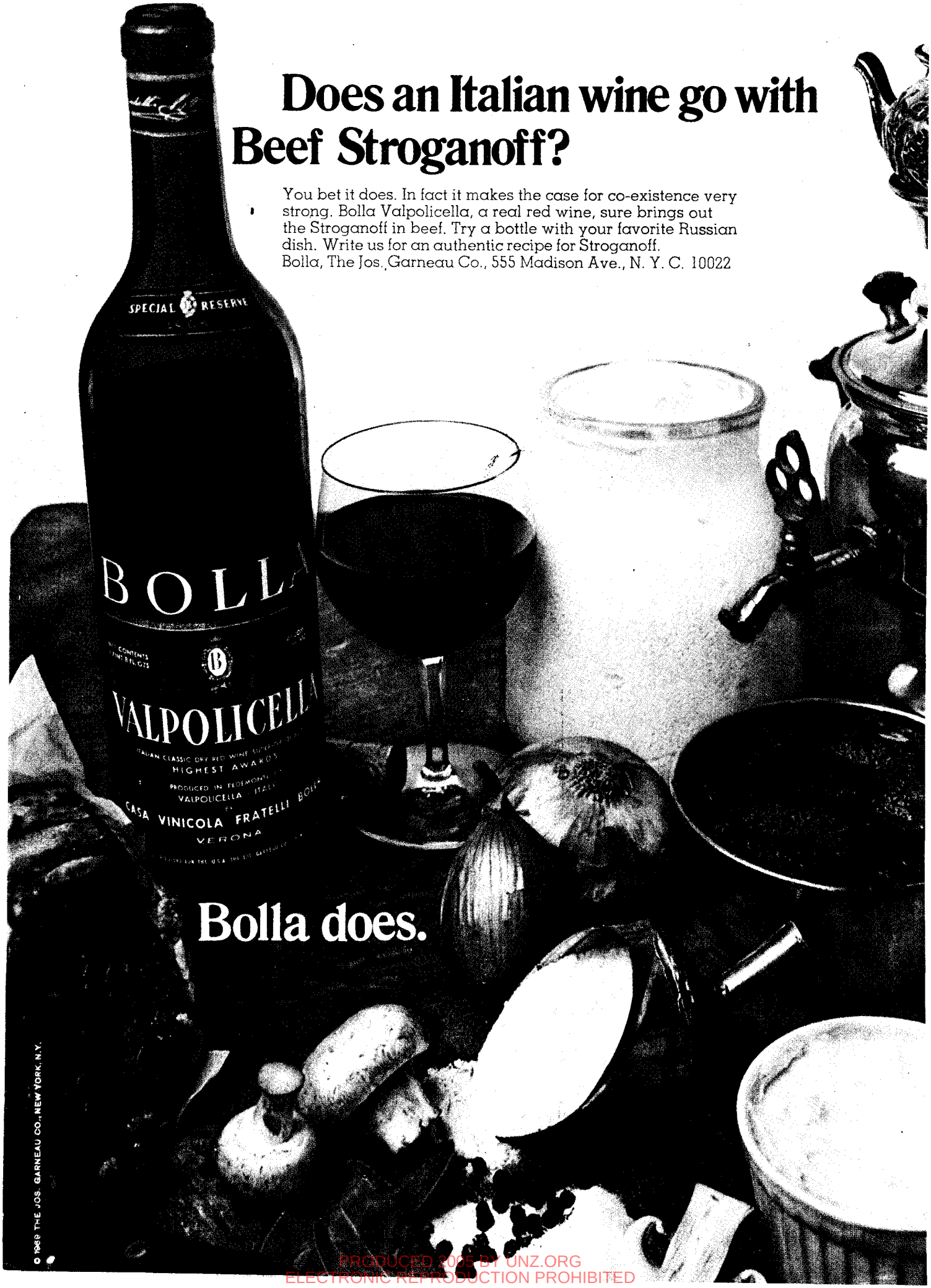
Does an Italian wine go with Beef Stroganoff?

You bet it does. In fact it makes the case for co-existence very strong. Bolla Valpolicella, a real red wine, sure brings out the Stroganoff in beef. Try a bottle with your favorite Russian dish. Write us for an authentic recipe for Stroganoff.
Bolla, The Jos. Garneau Co., 555 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. 10022



Bolla does.

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